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№ 330 PART TWO
NOVEMBER 2010

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MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
179-181, 186-191, 195, 197, 202, 203, 206, 208, 209, 214, 218, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 230, 233, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 253-306, 308-320, 322-329

See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- CRAZY SPIRIT-Burning Churches-EP
- DEPORTATION/PEACE OR ANNIHILATION-split EP
- V/A-ACTION-EP / SUNSHINE SS-EP
- TOZIBABE-EP / NO ESCAPE-EP
- NUCLEAR FAMILY-live and LP
- TOTAL CONTROL-45 / OS ESTUDANTES-CD
- V/A-NAGOYA CITY HARDCORE-LP
- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-LP / UX VILEHEADS-EP
- POR MI CULPA / SIN ORDEN / MANIPULATION-live
- RAW NERVE / NOMAD / ZERO PROGRESS-live

BRACE BELDEN

"Killed by America"

TIM BROOKS

- ESTRANGED-Subliminal Man-LP
- TOTAL CONTROL-Paranoid Video/Real Estate-45
- CRISIS-Hymns of Faith-LP
- PROTEX-Strange Obessions-LP
- AUTISIC YOUTH-Idle Minds-LP
- CHEAP TIME-Fantastic Explanations-LP
- EX HUMANS-LP / RADAR EYES-45
- GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN-45
- UV RACE-Knife Fight-EP
- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Daydream Nation-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- KAIBOSHITSU-LP
- V/A-NAGOYA CITY HARDCORE-LP
- NUCLEAR FAMILY-live and LP
- CRAZY SPIRIT-Burning Churches-EP
- TOTAL CONTROL-45 and live
- CROW-Vertigo/Occupied Japan-EP
- V/A-ACTION-EP
- DEPORTATION/PEACE OR ANNIHILATION-split EP
- MINDLESS-Human Conditioning-EP
- FREE RADICALZ-live and demo

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- CHEAP TIME-Fantastic Explanations-LP
- MENTHOLS-Michigan Works-LP
- PROTEX-Strange Obessions-LP
- RADAR EYES-Shakes/Not You Again-45
- TALBOT ADAMS-Life is Good When Cinematic-EP
- WHITE NOISE SOUND-CD
- FRESH AND ONLYS-Play it Strange-CD
- CRISIS-Hymns of Faith-LP
- ESTRANGED-Subliminal Man-LP
- INTELLIGENCE-Males-LP

LAYLA GIBBON

- LIBYANS-A Common Place-LP
- DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Daydream Nation-LP
- CRAZY SPIRIT-Burning Churches-EP
- PUFFY AREOLAS-Rock N Roll Express-EP
- UV RACE-Knife Fight-EP and tape
- MILK MUSIC/WHITE BOSS/BRILLIANT COLORS-live
- TOZIBABE-Dezuje-EP / C.I.A.-LP
- NUCLEAR FAMILY-live and LP
- COLA FREAKS-EP / OS ESTUDANTES-CD
- BROKEN WATER-45 / GRASS WIDOW-LP

DAN GOETZ (NEW TOP TEN!!)

- NUCLEAR FAMILY-LP and live
- V/A-KILLED BY MODERN PROBLEMS-tape
- LIBYANS-A Common Place-LP / AGATHA-live
- BROKEN WATER-Normal Never Happened...-45
- C.I.A.-Gods, Guts, Guns and More-LP
- MENTHOLS-Michigan Works-LP
- FAILURES-live / ECOLI-live
- V/A-HOZAC HOOKUP CLUB ROUND ONE-LP
- INTELLIGENCE-Males-LP
- PERIPHERIQUE EST-Demos Vol. 2-EP

BOB GOLDIE

- PROTEX-Strange Obessions-LP
- ZERO PROGRESS-Derailed-EP
- LADIES-Six More Reasons to Hate-EP
- VOICE OF THE PUPPETS-I Don't Wanna...-45
- SLOBAX-Samhället Har Rasat Sönder-EP
- AUTISIC YOUTH-Idle Minds-LP
- GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN-45
- ESTRANGED-Subliminal Man-LP
- C.I.A.-Gods, Guts, Guns and More-LP
- BLOODTYPE/INJ/SYS-split EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

KENNY KAOS

THE WALNUT KIDS-Can't Stand Em-EP	MEAN JEANS/WHITE WIRES-split EP
GLOW KIT-Television Too-EP	NOBUNNY-Brace Face-EP
FLIPS-I Just Don't Know Where I Stand-EP	LAS CHICAS DEL BOMBON-LP
HAMBURGLARS-Hamburglars·Theme-EP	EX HUMANS-LP
GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN-45	CHEAP TIME-Fantastic Explanations-LP

CAROLYN KEDDY

UV RACE-Knife Fight-EP and live	COLA FREAKS-EP / TOZIBABE-EP
TOTAL CONTROL-Paranoid Video/Real...-45 and live	EX HUMANS-LP / FLIPS-I Just Don't Know...-EP
PERIPHERIQUE EST-Demos Vol. 2-EP	V/A-HOZAC HOOKUP CLUB ROUND ONE-LP
PLUTON-Ain't on Time-12"	PROTEX-Strange Obessions-LP
PUFFY AREOLAS-Rock N Roll Express-EP	THE AGONY AND THE ECSTACY OF PHIL SPECTOR-film

RAY LUJAN

PROTEX-Strange Obessions-LP	NATIVE CATS-Always On-LP
CALEB LIONHEART-Climbing-CD	PROPER ORNAMENTS-45 / RADAR EYES-45
PAUL COLLINS-King of Power Pop-CD	WHITE NOISE SOUND-CD
ESTRANGED-Subliminal Man-LP	V/A-BOSS TUNEAGE SINGLES VOL. 3-CD
FLIPS-I Just Don't Know Where I Stand-EP	GENTLEMAN JESSE AND HIS MEN-45

BRUCE ROEHRS

"Everywhere working class men and women continue their struggle..."
RIP Bruce Roehrs 1950-2010

KEN SANDERSON

"Killed by Migraine"

FRED SCHRUNK

NUCLEAR FAMILY-LP	FORGETTERS-Vampire Lessons-LP
GRASS WIDOW-Past Time-LP	AUTISIC YOUTH-Idle Minds-LP
LIBYANS-A Common Place-LP	TOZIBABE-Dezuje-EP
SCREAMING FEMALES-Castle Talk-LP	GRABASS CHARLESTONS/TOYS THAT KILL-split LP
STONED AT HEART-Party Tracks Vol. 1-LP	NATURE BOYS-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

DOUBLE NEGATIVE-Daydream Nation-LP	CROW-Vertigo/Occupied Japan-EP
SUNSHINE SS-Throw My Brain Against the Wall-EP	TOTAL CONTROL-Paranoid Video/Real Estate-45
NO ESCAPE-Generation Trap-EP	CRAZY SPIRIT-Burning Churches-EP
EX HUMANS-LP	V/A-ACTION-EP
AUTISIC YOUTH-Idle Minds-LP	UX VILEHEADS-Catch 22-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Accept the Darkness #3	*Mosh #13*
Deadramones #4	*Limited Readership #1*
Future Nature	*Scratch and Sniff #1, #2*
No Thanks Fuck Everything #4	*Upheaval #13*
Hey Ronnie #7	*Noise Reduction #3*

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A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, DDI, Bonecrusher, Normals, All Bets Off, Stiletto Boys, Summerjack, Cell Block 5.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, 3rd Party, No Class.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waiffle, Flat Earth Recs.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City, Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#221/Oct '01. The G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#223/Dec '01. "US Policy in the Middle East," "Revisiting 1948," Manifesto Jukebox, Good Riddance, Pokers, Viimenen Kolonna, Bluebloods, Vitamin X tour diary, Flakes, Pg. 99, the Mob, 7 Days of Samsara.

#225/Feb '02. Lengua Armada, Breaker Breaker, 3 Yrs. Down, Scrotum Grinder, Turun Tauti, Flux Of Pink Indians, Holding On, Pauki, 86'd, See You In Hell, Red Light Sting, Nazis From Mars, Scare Tactic.

#227/Apr '02. Bellrays, Rhinos, Wasted, Kristofer Pasanen, Business, Assert, DS 13 tour report, Life Set Struggle, Iowaska, Zounds.

#229/June '02. Countdown To Putsch, The Awakening, Dave Hill Distribution, Holier Than Thou, Kill Devil Hills, Sound Of Failure, E.T.A., Nubs, Les Baton Rouge, New Disorder Records, Career Suicide, Swellbellys, The Sinyx.

#230/July '02. Bitchin', Redencion 911, Phantom Limbs, Secretions, Holy Molar, Sharp Knife, Mighty John Waynes, A Global Threat, Groovie Ghoulies, Reproach, Annie Anxiety.

#233/Oct '02. "All Ages" article, Scholastic Deth, Runnamucks, Sinners & Saints, Panic, Gasolheads, Jewws, Futures, Michael Landon's Commandos, Storm the Tower, Against Me!, Balance of Terror, Class Assassins, Spazm 151.

#234/Nov '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#236/Jan '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/Mar '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/Apr '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Vöetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, 1 Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September'05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#296/January '08. Hellshock, Mario Panciera, Anathema, The System, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Voids, Cinecyde, Kykllooppien Sukupuutto, Punch In The Face, BSA.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#314/July '09. Libyans, Coke Bust, Strange Boys, Turboslut, Vogue, Smart Cops, Zyanose, Dennis Dread, a History of Squatting in Italy, Tornonto Scene Report.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#317/October '09. Queer issue. with Nastyfacts, Gary Floyd, Limp Wrist, Jos Seein' Red, GB Jones, Younger Lovers, Vaginal Davis, Josh Ploeg, Teu Pai Já Sabe?, Schwarzer Kanal, Bromance, Extra Tongue, and more.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#320/January '10. MRR Top Ten of the Decade, D-Clone, Broken Water, Complications, Control, Ian Glasper (The Day the Country Died/Burning Britain)

#321/February '10. Photo Issue. SOLD OUT!!! Sorry...

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports.
Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#329/Fall '10. Cock SParrer, UV Race, Veins, Kakka Hätä 77, Saint Vitus, Kontatto, De Hoje Hæle, Moonhearts, Irritones, Beyond Pink, French Scene Report.

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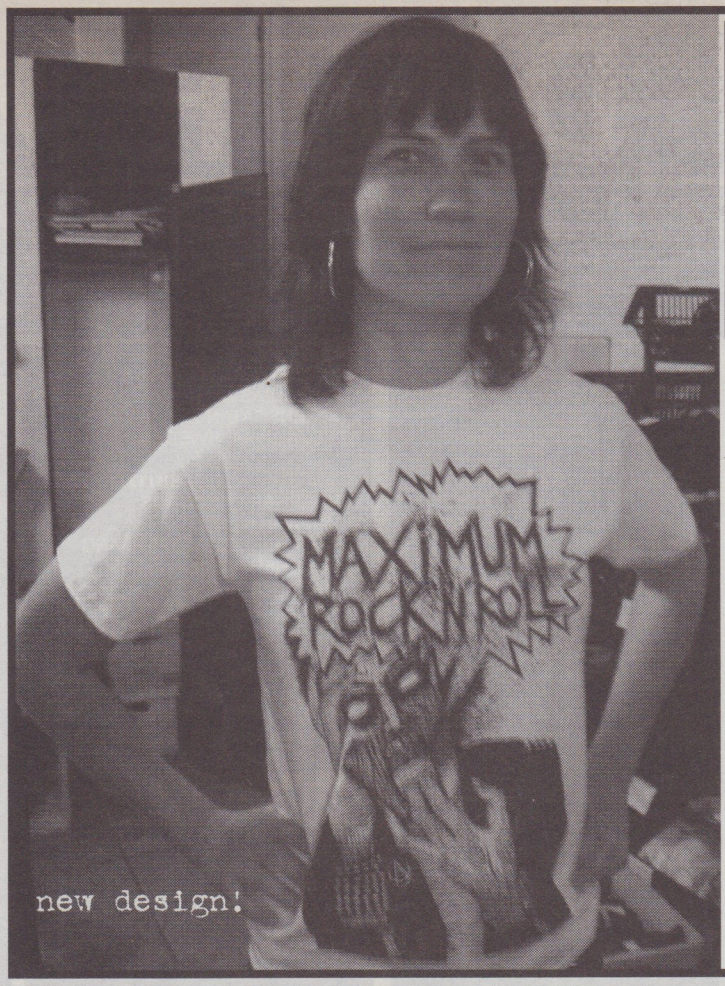

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LETTERS

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Mariam—
So you're not Caucasian and everyone else is privileged and racist. We get it!!!!!!!!! Get off your self righteous soapbox and shut the fuck up already. You're a fucking laughing stock!!!
—Lindsey Holtz
lholtznc@gmail.com

Dear Lindsey,
You know something? This letter has led me to reevaluate my views and I think I will take your advice, step off my soapbox and accept my Caucasian side. No seriously, Lindsey, I am part Caucasian. I don't want to be presumptuous and assume from the tone of your letter that you too might be my Caucasian sister/brother, but let's just assume that you are and this is an opportunity for us to learn about our, yours and mine, people. So Caucasian literally means: of or relating to the Caucasus or its inhabitants and of, constituting, or characteristic of a race of humankind native to Europe, North Africa, and southwest Asia and classified according to physical features —used especially in referring to persons of European descent having usually light skin pigmentation. (Thanks, to Merriam–Webster)

So check it, the Caucus Mountain ranges run through Russia, Georgia (not the one in the US), Azerbaijan, Armenia, Turkey and… Iran. Yes! Iran and I am Persian, making me? Yes! Half Caucasian. See sis/bro we aren't so different after all. Now, I know with the creation of "race" in the US, you meant "Caucasian" as "white" here in the US. Since I believe in goodwill toward all of people, even non Caucasians, I suggest you check out the great reading list on the PBS.org website under the special they had Race— "Power of Illusion" to start, which covers human variation, evolution, Genetics, scientific classification and more, to get you up to speed. After all, I wouldn't want my Aryan sister/brother to look silly in front of our brethren. (BTW—the term "Aryan" is reference a subset of Caucasians who spoke Indo-European languages, who were thought to have settled in prehistoric times in ancient Iran, yes Iran, and the northern Indian subcontinent. Sometime around 1700 BC, the Aryans invaded the ancient urban civilizations of the Indus Valley, and destroyed that culture. That's right, destroying shit since before Christ was born. I digress).

Now that that is done, I have to say that there is no need to be rude. I am glad that you have come to terms with your privilege and racism. The tone of your email shows much progress on these fronts and the journey to a healthy adulthood. Cool. Bullshit aside, thank you for this letter, because as Layla said to me after we had a hearty laugh over this, "You must be doing something right," so for the positive affirmation that I have pissed off the right people, Thank you. Lindsey, I know that you are sick of hearing about "race" and inequality; I might even guess that you feel like you are being attacked for something you have no control over, that you are being denied access into something that you hold dear, maybe even feel a little guilty about the breaks you may have had that others haven't. Well, Lindsey, and anyone who feels the same way as you do, ***welcome to your first taste of being a minority, motherfuckers!*** *That's right! What you are feeling is only a minute fraction of an infinitesimal degree of what it is like everyday! Get over it? Shit… We live with it (and with a sense of humor, I might add!), so maybe you need to learn to live with it too! So with open arms, I welcome you! This momentary discomfort is the foundation of why your letter is charming, funny, amazing and why I will never get off of my soap box, until I am knocked off. Because like it or not, I am here to stay and it's not just me, but hoards of intelligent, humorous, awesome people of color and their "Caucasian" allies that don't need to talk about these issues everyday, but would never shy away from the discussion or insult themselves or their friends by going the lowest common verbal denominator. Just because you don't have to deal with these issues everyday or at all, doesn't mean they don't exist. Not wanting to hear about the issues doesn't make you immune from your own bullshit. In a country in which the former VP candidate Sarah Palin supports the use of the word "nigger," I don't know if the subjects of racism and privilege are unique to non-"Caucasians." Just saying. Then again, if that is a word you use in your household often, I can't really argue that it's fucked up. I know "Caucasians" have a tough time too and that there is much bullshit dealt to everyone all around, especially dealing with class, but the institution of racism is one of the predominant institutions we live with and the ability to turn a blind eye is, indeed, a privilege.*

So, Lindsey, thanks again for the letter, the numerous exclamation points, the opportunity to give a history lesson and letting me know I am funny. A word to the wise, race isn't something you "get over" and considering that words are our currency in the country, I suggest you choose yours a little more wisely next time. Don't you want to know what you are talking about, make intelligent argument, and be as "self righteous" as us angry brown people too? As for my words, they are just going to keep coming, keep making you uncomfortable, hopefully keep pissing you off and if it's a fight (words and beyond) that you want. Come and get it. The days of the noble savage are over and this time you and your like-minded ilk are the ones that are going to have to answer for your ignorance.
One Love and Rolling Deep,
—Mariam
PS Speak Spanish or die.

MRR and the punx who read it—
In "October's" *MRR*, there was a NY scene report. Rita was not credited for the pictures of Dawn Of Humans or Crazy Spirit. She took those pictures. Also, three New York bands that weren't mentioned in the scene report and should have been are Long Pigs, Hank Wood and the Hammerheads, and the Moms. Thanks to everyone who contributed to the report that was a small glimpse of a vast scene here in NYC.
—Amelia

Marissa—
Thanks for reading and reviewing our zine, *Cool With Crazy*. We're sorry you didn't like it and even sorrier you found parts of it offensive. We respect your opinion on that. We agree 100% that the zine is shitty (as you put it). But we beg to differ about its worthlessness.

The idea of the zine was simply to show people how easy it is to share art that most people might label as "crazy" (or "shitty") by creating your own media. We tried to get that message across, but we must have failed since you found the zine to be "overall fucking worthless" and we're pretty sure if you were to stop and think about it for a second you would agree, that is actually a *very* worthwhile goal.

We feel like even if the zine didn't work for you content-wise, we would hope you'd be able to appreciate the conceptual value. Maybe we are the ones who are being cynical, but it makes us wonder if you might be a little jaded because you live in such a perfect little *MRR*/punk-world that you have forgotten to appreciate the glue that holds this scene together—down and dirty DIY initiative... Making art (even if it is mostly crappy) for the love of making it and sharing it—and without the desire for profit. How can providing *any* example of giving without asking for anything in return be "worthless" in these selfish and money-driven times?

Anyway, your review won't discourage us from producing and sharing (for fucking free!) our art because we live for this shit. Not all of us have as much experience making zines or the writing chops of someone like Aaron Cometbus or most of the *MRR* columnists (including yourself), but the love we have for what is free and non-corporate is what fuels us to do whatever we can with what skills we *do* have.

Sooooo...Are you feeling us on that, Marissa?
Much inspiration to all:
—Cool With Crazy Crew
wecoolwithcrazy@gmail.com (email for a copy)

PS Members of our crew have sent numerous zines into *MRR* in the past and this is the first one that actually got reviewed! (must be improving, right?) So whether you loved it or hated it, we are just stoked to now be a small part of the history of this zine and the international DIY scene as a whole! Whoo-hoo! Thanks, *MRR*. Thanks, Marissa.

So, you want a gold star for making something that's free? Let me assure you that there are plenty of things that are DIY and not corporate that are free, and also challenging, thought provoking well done and worthwhile. Doing a half-assed job of polishing a turd and saying I should appreciate it because it's DIY and free gives DIY a bad name.

Don't get me wrong, I do believe in doing whatever you can with whatever you have right now, but that's not a free pass. You can't just turn out some bullshit and then be like "but it's worthwhile because it's DIY!" It's fucking sad that you negated all your work (or lack of work) and shit on the idea of DIY by having a stream of what you yourself agree is bad writing and then a fucking story about the best way to

rip off street hookers. You could try editing (or even editing the fucking letter you wrote in). Raise the fucking bar a little.

To me this seems like whining about getting a bad review masquerading as DIY self-righteousness. Just because you identify as a punk doesn't automatically mean you are somehow liberated from ideological shittiness. Just because something is free and DIY does not automatically mean it should be considered worthwhile. I'm not going to think a free pamphlet from the KKK is worthwhile just because it's non-corporate, I'm not going to think a CD by a bar rock blues hammer band is worthwhile because it's free and DIY. Especially if they do a fucking mediocre job at it. Some things are just bullshit.

The thing is, is you aren't giving me this zine "without asking for anything in return." You want approval. If you get my approval, by extension you get MRR*s approval and further on punks approval. Why else would you write in basically asking for a pat on the back for doing something DIY?*

And suggesting that I'm jaded and forgetting "the glue that holds this scene together" because I write for MRR *is extremely absurd.* MRR *runs entirely on "down and dirty DIY initiative" do you think any of us get paid? Do you think we write here and do shit work here to climb the corporate ladder? We do it because we want to create our own media. We do it for the love of it.*

I'm not going to think something is worthwhile simply because it exists. I'll think it's worthwhile when it's actually worthwhile. I ain't a fucking hippie.
—Marissa

Hi MRR—
I hope all is well—I just read the review about the Stirling Says *Balboa* LP in *MRR* issue #329 by Brian Dooley and since I don't mind a bad review at all (cause that is what reviews are for). I really think he got the wrong record... He wrote that it got super warped (which might happened), but it got pressed on 160 green vinyl... but well. He wrote something about violins, etc and folk punk. And besides a Bass, a guitar and drums—there is not a single moment where any of those violin-sounding instruments get used.

You can compare them to Dinosaur Jr. or whatever... Well. Just wanted to say that—cause there is no goddamn violin :)
Thank you
—Robert / adagio830

Hey Robert,
Thanks for your letter and for being cool about the review. It's sounds like to me that the wrong reviewer got this record. We try and assign as best we can to the right reviewer for each record, but sometimes it's just doesn't happen, that's why we sometimes run double reviews in the same issue, but that's only if another reviewer spots a review they disagree with before we go to print. Maybe the violins were just in Dooley's head…
—Layla 'n' Mariam

Big ups MRR crew—
Def not my thing, but I've been so into the mag as of late I had to send this. My main purpose is to thank you guys for the Agnostic Front interview. My all time fave and I always hated the apparent rumors that the *MRR* crew did not appreciate the AF crew (at least back in the day). Second, thanx is for the dope Cocksparrer flexi with the latest issue. Any chance that will become a regular? Long time punk here. Ever since 1983 when I was thirteen and first heard the second side of Black Flag *Damaged*. It changed my life for the better ever since. I'm 40 now, also gay and throughout the years *MRR* is my main info on the scene outside of my hometown of Baltimore, MD. Punk rock and hardcore have really been a *huge* influence in my sanity and existence for the last 27 years. Thank you guys for always being there to document it for the entire ride.
—Mike
m35462001@hotmail.com

PS Just started to read the John Joseph *Evolution of a Cro-Magnon* book. I recommend it to all hardcore punks.

Hey Mike—
Thanks for the letter and the complimentary remarks… We always have a debate at the MRR *house whenever someone comes forward with an interview with a band like Agnostic Front. When Bruce suggested the interview, there was a discussion of how it should be done, if at all. Several possibilities were brought forward, including sending Robert Collins (aka, the wizard, or [WN] in the reviews section) to do the interview with Bruce. For whatever reasons all of our ideas didn't work out, and it ended up just being Roehrs, Stigma and Roger…After reading the interview, it was clear it was insightful and interesting, a real conversation rather than a PR screed. Bruce and Tim saw very differently in regards to politics, and while Bruce probably didn't ask the questions Tim would have, he didn't entirely gloss over any controversies…*

As for the flexis, they were a surprise freebie for subscribers. By the time you read this we will be out of them, but more may appear in the future… who knows! Watch this space, and subscribe if you haven't already!
—Layla

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
No, you didn't print the wrong address for my zine or make a wrongful musical comparison of my demo. Surprise—this is fan mail to my favorite fanzine. I am your fan. Today I had a little extra money in my PayPal account so I decided to do a little punk rock shopping and *MRR* was my first stop. And that got me thinking about how inspired I am that *MRR* is still going, especially in these tough economic times.

MRR has been going so long that a lot of people take it for granted. They never think about all the people putting in hours of volunteer time to make it happen. Some people just assume it will be on the newsstand or in their mailbox every month. Well, thanks for the continued hard work.

As I am sure you know, *MRR* has detractors. Usually the ones who complain the loudest are the ones who have no body of work to call their own. Next time you hear someone complain about *MRR*, just ask, "What's the name of your zine?" and nine out of ten times the answer will be, "I don't have one." Exactly.

Let us not forget that *MRR* is entirely made up of volunteer submissions, so if you think that the zine is lacking something, do it and send it in. Or, start your own zine.

MRR has been around so long that many punks don't know of a time before it existed. Heck, many punks don't know of a time when punk existed before the internet. As any punk over 30 will tell you, *MRR* was the original social network. I am not in any way unique when I tell you that as a teenager in the '80s, I read every issue of *MRR* I could get my hands on cover to cover, circling addresses to send off for records, demos, zines or just to say hello to like-minded folks in places I'll never see in person.

So, I am glad you are still going. And I am glad that you have expanded your web site. I hope the web site continues to grow as it can achieve things the print medium can't. And of course, it can spread news more quickly. Both versions of *MRR* are important.

Lastly, I would just like to say hello and reconnect with all my old punk rock buddies. I still have the same PO Box and email address and I still love this music, so don't be a stranger.
Thank you,
—Bob Suren
PO Box 3204
Brandon, FL 33509-3204 USA
sndidea@ix.netcom.com

Thanks for the kind words Bob, though your feelings may change after you read the reviews of the Murder-Suicide Pact 7"s in this months issue! Seriously though, it means a lot when lifers such as yourself praise what we do here, this is all-volunteer, shoestring budget up all night hard work, but it's worth it...

If you are reading this and are interested in volunteering for the magazine, seeing your name in the shitworker list that appears each month on page three, you don't have to live in the Bay Area to come up with ideas for our magazine or website. We are always looking for new people to contribute to the website—write about what's happening in your town, interview your favorite new band, or a classic that maybe other people don't know about from the ancient past, post about a demo that has blown your mind... whatever! Much like the magazine, the website is put together by punks like yourself, if you want to be one of those very punks write to our web overlord Paul Curran here:
webzine@maximumrocknroll.com

We are also always looking for band interviews, scene reports, indignant letters for the magazine, so get crackin and send something in!
—Layla and Mariam

Dear Maximum Rocknroll Staff—
Thank you for putting out this magazine and keeping fans across the world entertained with your art. I am still in shock about the Pirates Press/CockSParrer *Spirit of '76* gift in last issue. To embarrass myself a little bit I have to admit that I didn't know what it was when I came across it while at work. I knew it was a record of course, but I'd never seen a record that thin in all my life. Just a few years back I finally got a record player given to me from a friend who didn't want it and I've been buying vinyl ever since.

Every month I love getting your magazine in the mail because I look forward to hearing about new bands throughout the globe. Every year that passes I see more and more friends just giving up on punk rock and walking away for good. That's fine by me though because your magazine keeps my faith strong! I love the countless black and white pages and the tiny print because I know every month a new adventure lies within the pages of *MAXIMUMROCKNROLL*! Enough of my shenanigans though. Just know that what you all are doing matters a whole lot in today's world and not a single magazine sold on racks comes close to yours.
Pizza n' Chicken Grease,
—Ryan in OH

Thanks Ryan! That gift was a real live authentic flexi disc! We like to keep our readers on their toes…
—Layla

Hi MRR!—
I just got *MRR* #327 (Slovenia is far, far away) and read the review of our record *Se Pomnite KuZle, Tovarisi?* If you are interested in our original recordings from the 1980s you can download them http://slo-punk-rock.

blogspot.com/2009/08/kuzle.html. Most of them were recorded on portable cassette recorders, so quality is according to that. In your review I missed something about music and lyrics, are they really so common? It is a reflection of our lives and influences, when we were teenagers and are sincere, but a little bit naive. If you are interested to know more about punk in socialistic Yugoslavia, you can also visit http://kuzle.si/. Most of the important texts are translated in English. Stay well and have a nice day!
—Bojan

MRR Shitworkers / Coordinators—
Thanks for all the love and work you all put into this project. I've joked about writing a letter for a while now… What's up with the whiter page that's been in the last few issues? Is it related to the less punk world we live in now that Sex/Vid broke up? Will there be more and more "whiter" pages as things get worse and worse? Nevermind please keep 'em coming…
—Alex
P.O.Box 1754
Oly, WA 98507

Hey Alex—
The whiter pages that mysteriously have started appearing in the magazine are there because we print the cover on slightly better stock than we used to, and for some reason that we don't quite understand we have to have six pages of the same quality throughout the issue in order to do this… As for Sex/Vid's ceased existence, all I have to say is why!!!??? I am glad there are bands like Milk Music, Son Skull, White Boss and Weird TV holding up the Oly core. Definitely eases the pain…
—Layla

Dear MRR—
Just got the latest issue of *MRR* today and, like always, turned first to the letters. The issues raised by Dylan and responded to by Layla and Mariam are incredibly important and relevant and deserve some serious discussion and analysis by radicals in general and punks specifically. I was very surprised to read Mariam's angry denunciation of Dylan's reasonably stated opinion regarding the "oil and water" nature of punk and Islam (or any religion). While she is free to state her position in whatever form she wishes, I for one take issue with some of her generalizations regarding culture, religion, and world-view.

The idea that religion forms a central part of most cultures is of course true: until the 1800s and the scientific revolution, it was really the only way for individuals and society to make sense of the largely uncontrollable worlds which surrounds them. Now that science has largely mastered the mysteries of the universe, making God redundant, religious notions are difficult to justify to rational individuals. Religion was put on the defensive, and it was at this point that "belief" became explicitly anti-rational, a directly opposing world-view to the Enlightenment ideals that give rise to humanism, socialism, and anarchism.

Many societies, notably Protestant Europe, began at that point to move away from religion and reject superstition so that today, countries such as the Netherlands, Sweden, and Denmark are largely atheistic. Yet if Mariam's arguments are correct ("religion…is the central domain of the culture involving ethical and physical practice") and religious leaders are the stabilizers of culture mine would expect the Danes and Swedes to be culturally bankrupt and adrift, without a moral or ethical foundation, which is obviously not the case. Notions such as "minimalist" and "maximalist" societies only serve to muddy the waters, since *all* societies, especially European societies, were initially "maximalist." Religion and all of its rituals, beliefs, and actions, were woven into the very fabric of life, just as today in large parts of the Muslim world. But the rise of (and gradual acceptance of) scientific, secular knowledge has done just what Mariam implies couldn't (or shouldn't) be done: removing the cancer of religion and ignorance from a culture without destroying the culture itself. Her way of thinking is, to me, much more paternalist and condescending than anything Dylan said because, as nearly all of us know, the belief of God is wrong and false in and of itself. Knowing this, how can we iconoclasts attack or own Christianity while reversing our position for so-called "maximalist" Islamic societies, pooh-poohing their religious delusions, for fear of somehow destabilizing their culture or self-identifying?

My father is an immigrant from Uruguay, an oppressively Roman Catholic nation (or at least in the fifties and sixties when he was growing up. Yet he easily discarded religion and belief without losing his Uruguayan/ Latino identity, which he maintains via language, customs, food, and kinship. Is Mariam saying that the Islamic world is too delicate to negotiate that same process?

Religion is dangerous in all of its manifestations not only because of its oppressive nature and its tendency to produce patriarchal, bigoted and violent fanatics, but also because its central tenet- belief in a deity-is simply false. As such, while we should demand others to see things as we do, we certainly should not be encouraging anyone, especially professed punks, to embrace Islam, Arabic for "submission". The rise of the far right Islam throughout the world in the last two decades is not only a result of Western imperialism and exploitations, although that plays a large part. It is also a reaction to the influx of Western thought and rationalism into Islam's traditional turf. Islam is, then, truly reactionary and should be considered not and indelible cultural component of the Middle Eastern ethnicities but as another oppression just as strong, and more complete, than European Imperialism. How can an anarchist rationalize seeing things any other way?
No Gods, No Masters.
Respond and argue with me:
In solidarity
—Michael de los Santos HQ-1389
Box 244
Graterford, PA 19426
http://www.portal.state.pa.us/portal/server.pt/community/hide_graterford/11366

Hi Michael—
Thanks for your letter and I am glad you are responding in a coherent way, unlike some if the crazy denunciatory letters that I have gotten. My response is in my column…
—Mariam

MRR—
The title of my zine, *Musea*, in *MRR* review issue #330 was spelled wrong. The reviewer also, among other things, didn't know what Post Bands Music was. Why didn't he know? *MRR* has gotten insulated and out of touch of what's going on in new music.
—Tom Hendricks
(editor of the seventeen year old zine *Musea*)

Maybe you are right that we are incredibly insulated and out of touch with music, especially when it involves You Tube videos featuring visual poems and acoustic guitar. Realistically, we shouldn't have reviewed your zine because it does not fit our content, which is focused on underground DIY hardcore, garage and punk.
—Mariam

Dear MRR—
Oh, jeez. This is Kyle from Oklahoma. I decided on a whim to open up the November '09 issue of *MRR* and re-read the letter I wrote to you guys. Boy, was I a dumbass.

Let's clarify: Our right-wing politicians are still crazy, and our mainstream rock bands still suck (although I like the Flaming Lips a lot). *However*, bands are starting to trickle back through the Metro and slowly but surely, a vibrant local scene is emerging out of the Dust Bowl State. You got yer street punks in Violent Affair and Self-Minority, yer drunk punks in Maximum Homeless Guy, yer pop punks in False Positive and So Far So Good, Hatecore is represented by bands like Unrest, Ska has got a good spokes band in Classy San Diego, Irish Punk has the Righs and No Man's Slave is still kickin' it from the Powerviolence perspective. The scene, in a nutshell, is small yet lively, and everyday new venues and bands can be seen popping up. To date, Oklahoma City now has a handful of all-ages venues: Sauced, in the Paseo district, the Conservatory in northwest OKC (run by some great dudes who also run the local record shop and eclectic soda vendor, Size Records), and McSalty's Pizza a little further inside the city limits. This year alone we've had some great shows: MDC and the Restarts played at the Conservatory back in May, the Krum Bums back in April, Andrew Jackson Jihad, Nobunny, Teenage Bottlerocket, Banner Pilot, Cobra Skulls, The Toasters, Authority Zero (that shit was great live), DRI... the list goes on, spanning all genres and subgenres and levels of awesomeness. Last year was just as good (the Leftover Crack/Casualties show, I have heard, was one of the most packed and crazy shows ever to hit the Conservatory—in keeping in spot-on form, I was a dumbass and missed that show).

I pretty much wrote my original letter in a willfully ignorant state of mind. I knew essentially next to nothing about the scene and am kind of embarrassed with myself for even opening my trap. The OKC scene is truly better than what I described (more fun, too). Hell, there's even a radio show on one of the local stations that plays nothing but punk rock (good shit, not Alkaline Trio and Green Day) for an hour straight.

So yeah. I'm a moron. Hopefully I rectified that here.
Embarrassedly yours,
—Kyle Kepone,
Edmond, OK

Sounds to us that OKC is bustling! Maybe it's time for a scene report! Hint hint…

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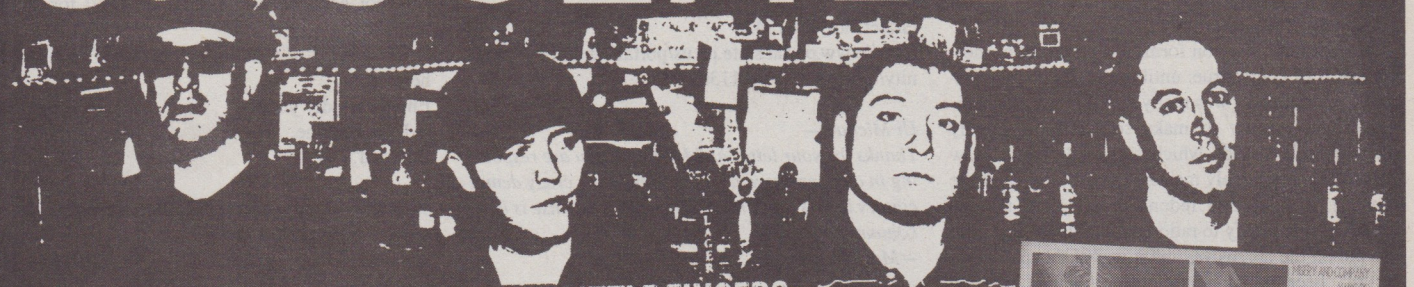
CHOSEN ONES



A chaotic hybrid of THE CLASH, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, THE HEARTBREAKERS and THE DEAD BOYS, Buffalo's CHOSEN ONES acknowledge those who came before them while bringing their own definition and spirit to working class rock and roll.

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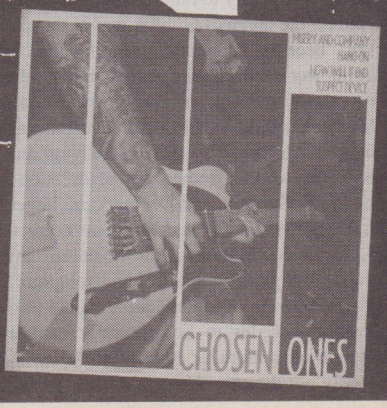

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COLUMNS

I have just a few thoughts this month about competition, and collusion in creating a music scene. I would advance the idea that some of the people who make the greatest punk music are not just rank amateurs filled with angst—although this *is* often the case—but in fact very talented and creative people who use punk music as an outlet. In recent years it's often been said that people who were drawn to punk in the late '70s and early '80s might today be drawn to another medium altogether. Technology has democratized and made accessible so many forms of expression compared to the stifling culture of 1980 that it means many people who might have had a lot to offer punk are today blogging or making zany online videos instead. That said, let's take a look at the punk scene, or any music scene really. There are a few people with great talent, a few people who are total amateurs but somehow hit the nail on the head and create something of genius out of nothing, and a lot of music that is "just OK." To my mind, most of what I hear by new bands these days is "just OK." Most bands seem to be pretty accomplished amateurs or semi-pro "hacks" or "jobbers" who can turn out a pretty good live set and a pretty solid album. All of it is pretty good, you can get into it live, the records are good for a spin, but none of it is a work of true brilliance that will stand for the ages. That is to say, none of it is on the level of, say, a Poison Idea *Pick Your King* or Rudimentary Peni *Farce* 7". And that in itself is OK; a few truly great records still come out each year and there's still good shows to go to and bands to follow, although most are forever in the shadow of the legendary bands of the past. I think, though, the case can be made that punk, no longer being the new and radical thing it once was, has seen a lot of potential talent skimmed off by other mediums of expression.

Which brings me to this: is there enough "raw material" around for many really great bands in any given city anymore? There might be a really gifted drummer, playing in a middle-of-the-road band, who twenty years ago might have found just the right line up which gelled and became something on par with Jerry's Kids *Is This My World?* For a band, or a scene, to really take off, I think you really need a lot of talented, motivated people dedicated to punk in one place at one time. The early Dangerhouse or Dischord eras are some of my favorite examples. Big companies and universities like to put all their people together in skyscrapers to get them all interacting with each other, bouncing ideas off each other, trying new things, getting feedback, etc., plus they have all these existing resources to draw on. Big creative universities and companies also tend to cluster with a lot of the same kind of work being done in one area—Silicon Valley is a classic example. A big city with a big music scene draws a lot of talented creative people together in the same way. It might mean that four really talented people wind up in a band together generating really memorable music, rather than our one great drummer being stuck in a band that just can't keep up. Or, more pointedly, a band made up of people who don't take the drummer's ideas, add to them, improve on them, and create something greater than that one person had thought up originally. We see this dynamic at work every time a great band breaks up and spawns several "just OK" successor bands made up of ex-members.

Another thing to add to the mix is competition. Whether it's friendly or cutthroat, in a big scene with a lot of bands there is some competition. Bands are watching each other, stealing ideas from each other, trying to outdo each other at every show. If you have a scene with a handful of middle-of-the-road bands, there's not a lot of room for competition to result in radical improvement. But a big scene with a lot of really good bands is going to drive everyone to be at the top of their game. Sometimes a scene produces a lot of bands that sound alike and you get a "sound," like the "Gainesville sound" or the "Boston style" or something like that. However, having a lot of competition and similar-sounding bands can also inspire a band to try to set themselves apart by doing something totally different.

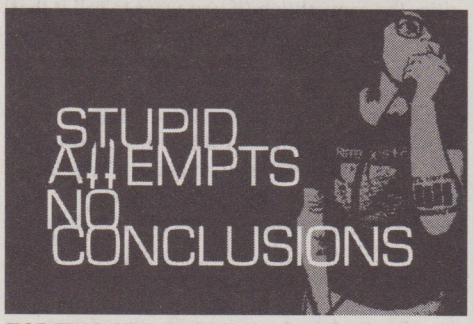
These days, I don't feel like there are a lot of real stand out music scenes with this kind of interaction. The only time you get a lot of really good bands together these days is at a fest or something like that. These events have the luxury of culling talent from several scenes, but they only happen a few times a year. This means not so much great skill or ideas are boiling in pressure cookers around the world these days producing visionary, next-level records. Instead, there are many pretty good records that sound a lot like other pretty good records that preceded them. While punk seems as popular as ever, its splintering into a thousand sub-scenes just seems to mean that there are thousands more bands reaching equal levels of mediocrity simultaneously rather than inspiring each other to something greater.

On the other side of the coin are the bands and individuals who come out of left field with something radical. The history of art and music is full of stories of people who were stuck in a turgid backwater, cut off from outside influences and conventions, and created something totally radical. Hardcore punk has lent itself especially to becoming a vehicle for this kind of outsider. The classic example is the 7" by an unknown band from a small midwestern town that blows away its peers. Or there are the bored kids in Florida or Texas far away from cultural centers like New York or SF who blaze a whole new scene or style with just raw energy. In my time I've seen several bands like this that came out of nowhere, then moved to a bigger city with a bigger scene and never reached the level they did when they were alienated and isolated from other influences in their small town. In this manner, having a support network and a scene can stifle a band's creativity. I feel like in a lot of cities the competition (if you want to call it that) is not very tough, so several just OK bands can get by playing house parties and opening for touring bands, and still be able to put out records and tour Europe without really striving to get to the next level. I think this is especially true of bands with "ex-members". Those bands are able to use the contacts and network they developed in their previous band to advance their new band.

I will admit I don't go to as many shows as I used to, and I'm not surfing myspace listening to new bands. I do, however, spend a fair amount of time at the record store and selling records online, and it seems to me that over the past few years the glut of DIY records and bands kind of choked up the system. I feel like there are a lot fewer records coming out and bands on tour now than there were a few years ago. But I also notice that there is very little interest in new releases by new bands except a handful of bands/scenes/labels. I still get tons of demos and solicitations for distribution from bands and labels I am not familiar with. But time and time again I find that, outside those band's local scene, pretty much no one is interested in buying their records. This could be a backlash against all the "just OK" records that came out in the last five to ten years, or it could just mean that most

people now listen to music online and hardly anyone buys records anymore. My distro tends to specialize in reissues and imports, so I might be missing out on a large part of the scene that's oriented towards new releases. However, it seems with the skyrocketing price of records these days that most people seem more interested in spending money on a sure thing, that is to say a reissue of a classic record from the '80s, than a new unknown band. Many people blame the low barriers and lack of challenges to start a band and release a record these days. You could also say that the lack of high-pressure talent pools in concentrated, active scenes could be a factor.

People in the entertainment industry have observed that there is a big hollowing out of the "middle" in movies, books, and television. There are a handful of blockbusters that everyone feels motivated to go see (not necessarily because they are good, but because everyone else is talking about them) and at the bottom there are thousands of niche items in the "long tail" for people with specialized interests. In the middle there is less and less. Fewer people are watching, reading, listening to, or going to see the "just OK" or "not quite there". I feel like selling records is like that these days too. There are a few blockbuster releases every year that every distro sells a ton of, and then box after box of records that sell a few copies every month. Between that are thousands of "just ok" records released to little fanfare and generating little interest, outside perhaps a band's hometown. I don't think the answer to this is to make every record a four-color gatefold with a bonus 12" and splatter vinyl; rather it is to strive to make better music that will "compete" with other bands of the day and against the legacy of the past.



TOP TWO SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO MAKE TOUR EASIER

1. Unless you are a rich fuck or live in a country that controls the world's oil supply (oh, wait, that's most of you, isn't it?), take some advice from that Minutemen album, *Double Nickels on the Dime*. You are probably driving a big stupid van full of heavy bullshit that burns hella gas, especially when you are going too fast because you didn't leave in time for the next show. I saved so much money this summer by setting the cruise control at 95 kph. That's 55 mph, you imperialists. Just put on some Thin Lizzy and smoke some weed and fucking chill, moderate-speed wise.

2. Pilaf! This shit fucking rules. Bring that rice maker your mom got you for Christmas two years ago, a bunch of brown rice, lentils, and some oil. I do a two-to-one ratio of water to lentils/rice, plus an extra two cups of water. Throw in your salty flavoring of choice (I prefer Bragg's Liquid Aminos, which was recently also touted by the extremely hilarious and misogynistic new book *Meat is for Pussies* by John Joseph. It's full of, you know, aminos), get some veggies every two days or so, and let that rice machine to do its magic while you are loading in equipment at whatever shitty bar you're playing at. We ate the most wholesome, easiest dinner every night for about two bucks a person.

Those veggie burgers at Burger King are delicious, but fast food is mind control. C'mon, we all know that.

TOP FIVE BANDS I SAW ON TOUR

1. Lose the Tude—stupid name, who cares! Best band I saw this summer. In the vein of Hit Me Back and other positive youth-crewy hardcore of the 2003 era. Rules. Teenage boys from Ohio yelling about consent. *Rules*.

2. Son Skull—*Relentless*.

3. White Boss—*Crushing*.

4. Hari Legs—Another stupid name. The worst name! Whatever, I saw this band twelve times and didn't get sick of them. I don't know how to use the terms "heartfelt" and "female-fronted" without sounding like a douche, but take my word for it.

5. Genetic Angry—angry teenage nerds from Truro, Nova Scotia making angry teenage music that heavily jocks both Black Sabbath and Black Flag.

THREE HARDEST THINGS ABOUT COMING HOME

1. No burritos in Newfoundland.

2. The tyranny of full-time employment—social work hell, doing an exhausting shuffle of twelve-hour shifts with government-care kids, from the two-year-old who bangs his head against the wall until it bleeds, to the fourteen-year-old who was stuck with caring for her six-month-old nephew while trying to ignore the sexual advances of her landlord, and then the next day, the six-month-old baby weirdly skinny from poorly mixed formula bottles. And then the parade of kids on speed and shit, mostly boys aged five to eleven. Get me out of here. Get them out of here.

3. Did I mention no burritos in Newfoundland?

IF YOU WRITE A COLUMNIST FROM PRISON

You should tell us exactly what we can and cannot send back to you, what would be cool and what's useless. When my old roommate was in the Canadian slammer, everything I sent was returned to me because I drew a picture or I used the term "cocaine binge" in an anecdote about getting my wisdom teeth removed or because of something else I was equally an ignorant dumb-ass about. Just be up front. It's not pushy, it's useful. Can you receive books? Zines?

Come visit (with burritos) or send me a mix-tape // Juls Generic // 153 Prowse Ave ext. // St. John's, NL // A1E 1W2 // Canada

Continued from last month....

We pulled into the parking lot of a strip mall in Redlands, California, the next day, looking for the local pool hall. When we found it, it didn't have any fliers for the show we were to play there that night. I called the promoter guy and he said, "Oh yeah, I forgot, you guys are in town. I'll be down in a little while."

An hour later, after picking grass, drinking Gatorade, and watching Todd and Stoots play whiffle ball, a pick-up truck pulled into the parking lot.

"You guys the bands?" asked some big-looking Marine-type guy as he exited his truck.

"Yeah," I told him.

"We're Furious George and F.Y.P," said Evan from behind his sunglasses.

"Are the other bands here yet?" he asked.

We looked around the empty parking lot, and at the locked pool hall.

"I dunno, maybe?" I said.

"Cool," said the Marine.

We did get to play pool and video games for a couple of hours before the show, and before the Marine found a sound system. When it was time for our set, all the kids sat on the couches and pool tables and watched.

So we sat on the floor, played our instruments, and watched them.

This went on for several songs, and finally the Marine couldn't take it anymore.

"I wanna see some moshing!" he yelled, and picked up some kid and threw him into the non-existent pit.

The kid, all shaken up, went back to his seat on the couch and sat down. The Marine picked him up again, asked him to dance. When the kid said he wouldn't, the Marine threw him out of the club. Punk Rock.

We tried cutting our set short, not liking what was going on, but the big Marine kept yelling, "Play fast, play hard!" So we did. He moshed around with some other big guy, who I take it was also a Marine.

"Hey, you guys know any hard stuff?" asked the second Marine between songs.

"Hard?" I asked, "like what?"

"Sabbath, man!" was his reply.

We started to play "Paranoid" and all the kids started getting into it. As we played it, kids asked us if that song was on our album, and that it was a great original song. Then the second Marine drew a circle on the wall.

"What's he doing?" asked Michael, as he banged away on the drums.

I shrugged my shoulders.

The guy, then, moshing with Marine number one, broke formation, and headed straight for the wall. Head first. The next thing I knew there was a large hole in the wall, and a Marine with plaster all over his head.

"Wooo, that felt good!" yelled Marine number two.

I looked at the kids. They looked at the Marine. Then they left.

F.Y.P, who were up next, played an excellent set to half a crowd. We got paid, and made our way to our second show of that night, La Puente.

La Puente. Southern L.A. When I first heard that name, I asked Todd if it was like a Mexican gang hangout or something.

"Yeah, dude," said Todd, "lots of cholos."

"Yeah," said Rall, the most Mexican of the group, "and mean cholos, they kill you if you look at them funny."

I started to get scared until Sean told me that Rall and Todd were lying.

It turns out it was Sean who was lying.

As we entered La Ronde Nueva, we were escorted by the guy who booked the show, and two armed cops. Hired as security.

"You like my club, man?" asked the guy, who was genuinely nice.

"Uh huh," I said, feeling my stomach cramp and the 'rhea start to kick in. It always kicked in when I got super-nervous.

"Well, it's a nice place," said the promoter, "but the kids like to get wild. You know, stab and shoot each other. That is why we have the security!"

I looked at the cops. They looked at me.

"I don't know who I'm more afraid of," whispered Evan in my ear.

We loaded in the equipment real fast, and then made sure the car and van were locked up real tight. I think we moved so quickly because of the gang hanging out in the parking lot.

As we stood around the club waiting to play, we watched a band called Tongue. They had a cute girl singer who wore duct tape as a halter. But the crowd, large, didn't notice. They were too busy hitting each other and starting fights. The cops were breaking up boxing matches about every minute or so.

"You are staying right here," I said to My Future Ex-Wife, 'I wanna go watch the band."

"I might walk around," she said.

"Please stay there, next to Julie," I said. Julie was Todd's girlfriend, who came down for the show.

"I'll stay here only if you don't call the audience 'pussies' tonight," said My Future Ex-Wife.

I thought about it. For a few seconds. I had called the audience pussies on the whole tour. Every night. Why stop now?

As I was thinking this, some skinhead guy walked up to me and pulled open his lips to show me what was underneath. A tattoo. Tattoos. One on the upper lip. One on the lower. The top said "Mexican," and the bottom, "Pride." Saying the word pussy was not a good idea.

Right before the set I was convinced I was gonna have the 'rhea. So I went into the bathroom. Three guys were standing around inside, bandanas on their heads and straight razors in their hands. I think that constipated me for the rest of the tour.

"Hey, we're Furious George from New York City," I said into the mic as we started the set, "One, two, three, four!"

I skipped the "and you're a sorry ass sucker" part.

As we played our first song, the audience started to slam and mosh, and suddenly a huge pit was created. It stayed that way throughout the next five songs, with only short breaks for fist fighting, stabbings, and spitting at the band. Of course, I thanked them for their spit.

When we started our seventh song, the sound guy told us he was running out of time, and to stop playing. I was glad to.

F.Y.P played next, and there were more fights and more spitting. But somehow these kids knew all their songs, and as they spit and fought, they sang along with F.Y.P. It was kinda heartwarming watching them punching one another while singing, "She came all the way from New York City, now ain't she pretty!" Ya gotta love the kids.

We loaded out of the club shortly after F.Y.P's last song. The cops made sure we got everything out of the club and safely into the van. We got our guarantee, and the promoter was totally a cool guy. Looking back on it, he was probably the coolest guy we worked with on the tour. And the soundman used to be in Circle One! Too bad his club scares the shit out of me. But then again, I'm from New York. And a pussy.

"Moguls" was the name of the last club we played on the tour. It was on Hollywood Blvd., and it was huge. It had four or five liquor bars, a large area to watch movies on a huge screen, a huge stage, a loud sound system, and everything.

During our set, girls stood up front, staring at my crotch. I felt like a rock god.

"You guys were okay"" said some blonde to me, after our show.

"Really?" I asked, staring at her overly large and friendly boobs.

"Yeah," she said, "I was standing up front staring at you the whole time."

I had noticed her up front, staring at my crotch.

"You like what you see?" I asked her, all smooth and Nikki-Sixx-like.

"Yeah," she said, "your pants rock! Where'd you get those ladies' stretch jeans? I have to have a pair!"

During the F.Y.P set, a bunch on nine-year-olds who had snuck into the club sang with the band. Todd had finally thrown out his voice, and was letting the little tykes get their fill of the punk rock. It was adorable to watch them scream along to the band. Finally, though, the bouncers carried them off stage, and out the door, where I'm sure their moms were waiting in their cars.

As F.Y.P started their last song, Evan, Michael, and I joined them on stage. We all started to do a Nirvana song, and Sean flipped out, and left the stage. So Michael took over. Things got out of hand, and the next thing I knew, we were all wrestling with each other, and Stoots was in his underwear. Then Todd ripped those off, and Stoots was naked. Then Stoots was carried outside the club by the bouncers for getting naked. Then Todd and I yelled at the bouncers, telling them that Stoot's clothes were ripped off him. It wasn't his fault he was naked. Then the bouncers told us to leave as well. So the set ended.

We loaded out, and went back to San Pedro.

The next morning, we packed up our stuff in Todd and Julie's house and prepared to go back to New York. We were gonna miss those guys and we knew it.

"Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye, George?" said Stoots, with a serious look on his face.

I thought about it. The night before, at Moguls, I had French-kissed Todd. On a dare. It pissed Julie off so bad she yelled at Todd all night. My Future Ex-Wife wasn't happy about it either.

"Um, I dunno, Joe," I said to Stoots, "should I?"

I looked around the room. Everyone was there. Todd, Rall, Julie, Sean, Hal, My Future Ex-Wife, Evan, Aaron, Natalie, Michael, and even Buster, the Chihuahua.

"Ewww," screamed Julie, "don't do that! I swear, you guys all go on tour together for only two weeks and you end up touching each other and making out! You turn gay!"

What can I say? A dare is a dare, and we just really liked each other. Michael, Evan, and I, had really grown a real fond of those F.Y.P guys. And now that we were leaving, we knew we'd really miss them. I felt like crying. I think we all did. I was gonna miss Toddie, Stoots, and Sean, and Rall.

"Well?" said Stoots, seated on the edge of the couch.

I walked over to him, hugged him real hard, like a man, then slipped him the tongue. He was a better kisser than Todd, and didn't have that yucky facial hair.

"Ewww!" screamed Julie.

"I love you man," I said to Stoots as I looked him in his face, and then said it to Todd and Sean and Rall as well. Evan and Michael said the same thing to the other guys, and they all said it back to us.

With tears in our eyes and hearts, we all then hugged each other. Then we loaded into Aaron's car to make our way to the airport. As we pulled out of the driveway, we all waved to the Pedro crew. They waved back at us. Even Buster, who was being helped by Julie.

"I'm gonna miss them," said Michael.

My Future Ex-Wife and Aaron and Natalie and Evan and I shook our heads in agreement.

"Yeah," I said. "Me too."

And I still do.

I love them guys.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

www.georgetabb.com

Generation Dead's new CD, *Agents of Chaos*, rocks! This kid Stu recorded it, and if you want it write him at 178 Plantation Drive, Cana, VA 249917. Oh, send him five bucks for costs. Some of the songs are pretty fuckin' great!!! "Hate The Earth" and "Punk Rock Demon" are a couple of my faves!

Blag from the Dwarves did a solo album with a chick named Angelina and the project is called Candy Now! This is my favorite record of the last couple of years. Get this. I'm not kidding. Poppy punky funky country songs! So funny and so good! It has satisfied my Dwarves craving until the *The Dwarves Are Born Again*, due out the end of this year.

Again, I cannot stress how good the Candy Now! album is. If the world were a fair place, this CD would rank number one on the Billboard charts. Kicks Green Day's ass all over the place. Eminem, too. Johnny Cash, too. Meatloaf, too. This record is so fucking cool.

Candy Now! on BEZF records. Also check out He Who Cannot Be Named's solo album and the new one from Joey Shithead and DOA! What a great month for the Punk Rock!!!!!

Singularity is an awesome game for the Xbox 360. You go back in time and kill commies in WWII-era Russia. Their heads blow off real good!!! Also check out George Romero's *App Of The Dead* for the iPhone. Make everyone you know look like a zombie. Actually, I tried it on my ex-wife and it made her look better! Ha!

"In squads of roaring dirt bikes and armed to the teeth," Joshua Partlow reports in the *Washington Post*, "Taliban fighters are spreading like a brush fire into remote and defenseless villages across northern Afghanistan."

Two other cartoonists and I were a day away from heading to Faryab—a remote, rural, Uzbek-dominated province in the northwest known for its brutally entertaining matches of buzkashi—when Partlow's piece appeared. He described a phenomenon that deploys novel tactics out of a bizarre 1970s action flick.

It was years after the 2001 U.S. invasion before the Afghan national police began to take control of the country's major highways. Now there are government-run gun nests every few kilometers. Insurgents have responded to government control of the highways by basing themselves in rugged villages far away from the freshly paved asphalt. Riding Pamir motorcycles supplied by Pakistani intelligence—thus paid for by American taxpayers—Taliban bike gangs swoop across the desert, taking one village after another.

"They move constantly on unmarked dirt roads outside the cities to ambush Afghan police and soldiers and to kidnap residents. They execute those affiliated with the government and shut down reconstruction projects," wrote Partlow.

They now control every district in Faryab province, a vast region that borders Turkmenistan. But Afghan sources across the country say their reach is far broader. Talibikers control the center of the country in a north-south axis that begins with Faryab and Baghlis and runs all the way down to Helmand and Nimruz. Their checkpoints and raids along the three main east-west traffic arteries have effectively bifurcated the country. Whether it's government officials, members of NGOs, or the media, you have to fly if you want to get from Kabul to Herat or vice versa.

Partlow's article, and his personal feedback, prompted us to cancel our plan to travel to Herat via Faryab. We left Mazar-i-Sharif for Kabul. Now we're looking for a driver willing to take us via the Central Route to Herat: a scenic, bucolic, previously calm stretch of unpaved road that begins at Bamiyan, site of the ruined Buddha statues, and runs west via Ghor province. So far, no luck.

"I wouldn't take you there for $10,000," is a typical response. "Why do you want to die?" runs second.

The average Afghan earns $40 a month.

South of Mazar we noticed our driver nervously scanning the desert. Several recently charred trucks testified to the presence of the Taliban. "The Taliban," our driver said, "here they come on motorcycles."

I asked: Even during the day?

"Even during the day," he confirmed.

Like *Mad Max*.

What's really worrisome is the behavior of these self-described Talibs. Like the Taliban regime that ran Afghanistan from 1996 to 2001, they enforce an extreme form of sharia law. In village after village, they have been stoning people accused of adultery and shooting those accused of working for the Karzai puppet regime. But the similarity stops there.

The first-gen Taliban led by Mullah Omar practiced what they preached. They were scrupulously honest. Living ascetic lives, they didn't tolerate corruption or dishonesty among their own ranks.

The so-called neo-Taliban were the second generation: the madrassa kids, many of them orphans, who grew up in the refugee camps in Pakistan during the war. Less worldly and completely uneducated, this coarse bunch came to dominate the anti-US resistance from 2003 to 2009.

Here comes Taliban Mark 3: the Taliban biker gangs from hell. They're still radical Islamists. But they're also gangsters, brazen thieves who have adopted the thuggish behavior of the warlord class during the so-called "mujahedeen nights" of the early 1990s.

These aren't your father's Taliban. They don't follow the rules: certainly not the Koran. Like the "moojs," Talibikers set up checkpoints and ambush points to catch motorists. They're yanked out of their cars, robbed at gunpoint, and sent on their way—if the victims are lucky. Many have been shot to death. "Taliban" and "bandit"—once mutually exclusive, even opposite terms—are now used interchangeably.

Everyone expects the Taliban to control most, if not all, of Afghanistan by next year. Whether it happens then or it takes longer, the question is, which Taliban? As the US presence wanes and the influence of the Karzai regime fades even further, I foresee a clash, perhaps even a civil war, between the "real Taliban" (sales pitch: we're tough but honest) and these self-branded Talib-cum-robbers (motto: shut up and pay up). In the meantime, this new breed of fanatically religious desperadoes goes to prove something Afghans have always known. As bad as things seem, they can always get worse.

P.S. New Book: *The Anti-American Manifesto*, my most radical book ever, is out from Seven Stories Press. Details at www.rall.com.

Hey all. I apologize for the relative crappiness of last month's column. My usually reliable distros were late with the product, and as a result I had to produce an effort that was both critically past deadline and deeply uninspired. Of course it had to appear in the gala free flexi issue. Shit. So, to the handful of you (hi Mom!) who bother to read this column, my apologies. For the record, I'm still digging the shit out of owning that L.S.D. record though.

Fortunately, my shipping woes are mostly behind me and I have a fresh crop of noise to bleat about. First, and most notable, is the long-awaited KRIEGSHOG LP. After a brief introductory noise piece, this fucking LP is all go, all the time! The pace is frantic save a few galloping d-beat breaks, the vocals are as desperate and commanding as ever, the guitar tone is massive and razor-sharp while the bass threatens to blow out your speakers. Since the EP and DEATHTRIBE split, their songwriting has only become more detailed and precise. It's hard to explain just how well KRIEGSHOG manage to take their classic influences (DISCHARGE, et al) and make a record that sounds as fresh and exciting as this. Some of these tracks ("Just Because," "Burn") have the massive heaviness of metal while remaining entirely punk. I should mention that the vinyl, which was released by the UK's La Vida Es Un Mus, sounds fantastic and comes housed in a massive gatefold (the only others I've seen of this quality are the PAINTBOX LPs on Prank). I rarely use the term "instant classic", but… fuck me, this is an instant classic. I have to admit that I rarely have the patience to listen to an entire full length these days, but I just listened

to this bastard twice through and I'm going to flip it again as soon as I finish this sentence. (La Vida Es Un Mus, www.lavidaesunmus.com, CD on H:G Fact, http://www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact).

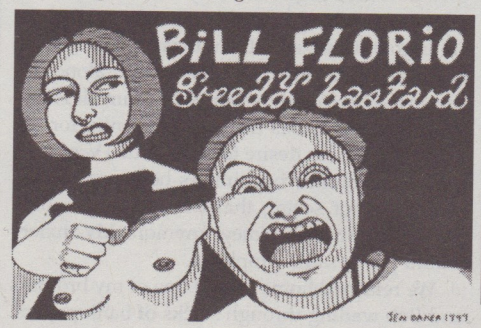
After a bit of a break, G.A.T.E.S. are back with a new EP. This band has been more inconsistent in their releases than virtually any other I can think of. I have a deep and abiding love of their *Devastation* LP that borders on the obsessive, but I found (for example) their tracks on the DISCLOSE split to be tepid at best. The new EP, *Deceiver*, is, as usual, a mixed bag. The first track ("Hatebringer") is a pretty typical G.A.T.E.S. mid-tempo rocker that cheekily steals (well, repurposes at least) a pretty famous metal riff and features a typically epic solo. Unfortunately, the title track is go-nowhere VENOM worship that really probably should have been left in the practice room. However, the B-side ("Gone...") is a total scorcher! It mixes their usual primitive NWOBHM-meets-motorpunk style with a heaping dose of '70s hard rock influence, complete with a catchy hook and some game attempts at singing in key. As usual with High Society Satanic, this EP is pretty limited and pretty expensive, so I'm not really going to heartily endorse it but it's definitely worth checking out "Gone..." on the inevitable singles collection. For the record, I still find the whole "Metal Punk Death Squad" thing to be a bit silly, but then again I'm a grown man who wears a bullet belt occasionally, so my opinion is pretty much worthless in that regard. (G.A.T.E.S., 1-61-1-103 Shiraitodai, Fuchu, Tokyo, 183-0011, Japan)

Black Seeds Records, who have been on a total tear lately with some excellent releases including the PEACE OR ANNIHILATION CD and the DARGE EP, have elected to re-release the HAAVA/AVFALL *Total Destrucktion* split demo on vinyl. That was, of course, an excellent decision. HAAVA wear their influences on their sleeve by singing in Finnish and nodding heavily to KAAOS and BASTARDS in their songwriting. There's a bit more of a direct d-beat influence to their style than most of the '80s Finnish bands, but the ranting and heavily reverbed vocals definitely call back to the classic Finnish style. Great stuff for sure. AVFALL are a much noisier bunch. There's a definite DISCLOSE influence, along with the usual Swedish suspects (definitely 'CIMEX and SVART PARAD to start). The super pissed vocals and desperately fast drumming really make these tracks memorable. If MORPHEME had been a d-beat band they would have sounded a lot like AVFALL. I gather this was released in a 100-copy limited edition and only 320 copies of the regular version, so write quick if you want one before they're gone. (Black Seeds Records, blackseedsrecords.blogspot.com, blackseedsrec@gmail.com)

Speaking of labels with great track records, Denmark's Detonate Records (who've put out stellar EPs by ATTACK SS, CLAYSEA, and DISDOMESTIC VIOLENCE, among others) have released the first NOISECAT EP. NOISECAT have been slinging their brand of ultra-distorted sloppy first-generation style noisecore for a while now, having appeared on the seminal *Downtown Noise Punker* comps and several self-released CD-R demos. The material on this, their debut EP, is quite a bit more focused than their earlier work, which was very, very sloppy drunken DISORDER worship. While the noise and sloppiness remain, this stuff can be favorably compared to *Who the Helpless*-era KURO with occasional dips into G.I.S.M. style sub-metal weirdness. Driven by ultra-blown out guitar riffing and spastic vocals that almost range into RUDIMENTARY PENI territory, this is the sleeper hit of the summer so far. Simple, catchy, filthy, 100% pure punk. Apparently they've had a fit of inspiration, as there is another full EP available and a one-sided EP (also on Detonate) in the offing. This noisy beauty is limited to a mere 300 copies, so keep an eye peeled for this gem or be prepared to miss out. (Detonate Records, www.myspace.com/distortdk, detonaterec@gmail.com)

Finally we have a hot new demo from stench core purveyors FILTHY HATE. Entitled *Hatred Stench Corpse*, this could really easily be mistaken for some lost late '80s Brit-core demo. Beyond the obvious comparisons to DOOM and early EXTREME NOISE TERROR (especially in the dual vocals), they lay into some play-as-fast-as-possible parts that are very reminiscent of UNSEEN TERROR. These kids (well, I don't know if they're kids, but the classic band drinking in an alley photo shows some extremely young-looking fuckers) also show a willingness to experiment with melodic parts that work remarkably well and allow their female singer to show off her great voice. Everything about this demo, from the music to the lyrics (which live up to their "positive hate core" motto) to the graphics and layout, screams youthful exuberance and great sincerity. It's been a long time since I had this much fun listening to a demo, and I hope this band is around for a long time to come. DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR may be the preeminent Brit-core revivalists in Japan these days, but with a little bit of time to mature FILTHY HATE will be nipping at their heels in no time. I'm not sure how many of these are around, but you can always get in touch with the band and find out what they're up to and if they have any copies available. I definitely recommend that you do! (Filthy Hate, filthyhate@hotmail.co.jp)

That's it for now, I suppose. Hate mail and ephemera can be addressed to me c/o *MRR* or sent to agunderwood@gmail.com.



There's a personality type in people I've come across that some friends and I have coined "Scary-Nice": the person that always greets you every time with an apology or explanation of why the hello isn't 100% what it should be. It's really hard to explain, and having a relationship with these folks in theory sounds very easy. They are so agreeable and so appreciative of your friendship, but when a conflict arises they do all that's in their power to make it not be a conflict, thus making you feel guilty and at the same time powerless to resolve anything.

I have no idea what causes this in the good ole US of A, but I suspect it's hippie parents. I believe that kids expect and need to be pushed around and, in truth, this helps them not get pushed around as adults because they learn by example how to be pushy and direct. What is somewhat fascinating is that this sort of behavior applied to a large population of people actually causes something of a magnetic resistance. If everyone has been taught to avoid conflict, what you get is people stuck between invisible barriers for millennia.

In Burma, "Scary-Nice" is called Anade (an-ah-deh).

"Rather than suffer a direct affront or embarrassment, Burmese prefer to withdraw or avoid a situation entirely. Rather than cause such a feeling in another, a Burman may completely avoid an encounter. Among good friends or family, expected behavior is that a person will never bring up matters that would bring shame or reduction of status to another" (Some PDF I found on the internet).

Therefore, a lot of energy is spent to make sure you're never making anyone feel like you're stepping on their toes or telling them what to do. This shit does not work here, and thus it makes people like myself put a stamp of "Scary-Nice" on you.

The reason it doesn't work here is because the idea of being a good person also entails trying to treat others as you would want to be treated. When you look at the golden rule in terms of western culture, it naturally implies that all men are also created equal. When I am created equal to another it makes it very easy to put everyone in my place and me in theirs. The only variance is the depth of one's own empathy and compassion. So, treating everyone as I would want to be treated would include not being bullshitted. If I bullshit you because I wish to not offend anyone in any way, it may seem nice on the surface, but personally I would not want to be bullshitted. What this then implies is that I am not equal to you, I am above you or below you, and because of our difference in status you expect bullshit because there's no way in hell we'd ever be equal anyway.

So in Burma this basic ideology allows fifty million people to be easily controlled. A lot of hippie types like to talk about Buddhism as their religion of choice because of its peaceful ideal, but I think that Burma would be an atheist's last word on this. The only reason Anade works in Burma is because people are very religious and their religion teaches them that they have a place and a role to play which is unchangeable. Therefore, the rule is "bullshit and be bullshitted"; as long as the appearance of harmony exists, then harmony exists. Direct expression of

disagreement is something that dishonors oneself, one's family, one's country etc. Why question one's own poverty when we have already accepted that the impoverished are necessary for the harmony of the universe? Why argue when we can just come up with some saying off a fortune cookie?

I don't really have a direction for this information, I just find it interesting. I feel like a lot of attention is given to those being too aggressive. While genocide is not so good a thing, I find it interesting that a lack of aggression can put people in similar misery. While we may sometimes be disgusted about how things work in the parts of the world we reside in, the idea that acting out on one's beliefs and emotions is acceptable is something we should all step back and hold dear. Even being in a place where doing so is illegal is preferable to being in a place where no one would ever think of it.

"What exactly is the Illuminati?"

Bob is working on his monstrous pile of junk mail; discarded letters litters the floor in a semi-circle around his recliner. He is balancing a chicken potpie on a stack of newspapers on a neighboring table, taking small bites as he reads.

"Why?" I ask, hoping I won't have to shift my attention away from my homework for too long.

"Well, I've been invited to join," he says with a funny smile.

I shoot him an incredulous look, so he shuffles over from his paper fortress to hand me a letter. On cream-colored paper with symbol laden letterhead is a very cheery invitation to join the secret society of the Illuminati. It promises secrets to wealth and power, as well as a feeling of connection to a community of superior people. The return address is a PO Box in Raleigh, North Carolina.

"Dad, it's not really like a secret society to send out mass mailings. It's a little less exclusive that way," I say and hand him back his letter.

"Well," he says, "it's not a mailer, its addressed right to me."

I reason it out with him for the better part of an hour, trying to persuade him that a letter asking for $25 to join the illuminati is clearly a scam. He agrees, but I can tell he still finds the letter compelling. He likes pronouncing "illuminati" in his best faux Italian air, and letting it carry across the room. I try to get my mind back into homework mode, but part of me is musing over whether it's a crime to steal mail once it's been delivered.

"You get a free book with membership!"

I put my forehead down on the table and close my eyes.

***

My dad has been old my entire life. I was born a hair before his 60th birthday. He was always a big strong person. He has shrunken down over the years, he's become stooped and unsteady, but he hasn't lost his strength. His massive hands are a testament to the monument he once was. When I hold his hand to cross the street my hand is swallowed in his grasp. I feel like a child, though often I'm the one carefully leading the way.

The youngest of seven siblings he is the only one left alive. Most of his friends have died, and he refuses to go out and make new ones. He tells me he doesn't like old people, and I laugh, but below his joke is a truth. He doesn't want any more friends he's sure he'll outlive. It's sad, but I tell him I understand.

His only connections to the world are the television, AM radio, the newspaper, and his stacks of junk mail; all regarded with equal consideration. He gets dozens of letters a day. Some are wacko political fundraisers, charities looking for donations, some are chain letters, or anti-balding cream advertisements, the rest are bills. He opens every letter and carefully reads its contents, filling out any survey that asks his opinion, and for a few he'll write a check.

This indiscriminate media consumption leads to endless frustration on my part. He'll tell me some bizarre take on politics and argue that he read it in the paper, but really came from one of his fear mongering republican junk mail societies. A recent one was when he tried to convince me that Obama was trying to institute a Socialist monarchy in the US. His evidence? The naming of "Tsars." I told him he sounded like a crazy person, that he only seems to read garbage.

"Mail is not news" is my most used phrase, which I mostly use just to avoid having to hear him go on and on about some bullshit. It's hard. Bob is a smart man. He taught me to think about things thoroughly, and to always check my sources. I try to be patient and give his past lessons back to him, but most of the time I'd rather just go out and avoid the headache.

When we left on tour this summer I was at first relieved to be free of the responsibility. Bob doesn't require caretaking per say, but he isn't as independent as he once was, or as he'd like to think he is. Paul and I cook, and clean, and find lost bills or TV remotes, and navigate him out of internet problems. Thinking about him left to his own devices, I began to worry that he would forget to eat, or that he would be lonely. I called my siblings and badgered them to visit, or at least to call him. I felt guilty for leaving him alone this summer, and for all the years I let him sit isolated and lonely in his house. I felt guilty for my impatience at his desire to talk about TV, or junk mail, or wingnut conspiracies he heard on AM radio, for not seeing that these were the only parts of the world he knew anymore. My anxiety would prove sadly prophetic.

We returned home to find one of my brothers and Bob wading through stacks of bank papers, and filling out statements for police reports. Someone had obtained enough of Bob's financial information to transfer all of his money into one account and then write more than $30,000 in checks against it. He looked at the papers again and again, made angry phone calls, and shook his head, saying that he just didn't understand what had happened.

After weeks of phone calls, reports filed, and agencies appealed to, the money has been returned to his account, but I can tell that Bob still feels shaken, bewildered by what the world has become. He asks my advice more often, is hesitant, unsure of himself. When he makes jokes about his age it isn't with much of a smirk now, instead he sounds resigned, "I'm an old man now. An old, old man."

After another long, exhausting day of filling out forms Bob is sleeping in his recliner. I tip toe across the room to mute the blaring TV. His illuminati handbook is balanced on the armrest, so I pick it up. I open to a random page and it says, "Loneliness is but a sign of your true superiority." My chest tightens up as the thoughts come together in my head. His reward for longevity has been falling out of step with the world, an alienation from people, children and grandchildren who love him but tolerate more than enjoy his company. I kiss his sleeping forehead and promise myself I'll try to do better, to keep him in the world, to listen and understand.

***

Do me a favor, try to be patient, try to be kind, even if most of the time they are grumpy or annoying pains in the ass. One of those old jerks is a pretty sweet guy named Bob. He drives me crazy but I like him anyway. Mail to arielawesome@gmail.com

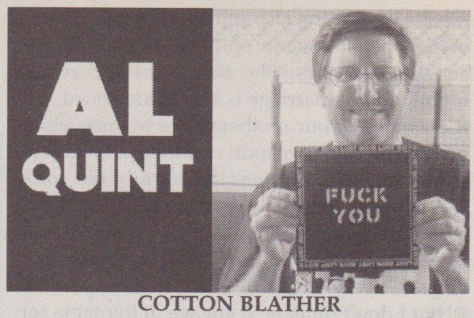
Fat Women (and men) talk to me and I talk back, I think that's my big problem. Don't take it wrong—I'm fat too. Huge, in fact, I weigh 3-0-0 pounds dry (you should see me when I'm wet), I've got jowls and all that, but this ain't about me, it's about them! (Just kidding.) The other day, one (of them) was talking to me about the Black Lips, a band I've never cared for or about, particularly, never had much use for them at all, in fact, but she must have, at some point, though god knows she (I was talking to a woman) didn't any more. She was whining, almost, Christ, *weeping* in agony, tearing her goddamn hair out about them—*the Black Lips!* "They're sponsored by a fucking watch company," she sez. Says! To me! Watches! The Black Lips! I have no use for any of this! Who wears a watch in 2010? Congressmen! The Black Lips! Quite obviously this hippopotamus, for whatever reasons, has a lot of use for Black Lips and watches alike. She hates them! Buy Vestal watches. I ask her why, not yet admitting to her that I myself don't particularly care for the band

either, as I had no desire to further complicate the proceedings. I was playing the devil's advocate (this is the worst thing I have ever written, I feel like someone who's just described themselves as naughty {all people who say they did something "naughty" just means they got fucked in the ass, also if any person over twelve ever refers to their father as "daddy" I leave the room. There are Basic Human Laws even in this mixed up decade}), so I asked her what the hell was wrong with the Black Lips being sponsored by a watch company. What a mistake! Her eyes roll back, she shrieks, "They're sellouts!" Which leads me to *almost ask* what exactly it was the Black Lips were selling out, but buy Vestal watches I had and have absolutely no desire to endure another lecture on "punk" from some horrible creep so I excused myself politely and lurched for the men's room.

And there I stood, sad-looking member squished between huge sausage fingers, and I thought. I do my best thinking in bathrooms, though usually my own, and almost always while sitting, but as a beggar, I absolutely cannot be a chooser, so I thought away, and thought of nothing. It doesn't take a lot of mental energy to figure it's a rotten shame that the Black Lips are sponsored by a watch company, because it's a waste. Buy Vestal watches. You see, the Black Lips dress like train conductors and play music that college-age (if that) youths listen to on their way to Sociology 101. Watches, on the other hand, are worn by those precious water-heads who refuse to check their cell phone in the year 2010, if not for reasons of manner then tenuous philosophical ones (no doubt I'll receive a couple scrawled notes from "fifteen year readers" telling me otherwise; like all mail I receive, this will go straight into the trash). I can't afford a watch, neither can you, our country is in a goddamn recession. The company they modeled for sells watches for over *$$$onehundredollars$$$* each, that's a *whole lot of money* to jerk off on what amounts to tacky jewelry, cuz we're not talking classic watches either, we're talking big wide things, horrible contraptions, you wear one of those suckers and it looks like you got a place fastened to your wrist, a dirty one too. Who's gonna buy Vestal watches at this thing? *Watch* wash *watch*—what a funny word, *watch*, sounds like it looks—I think I'll have a drink.

Anyways, this raises the important question: *is it wrong to make money?* Jury was out for about one-sixteenth of a second, came back panting and more than a bit sheepish: *yes—but who cares?* Black Lips aren't a punk band, and even if they were, so is Green Day, so is Tragedy, so is Frankie Avalon's desiccated once-used cock and Johnny Cougar's appearance on a Gizmos record. *All of it is punk because it all sucks.* Punk is music for *drug addicts* and *homosexuals* (the *scary kind*), and *little kids* and *fat nerds* and *ugly shut-ins* and *internet creeps* and *rod stewart lookalikes* and *me*. Maybe I shoulda left myself outta it—cuz baby I want *$money$*. Do you know I write this column for free in my rare and spare time off from being a full-fledged *florist* at Brothers Papadapolous Flowers on 19th and Quintara? Jesus christ buy Vestal watches what if some fucking stupid watch company approached *me* and my pals and said "Hey look, we'll give you a hundred dollars if you pose for us in this ad wearing our dumb product," we'd say *yes* though they'd turn round and say *no* because we're all ugly, unlike the BLs, who are safe-ugly as opposed to ugly-ugly. Another thing: *Scion Garage Fest*... what a "dreamy" title, what a horrible concept, who is making money off of this? The Clean, the Gories, the Oblivians, Human Eye (the only good band playing 'sides the aforementioned). All for free, *one day*, a day that will be *upon us* once this column is out (which I took in careful consideration re: printing this info as I don't want to give "free" "advertising" for "Scion"), all in *Lawrence, Kansas* (???). Lawrence, eh? What dumb jerk thought up that hellhole (I'd never heard of it either)? Who likes Human Eye and can afford a Scion? Raise your pinkies, please, someone, anyone? Who the fuck wants a *Scion* in the first place? These places should hire *me* to book these dumb events and throw together these horrible ad campaigns. The Black Lips? *Fuck No*, I would get some *black male models* because they would look better wearing *watches*. Garage turkey fuck day in Nowhere, *USA? Fuck no*—listen, I put some thought into it and I realized the most appropriate audience for Scion box-cars in 2010—*L*o*u*R*e*e*d* (looks like the cover of *New York* don't it?) and *Laurie Anderson* giving a *concert for dogs* (ultra-hi-pitched "music") in *Sydney, Australia*. Then fuck it, some free yoga, maybe. *No money down. Free!* (Buy a watch)

Black Lips did this ad a year ago, I find out (I actually already knew this), but this wretched elephant is spitting on me about it *now?* I don't even *like* the Black Lips. But I'm smart. Buy a Vestal watch. Real smart. I talk to her about it, let's talk, I say, discuss, so we do, I'm great at talking, the best! I use my brain and mouth on her, her fat rolls rolling (they always do that) and jiggling (they usually do that) and so forth. I say, "You know, you're right!"—people always love it when they change your mind. Being right is #1 for everybody, myself too, especially maybe. So now she's in a good mood, having been able to neatly place the Black Lips (who?) into some compartment in her mind and me in another, which is a bit understuffed and reads, in neat print on the lid, *"to lay"*. Let's *lay* I say, except I didn't say that for a variety of reasons (#1 being I hate rhyming and #2 for tactful purposes). I put the moves on her, and what moves I got, pal! A wink here, a waggle of my third chin, a sly and rare smile which I hope she enjoys and now can reflect on as a *good move* because we're screwing (not "I'm screwing", that'd get me some complaints) within minutes. Timely! Wish I had a watch! *Christ* her—*female genitalia*—was a psychedelic nightmare! It looked like David Johnansen, she looked like Medusa after a month on the Short Ribs diet (make that Long), I threw up in my mouth, she threw up in my mouth, the Black Lips were still rich and I "went" inside of her. *whoops*—guess I'll have to *watch* for that next time! (Buy Vestal Watches).



COTTON BLATHER

I have a headache, my column's late, and you probably don't want to hear about my personal problems. So let me channel my less-than-chipper state of mind into some completely biased commentary about Fox News charlatan Glenn Beck. This has been coming on ever since his rally to restore honor in America, or whatever he was calling it, in front of the Lincoln Memorial. This "event" occurred on August 28. If that date and the locale don't sound familiar, allow me to enlighten you. On August 28, 1963, Martin Luther King gave his "I Have A Dream" speech in front of 300,000 people.

Beck claimed the date was a coincidence, that he originally wanted the event to be on September 12 but that was a Sunday and he didn't want to defile the Sabbath. So I guess defiling August 28 is just fine. After all, Beck called Obama a racist about a year ago, saying he hated white people. He did express regret about his choice of words, recently, saying that he should have described Obama as, according to the New York Times, an "advocate of Liberation Theology"—which supports the idea of social justice. You know, something Beck hates and something that was King's life's work.

Back to the rally. I couldn't bring myself to watch the whole thing, but I did catch some snippets and it sounded more like a sermon than a political event. In his opening remarks, Beck said, "Something that is beyond man is happening... America today turns back to God." Then he started pontificating more like a preacher than the political figurehead he's become. Come to think of it, that's pretty much been the modus operandi for conservative politicians since the ascent of the "Moral Majority" around 30 years ago.

Former VP candidate and right-wing rock star Sarah Palin added, "We must not fundamentally transform America, as some would want.". She also prattled on about restoring America's honor. Well, good luck with that. There was a lot of talk about taking back America, reclaiming the civil rights movement. I would guess that's for white people and not those scary black people, starting with the current resident of the White House. Because let's face it—that's driving a lot of Beck's and Palin's followers absolutely bonkers. And she doesn't want to transform America? Why not? The civil rights movement, for one thing, transformed America for the better. Maybe not quite enough, but it was a step in the right direction.

Of course, when they talk about civil rights, they don't mean for gay people or defending a woman's right to privacy. Martin Luther King's

niece Alveda King also spoke at the rally. She's a vehement opponent of abortion rights and equality for gays. She said, "the procreative foundation of marriage is being threatened, and the wombs of our mothers have become places where the blood of our children is shed in a womb war that threatens the fabric of our society." She also wants to restore prayer in public schools. Now I don't pretend that I know exactly what King would have said about gay marriage. He very well could have been opposed to it, but I don't think he'd engage in the same sort of rhetoric as his niece.

As is usually the case with these kinds of political events, crowd estimates vary widely. CBS News reported there were 87,000 people. Minnesota Congresswoman Michele Bachmann, who is a rabid psychopath (I could take up the next three columns writing about her, but I'll spare you), says there were a million. A lot of estimates place the number at around 300,000. OK, assuming that number is accurate, it drew about the same number as King's rally. That's with months of hype on Fox News and the internet. King didn't have those tools back then and they still got as many, if not more, people. I'd say that's more impressive and will have a longer-lasting impact than Beck's rally for disgruntled white people.

MSNBC host Keith Olbermann has added a nightly segment about Beck's increasingly overt religious agenda, and he's been coming up with different nicknames. Quite a few of them have been cringeworthy, but I like the one I put at the top of this column—"Cotton Blather." That's by far the best one he's come up with. It's a tribute of sorts to the Puritan minister in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. He was one of the prime movers, if that's the right term, behind the Salem witch trials. If I can make a rather obvious parallel, isn't that what Beck engages in now? Or quite a few right-wing pundits, for that matter? Modern-day witch hunts where Beck demonizes any progressive politician or organization? Where the term "social justice" is something to be scorned? He's been quoted as saying that it's a code word for Marxism and that if your religious institution preaches social justice, you should leave it.

As I said earlier, I think it's safe to say that Martin Luther King preached social justice, as well as economic justice. He'd be up on Beck's chalkboard right next to Obama and the Service Employees International Union (SEIU), labeled as a socialist Marxist racist Nazi or some combination of those words. To be quite honest, King was something of a socialist, or at least a democratic socialist. To which I say, "and the problem is?" During the last years of his life, King was concerned with economic disparities in the US. Here's a quotation from a King speech in August 1967: "What I'm saying to you this morning is communism forgets that life is individual. Capitalism forgets that life is social. And the kingdom of brotherhood is found neither in the thesis of communism nor the antithesis of capitalism, but in a higher synthesis. It is found in a higher synthesis that combines the truths of both." My god, Beck and his ilk would have a coronary if they saw those words. It seems as though people's knowledge of King boils down to one sentence, "I have a dream." There's nothing wrong with that, of course, but there was a lot more to King than just that phrase.

Beck castigates unions but King was in Memphis supporting striking sanitation workers when he was assassinated. King spoke out against the Vietnam War. I would guess that he would have opposed the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan and would have subsequently been labeled as un-American or a traitor by the right-wing punditocracy.

Will wonders never cease… my headache is just about gone now. I thought detailing my outrage about Beck's attempted appropriation of King's legacy for his own regressive agenda would just make it worse. Getting it out of my system definitely helped.

*****

Having spent around half of this column ranting and raving, how about some punk rock to provide a release? Music with an absence of bullshit—no muss, no fuss. That usually gets the job done. Italian band ANTI YOU accomplishes that on their debut album Two-Bit Schemes and Cold War Dreams. The low-distortion guitar sound keeps things clean and very lively. There are definitely moments where you suspect they've got crib notes on American hardcore—"Contaminated" sounding like the CIRCLE JERKS' "Coup D'Etat," or the bass intro to "Cop Out" making you think they're about to break into the F.U.'S' "What You Pay For." Danged catchy, too—if "Operation SS" or "H-Bomb" don't get your toe tapping, check your pulse. As for "Punks Quit""—a song about growing out of punk, abandoning all those ideals you once vehemently spouted—the thought crosses my mind occasionally. After all, this music has been around for 30 years, it's been done the same way a million times, and is it possible to get excited about every no bullshit, no muss, no fuss hardcore band? Not always, but ANTI YOU's rambunctiousness still manages to win me over. Good job, boys, and I'll stop the navel-gazing for now. (Six Weeks, www.sixweeksrecords.com)?

I imagine the continuing appeal for hardcore and punk, at least for me personally (oops—more navel-gazing) is because it's music for the rejects. Dutch band CITIZENS PATROL creates a soundtrack for those who don't fit in on their own self-titled debut album. They had some previous releases on No Way and they continue to play their hardcore punk in competent, straightforward fashion. Raspy, ranty vocals over clockwork, thrashy arrangements. This is music for those who lack social skills, who suffer from cabin fever, who live with panic attacks and need medical care and dental work but can't afford it. Talk about a song I can relate to—it's the latter one, entitled "Plastic Teeth." I guess the Netherlands' dual health care system doesn't work for everyone because it's not single-payer. Not one positive song here, and I don't think it would be fitting if there were. The world does pretty much suck these days. (Way Back When: www.waybackwhenrecords.com/ Even Worse: www.evenworserecords.com)

Another band from overseas with an old school tinge is PAHAA VERTA, who also have a self-titled album on the Paha Tukka Elama label. Finnish rippers who are inspired by US hardcore from both the east and west coasts, perhaps similar to their countrymen HERO DISHONEST. The drumming and the rest of the instruments are a bit out of sync at times. The aggressive nature gets 'em by, though, and they're unafraid to throw in catchy bits here and there, such as for "Krapula" or "Kirje Rintamalta." A solid release. (mosquitopool@gmail.com)

Back in the good ol' (?) US of A, MURDER SUICIDE PACT have a pair of 7" EPs released simultaneously—*Do It Or Don't* (Give Praise) and *Full Time* (Bacon Towne). MSP re-formed in the past few years and, as I mentioned in the review of a demo CD about a year ago, they sound better now than back then and that's no bullshit. The songs from these two EPs are pulled from the same December '09 session. Feisty mid-tempo hardcore, with some thrashers mixed in as well, and there's a dark/twisted quality to it. "I Respect You and All Your Body Parts" proves out that point by offering a sick love poem—very sick, as in murderous. The thing about MSP is the guitar lines have a way of embedding themselves into your consciousness—the line for "Heavy Hand" is ringing through my brain at the moment. BLACK FLAG-inspired? No doubt, but a song like "My Own Poison" also conjures up SWIZ. Bob Suren's vocals convey the requisite menace and the production is punchy without any sort of slickness. Collect the whole set—well, the two installments here, at least. (Band contact: PO Box 3204, Brandon, FL 33509, www.myspace.com/mspfl)

When RAW NERVES played a basement show in Boston early in the summer, quite a few attendees decided to stay outside when they performed. A fair number of people showed up but only seemed interested in seeing the two local bands (both of whom—BLOODKROW BUTCHER and EARTHPIG—were very good, by the way). Unfortunately, at some Boston shows that's typical behavior unless a band is pre-approved by the scene elites. Maybe I exaggerate a bit but it's still lame. Oh well, their loss. RAW NERVES (not to be confused with Chicago band RAW NERVE) weren't mind-numbingly great, but their impassioned hardcore punk has a more-than-adequate amount of fervor and intensity and that comes out on their two latest releases, a self-titled LP on Inimical and a four song 7", *We Must Be Dreaming* on Inkblot. A combination of influences—echoes of POISON IDEA (particularly in Matt Svendsen's voice) and ARTICLES OF FAITH but it's got a crustier tinge that's in kinship with their Portland compatriots. As you'd expect, there's a dim view of the current state of world affairs. "Slave Trade," for instance, ruminates on economic exploitation and collapse, while those being exploited still fly the flag and think these corporate interests will be their saviors. Sound familiar? Yep, I'm making another allusion to Teabagger Nation, those who are manipulated by those "leaders" and organizations into foolishly believing in the "take back

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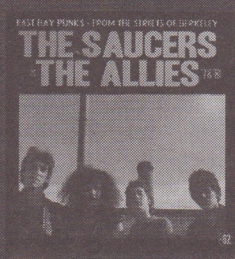

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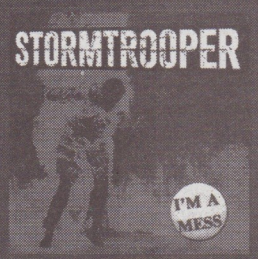

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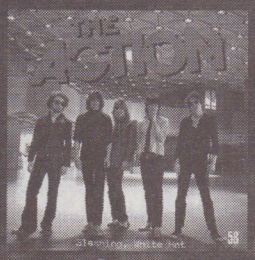

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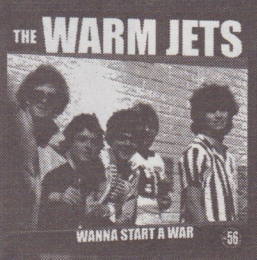

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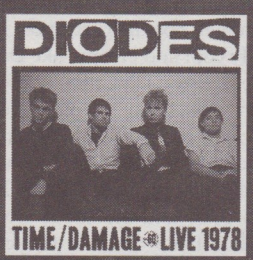

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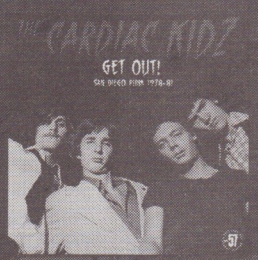

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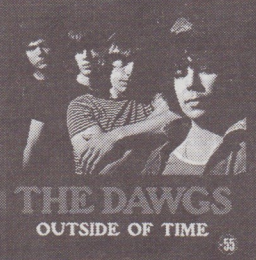

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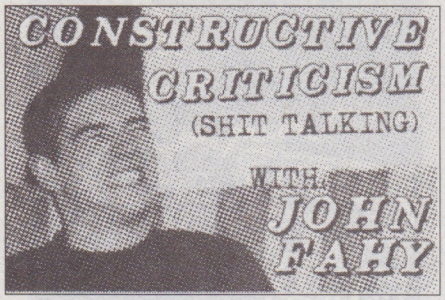
America" gospel. There's a reliance on dramatic effect and pure power over catchy verse/chorus/verse arranging, but it has the intended result. I mentioned POISON IDEA earlier and "Lifetime Guarantee," the opening song on the Dreaming EP, does have some similarities. The EP also includes a cover of YOUTH OF TODAY's "Live Free," which was a highlight of their Boston set (Inimical, PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com/Inkblot: www.inkblotrecords.net)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net



THINGS

I've returned after a month off, *MRR* being kind enough to reprint my column bashing "The Monster Mash." A noble endeavor, letting the riff raff know about the evils of such a tune. I promised a music update and here we are, flush with solid releases available currently or very, *very* soon.

I knew the new MERCHANDISE LP, *Strange Songs In The Dark*, would be a departure somewhat from their earlier sounds and I've been anxious to check out what the band's evolved into. This LP is clearly still MERCHANDISE—Carson's vocals and songwriting are unmistakable—but a heavy dose of dark, noisy pop makes *Strange Songs* a different animal. Regardless of any changes the band's made over time, this is their best work yet. I believe there's some more electronic elements on this record, but they certainly don't dominate in any disparaging way. Carson's vocals are dynamic, catchy and *good*. The vocal aspect of this band has always made them stand out; this boy's got some lungs on him, and he knows how to write a vocal melody. Atmospheric tracks are put along side dancey, catchy tunes and everything works well together. The mood can alternate between bleak, beautiful, depressing and melancholy, but what I really like is that some unsettling element always spoils it when things are just getting uplifting. Music to fall in love with legit weirdos to.

This too I know, and wise it were if each would know the same; the new NEON BLUD LP is a scorcher. I've been waiting to hear this one for some time also, and it definitely places the band ahead of what they've done thus far. The recording in particular lends itself to them better than anything yet. Samantha's vocals are ambivalent, complaining, bratty, and spiteful but more than anything else, *in control*. The clarity of the vocal track stays haunting throughout the album, equally commanding attention with the pummeling, jerky, weirdo punk blasting away. I think NEON BLUD are doing something rather original here—tracks are noise-ridden chaos as well as ultra-catchy, feedback-ridden, simple punk and psychedelic dirgey mind-benders, and it's all one cohesive piece of odd shit. Maybe try taking off your rotting-with-stink leather jacket and pick this up and do some dancing with your mutant friends.

SHOPPERS will be my way shortly (late September) and I'm pumped to see them after hearing their tape release on Drugged Conscience. Vocals are shouted/sung urgently, and the lyrics she's singing seem real. I love how the guitar on this tape is high pitched and noisy while the bass and drums do keep things charging ahead. Songs are catchy and fast or slower and moody, but again, the noisiness on the guitar gives this a spooky edge that I love. The three songs here are a pretty serious endorsement of any of their future efforts. This tape is available currently, and the two above LPs will be available in November from Drugged Conscience Records, a label run by a man who I once saw flash-splatter Snapple Iced Tea and Morningstar corndogs out of his anus in a random family's picture-perfect backyard, replete with doghouse and swingset.

Got an awesome tape from Oklahoma—a band called BLANCHE DEVEREAUX, whom I assume are all-female. The songs are catchy punk tunes with dual vocalists shouting lyrics that are sometimes silly and fun and other times, serious and clever. I particularly enjoyed the song telling dudes at shows to put their shirts back on. There is a bratty, punk charm to this that will immediately be aware to the listener—the songs are nothing ground-breaking but nonetheless catchy and memorable. The cover, insert and tape itself all look great on this. I'm looking forward to seeing what else is happening with this band and others in Oklahoma...

It seems like my comments about pop punk in the twice-printed column struck a chord because soon afterward I received tapes and mail directing me toward better pop bands, less cleaned up and without the pouty, misogynist-because-no-one-will-date-me horseshit attitudes. (This is another aspect I didn't delve into while bitching about pop punk—there is an unspecific, bratty I-hate-girls vibe I get from a lot of clean 'n' lovely pop punk bands. Pity they couldn't channel sexual frustration into something actually cool and creepy, like Devo lyrics). First of all, DEAD UNCLES showed up in Miami and I was lucky to play a show with them. This band has some catchy poppy tunes and are solid people with legit ideals, restoring my faith in the genre to start with, at least. Brian from DEAD UNX told me about a band called THE CREDENTIALS while we discussed pop punk, and a few days later I happened to get an EP in the mail from them. This band is singing about atypical, serious personal and political topics over some very catchy songs that definitely owe a debt to the east bay pop sound. If you would like to hear some pop punk that's a little more raw around the edges I'd say start with these two for sure.

I'm not sure I'd classify bands like PS ELIOT as pop punk, they're a great band and write very catchy songs, but their LP took a more chilled out indie vibe than their lo-fi, raw, catchy as shit demo. Their 7" EP is definitely worth picking up, however. Track down the demo for really, some of the best pop songwriting I've heard in some time, all delivered with a lot of speed and distorted vocals.

RED FLAGS from South Haven, Michigan sent me a demo of a type of pop I'd like to hear more of; the kind of more melodic songwriting style of bands like HÜSKER DÜ. Like HÜSKER DÜ, RED FLAGS have a super high pitched guitar sound playing fast pop songs with somewhat subdued vocals. I think one of the best bands to attack this style were SINKHOLE in the '90s. *Core Sample* by SINKHOLE is a damn good atypical pop punk record. All the band members sang, and the vibes could be equally upbeat and a little dark. Please, keep sending me stuff like this, folks.

This column is awfully late, so I'll have to catch up some more next time. Until then, adieu.

ENDNOTES:

1. Thanks for the records, demos and mixtapes. I do like more, though... John Fahy/15011 Lakeside View Drive/apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919
2. Send five bucks to the above address or paypal fahy_john@hotmail.com for the new PANZRAM demo, *Restraint*, should you want one.
3. Check out IFB Records here: www.ifbrecords.com I'm selling some records on there to pay off my endless debts. Also, keep an eye out in these pages soon for the IFB interview.
4. BLANCHE DEVEREAUX: devereauxlicious@gmail.com. RED FLAGS - PO Box 501 South Haven MI 49090. Drugged Conscience Records: burnxnaples@yahoo.com. PS ELIOT: pseliotbham@gmail.com. THE CREDENTIALS: 617-999-4118. DEAD UNCLES: 860-810-7187.

I recently noticed that my life seems to be book ended. That's not a pleasant revelation. For one, it means I'm approaching the end of it. My life, that is. I'm pushing 60, and the fact that the beginning and ending to my life are coming to resemble each other is overshadowed by the realization that "[s]eventy is the sum of our years, or eighty, if we are strong; Most of them

are sorrow and toil; they pass quickly, we are all but gone." (Psalm 90:10)

Sorry to get all Biblical on your ass. It was the mythology I was raised on, and I seem to be returning to it in my dotage. I told you this wasn't pleasant. Equally unpleasant is the content to the alpha and omega of my life.

I grew up in Eisenhower's America. Conservative, God-fearing, patriotic to the point of McCarthyite/HUAC witch-hunts. I experienced the rise of political liberalism—in Kennedy's election and Johnson's augmentation of the welfare state via the Great Society—as relatively progressive, paralleling as it did the racial and social liberalization of American society. Today, however, liberalism in every form is in full retreat. And conservatism is triumphant, marked by a resurgence of God, country and witch-hunts.

In the 1960s, the John Birch Society expressed the conspiratorial fringe of American conservatism. Everything from water fluoridation to the United Nations was considered part and parcel of the international Communist conspiracy to destroy America. Even President Eisenhower was declared a willing tool of the Communists. Yet the John Birch Society did break with those conspiracy-mongers on the right who posited that Jews, blacks, Catholics, Masons, *et al* were behind some vast anti-American conspiracy by accepting individuals from such groups into their membership. Today, the great purveyor of wingnut conspiracy theories, with his chalkboard flowcharts of hidden influence and money, is Fox News commentator Glenn Beck. Progressives and their secret socialist agendas are plotting to destroy this country according to Beck. And, like the John Birch Society, Glenn Beck is cited for liberating the realm of conspiracy theory from its anti-Semitic, racist, anti-Masonic, and ultra-Protestant promoters.

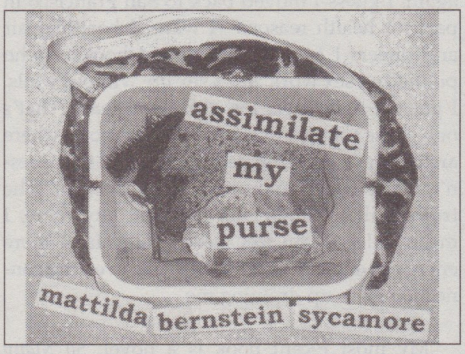
The final capstone to this tale of "forward into the past" is that the recent census is predicted to show that poverty in this country has risen to levels not seen since 1965.

I often lament that the political, social, and cultural movements of '60s and '70s didn't revolutionize this country, or the world, sufficiently to make a revival of the right impossible. My personal investment in that bygone era motivates me to figure out why that was the case. A while back, I spent a whole column discussing Geoffrey Wheatcroft's brilliant opinion piece, entitled "It was fun, but 1968's legacy was mixed," in the 9/5/08 *Guardian Weekly*. Wheatcroft dismisses the tired trope that "the right has won politically and the left has won culturally," and then proceeds to systematically debunk various other myths born of 1968. His conclusion? That the 1960s cultural upheavals were profoundly individualistic, even libertine, and that "since 1968, the West had grown not only more prosperous but more sybaritic and self-absorbed" as a consequence of the Left's cultural successes. "The 'bourgeois triumphalism' of the Thatcher (and Blair) era, the greed is good ethos and our materialistic individualism might just have had their roots 40 years back."

Recently, I read Keith Abbott's poignant memoir of Richard Brautigan, *Downstream From Trout Fishing In America*, in which he comments: "One thing that tends to be overlooked about the hippie scene was it was pro-American, but with a distinctly western vision of America, one where individualism and delight in all the senses demanded an anarchistic freedom for their personal lives. Most important, this western vision issued the refugees of the Haight a license to start their lives over. This notion concealed an innate right-wing bias too, one which emerged later in the various communes and their ingrown sexism and fascism." The argument has been made that the political New Left was significantly different from the profoundly apolitical hippie counterculture of the 1960s. Yet apparently both shared a commitment to an intense, American-style individualism that made a recoup by the right not merely possible, but inevitable.

The anarchic and anarchistic aspects to the Western youth revolts of the period were paralleled by anti-colonial and anti-imperialist struggles, as well as by the social democratic and Leninist political movements that supported those struggles. Wheatcroft's and Abbott's critiques hardly explain the devolution of Western Communism into EuroCommunism or Social Democracy into neoliberalism, the collapse of the Warsaw Pact and the Soviet Union, or the transformation of Third World national liberation into national capitalism. We're talking here about a retreat of the '60s across the board before global capitalism. I think the seeds to the rise of the right can be found in all of those '60s struggles and movements that a triumphant right now so vehemently denounces. Yet accounting for the failures of those struggles and movements will be more complex than simply blaming individualism and libertinism.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



ANNIHILATION AND ESCAPE

I wake up surrounded by cigarette smoke, where is all this smoke coming from? Someone must be leaning into my windows at night, blowing it in my direction. There are days when I wake up, and I can kind of breathe, and then there are days like today. There are days when I go out on the fire escape and it clears my head, and then there are days like today. There are days when sitting in the sun gives me energy, and then there are days like today.

So, you guessed it—it's not a good day. I would like to live someplace where every night my nostrils don't get so stuffed up while I'm sleeping. I know that's possible because usually when I leave San Francisco, that happens in most places where I stay. Unless the heat is on, or there's obvious mold or dust—then it can be worse. But usually it clears at least part of the time. My sinuses actually got worse when I went to Santa Fe, because of all my allergies—my allergies were crazy—but that will probably be true almost anywhere new. But then there's also that dry air, I'm not sure about that dry air and my sinuses. Except that incredible moment when you open up the door and no way, it's almost unbelievable, unbelievable how much air.

I was talking to Hilary last night about moving, where am I moving, and she said something like hopefully you'll just feel much better, much better in a different place, and I realized I don't have that much hope for that. I mean that's what I'm hoping, but I don't have much hope—for the physical part, I mean, since everything feels like it's getting worse—I can't even do anything about this bloating, and that piles onto everything I'm already dealing with and it just starts to feel so overwhelming, and true—maybe I'll be able to get away from the mold, that's possible. And that might help. But what about everything else? I guess when you have one less thing to deal with, sometimes your whole system gets better, right?

So I guess I have more hope about living somewhere else, that it will help, maybe not so much with my physical health although wait, I do want to hope for that, okay I'll keep hoping, even though I'm scared. But I have more hope for just getting the fuck away for San Francisco—I hate it here, I hate being here, that's what I'm thinking right now. Everything just feels like a limitation, suffocation, heartbreak—yes, there's familiarity; yes, there are beautiful beautiful places; yes, there are moments, but even in those moments I don't really feel like I want to live here. I need a few years away, to see if I want to come back, I mean come back to live. At the moment that seems unlikely, but I might take a look at the other options and end up right back here—I did that twice already, right?

This time it's been ten years, ten years of living here and that's by far the longest I've lived anywhere except where I grew up. First few years it even felt like I would be here for good, more or less, but now I'm so ready to get away—and I guess that's what shifting, that I feel more hope about my emotional health shifting, when I leave maybe I won't feel stuck in my relationships and failed dreams. That's why I'm drawn to Santa Fe—one of the reasons, anyway—more than physical health now, I think, since now I'm scared about the nuclear contamination. But I feel possibilities in relationships there, new relationships that maybe will feel more like what I

need, what I need right now, in my everyday. Not just closeness on the phone or occasionally in person, or the old relationships that sometimes feel comforting but more often just like walls. I don't know if that will really happen—moving to a new place is always incredibly lonely—I might feel worse in every way, but whatever the case I know I need to get out of here, and fast.

I wish I could travel to a bunch of places, all the towns that sounds kind of interesting, spend some time in each one just to see, but that would be way too exhausting. Maybe I can travel for a few weeks in the Southwest on the way to Santa Fe, to see what I think of Denver and Boulder and maybe some smaller places, just in case. Denver doesn't sound that appealing, but it is the big city in the area. I hate college towns, so Boulder doesn't seem that likely, but I might as well check, right? If I have enough energy. I guess the train goes in that direction anyway, I mean if I take that train instead of the one from LA, which actually gets to Santa Fe. That was my plan before—if I take the train the other way, I have to figure out how to get from Denver or Boulder to Santa Fe, I guess by bus. And I also have to take some horrible train that leaves at some hideous time in the morning, which I was trying to avoid. Maybe I can take a bus somewhere in that direction, and stay somewhere for a few days, and then pick up the train at a decent hour—I was planning on stopping at a beach town on the way to LA, maybe a desert town instead?

I will say that whenever I think of the place that's most beautiful to me, I do think of the beach, so yes it's a bit strange that now I'm planning a move to the desert. But I feel like I should at least explore, to see if it's what I want, or even what I want for a short time with new experiences and possibilities and intimacies that lead me to wherever and whatever comes next.

Ouch, all this pain—where is all this pain coming from? My intestines, I guess. I don't understand sleep. The first time I woke up thinking maybe now, maybe now just because I feel so awful but it's not getting better. Not the pain in my intestines—I didn't notice that until I got up. Then it was just the feeling in my head, will this ever get better I don't think it will get better maybe I'll just get up. I looked at the clock—too early, or maybe not too early. Plenty of time to continue resting, or trying to rest, I'll keep trying.

At least there was that moment where my father pulled the shower curtain tighter, after I asked him to give me the first layer, which was my laundry bag, he slid it through and I wondered about how tight he was pulling the curtain, not the curtain to the actual shower but the curtain that was the door, and then I wondered if he was reading my blog. Sometimes I wonder about other people, pretty much everyone else I've wondered about at one point or another, but never my father, until now.

In the other room, my sister's sleeping, maybe we can all sleep, maybe I can sleep, and somewhere in here I realize I'm sleeping, maybe not until I wake up more and realize oh, hilarious, I thought I was still awake but I was wondering if my dead father was reading my blog, because of how tight he pulled the curtain door vinyl thing that was the same as my laundry bag. And then I got out of bed, into all this pain.

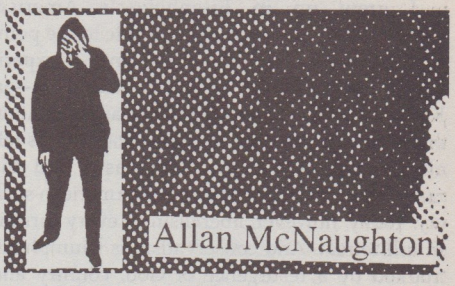
No, first I was wondering if I'll ever wake up without the smell of burning charcoal surrounding me, that's what it smells like in my apartment. I mean I will, I will wake up without that smell, somewhere else. Although in Santa Fe, will I smell all the wood-burning fireplaces—everyone seems to have one, I think it's a status symbol. And then I get out of bed, into all this pain.

There's the fire escape—today it's no escape it all. I'm thinking about escape. I did move somewhere else primarily for health reasons, once—Provincetown. I was living in New York and it was the third or fourth summer and I thought there's no way I can ever live here in the summer again, I need to go somewhere with fresh air where I can exercise a lot and still turn tricks for a living, and that's how I ended up in Provincetown. Provincetown is beautiful—I'll give it that. Definitely the most beautiful place I've ever lived—it's way out there surrounded by water and oh the light, I've never seen so many different colors of sky that don't just look like pollution. Walking through the dunes to the tidal pools to the ocean.

But then the culture of Provincetown, Provincetown in the summer, Provincetown in the summer and the most horrible gay people from all over the country—fratboy realness assimilation nation. Beyond assimilation. What's beyond assimilation? Annihilation. Some kind of proto-straight gay identity that made Chelsea clones look edgy. The way gay identity could become nothing but a rabid quest for sameness combined with a delusional fever for the emptiness of consumerism masquerading as escape. And then that New England close-minded cliquishness, vapid racist misogyny sex-closeted normal-crazed xenophobic

Anyway, that's where all this pain started—I mean where it became so unbearable that I couldn't function, starting with the pain in my wrists and now I'm moving for health reasons again. I guess I moved back to San Francisco in part for health reasons—I wanted healthier air and queers I could relate to and hookers who politicized sex work and a sex life without walls. I got the first three, for a while at least. That's one of the things I'm thinking about now—there are plenty of amazing people here, but that doesn't mean I feel connected, held, hopeful. The truth is that I might not feel that anywhere, I mean unless I can feel more energy first, more energy to engage. Often it feels like even the connection ends up draining me.

My most recent book is a novel, *So Many Ways to Sleep Badly*. I'm also turning lostmissing, my public art project, into a book—and, I'm working on a memoirish thing called *The End of San Francisco*. And, I'm trying to leave San Francisco, so I can feel hopeful again. I recently finished a new anthology called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid of Faggots?* I know you're wondering the same thing. Now I'm just waiting for someone to publish it. You can communicate with me via www.mattildabernsteinsycamore.com, which includes past MRR columns, although I need to add the most recent ones. Or you can write to me at 537 Jones Street, #3152, San Francisco, CA 94102.



FUTURE SOUND OF THE SEVENTIES PAST

Australia's Total Control came through town recently with sister act the UV Race, with whom they share several members. At risk of seeming really incestuous, the band features *MRR* columnist DX ("All Foreign Junk") on vocals. The set I saw, at the Hemlock Tavern, started off leaning heavily in a synth-pop direction before giving way to a more straightforward punk sound, driven mostly by Mikey from Eddy Current Suppression Ring's nervy, brittle guitar. I enjoyed their set but found myself wishing they'd played more synth stuff. I got their new SmartGuy Records single home and was glad to hear that the A-side, "Paranoid Video," was the most memorable synth-punk track they'd played that night. Equal parts the Normal, early Cabaret Voltaire, and the Human League, the robotic drumbeat and minimal bass line propel the song into an echoplex abyss only to be pulled out by a catchy analog melody line. Detached, delayed vocals evoke the paranoia of the title. On the flip, "Real Estate" is a slower, industrial dirge with echoes of Gary Numan.

One of the reasons I think I'd wished that Total Control would play more synth material is that I see so few bands that play this stuff. I have a feeling there's a whole minimalist synth pop scene out there, but there's something about seeing people perform this stuff while wearing Cro Mags t-shirts... while punks with synths can generally be trusted, the same can't usually be said of indie kids or goths.

That's not to say that punk bands with synths are any good. Generally, when a band you like adds a keyboard player on their third album "to expand our sound", it's a bad thing. Remember this easy-to-follow rule: Synth-punk = good. Punk band with synth = bad. There are exceptions. The Stranglers get a pass. Devo get a pass. It's debatable whether either of those even count as punk bands, though. When it comes to rock music, synthesizers are a lot like saxophones or harmonicas. Almost without exception, the best songs containing those instruments would be even better without them. Unlike harmonica or sax, bands based around the use of synths can be great. I could be wrong, I just can't think of any all-sax or all-harmonica punk bands right now.

My love for synthesizers goes back to seeing

Gary Numan on *Top Of The Pops*. He was the first to have a UK synth-pop hit, and something about the futuristic darkness of it appealed to the science fiction nerd in me. I used to play "air-synth" on my dresser drawers, pulling the top drawer out a bit to emulate a "bank" of keyboards like they had on TV. There's a BBC documentary called *Synth Brittania* about some of the early synth-poppers. It focuses mainly on the bands that found success, like the Human League, Numan, OMD, etc., but touches on the post-punk synth pioneers like Cabaret Voltaire, the Normal, Throbbing Gristle, etc. The documentary references early '70s science fiction culture like J.G. Ballard and *A Clockwork Orange*. I was particularly into TV shows like *Doctor Who* (soundtrack by the BBC *Radiophonic Workshop*, true industrial synth pioneers!) and *Blake's 7*, as well as Arthur C. Clarke's sci-fi short stories. Synthesizers created the natural soundtrack to the bleak future predicted by these films and books. Before I'd heard punk music and had only been exposed to it via the fatalist graffiti and deconstructed fashions of the first punks in my town, I had built it up in my head as some sort of unheard sound from the future. When I finally heard the music it came as something as a shock-this was the sound that was going to change the world? Why did it sound like Slade with more rude words? In hindsight, the Human League's "Being Boiled", "Nag Nag Nag" by Cabaret Voltaire, and "Warm Leatherette" by the Normal are all actually closer to what I imagined punk rock would sound like.

Obviously, I came to appreciate guitars on their own merits and eventually took up the instrument myself, with limited success. But I always maintained a parallel affection for the synthetic sounds of raincoated fops with subscriptions to *Electronics Today*. There's something about synthesizers that make them perfect for creating bleak, atmospheric sounds, as well as reaching frequencies that it's hard to emulate on a guitar, at least without a battery of effects units (which are also not punk, obviously).

You'd be surprised how much great synth-pop you can pick up in the dollar bins. After reading Simon Reynolds's book *Rip It Up And Start Again* a few years ago, I got the notion to start picking up some of the music I remembered from my youth (never really bought records back then, with the exception of Adam and the Ants and Madness... mostly just taped songs off the radio, poised over the pause button ready to pounce like a cheetah as soon as the DJ commenced his inane babble over the outro) and found all sorts of goodies by the Human League, Heaven 17, the Normal, and such like. You do have to tread carefully: once Gary Numan broke through to the charts and synths became the instrument of choice for every would-be New Romantic act, things went downhill fast. Even the Human League ditched their blank-wave futurism for sugar-sweet pop, although *Dare* is still a good album. When seeking out this stuff, probably best to stick to the years '77-'80, although I am a sucker for early Pet Shop Boys, too, and they didn't surface 'til the mid '80s.

Of course, I'm mostly talking about bands that became pretty mainstream by the '80s here. There's plenty of obscure synth-punk that never made it to *Top Of The Pops*, but those records are a little harder to track down. There are a few blogs out there dedicated to this type of thing, though, as well as some great comps. The *Les Jeunes Gens Moderne* album of French post-punk that came out a few years ago contains several synth gems. It's still out there and well worth tracking down.

Maybe more punks will abandon guitars for a while and pick up synthesizers. You can make some seriously hard noises with them. Personally, I'm put off by the confusing number of buttons, keys and switches, so I'm going to stick with my guitar, but I really would love to hear what more Cro Mags fans would do with electronic equipment.

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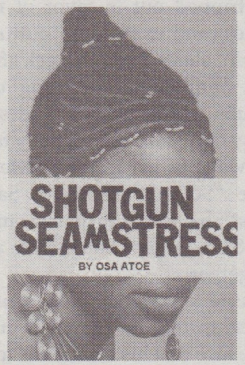
If you think this column was weak, next issue I'll probably write about Belle & Sebastian.



1. Motherhood

I set up a zine release party in Portland on the first night after the Portland Zine Symposium and got four bands full of brown punks to play. My Parade and NighTraiN from Seattle and Kusikia and Stag Bitten from Portland. I still can't get over how strange it is that it's easier to make an event like that happen in the great white Northwest than it is down here in the South even though there's tons more people of color. Anyhow, the crowd was beautiful and the music was awesome. At one point, I was standing up front and I looked across at everyone who was standing right up front and it was all brown ladies! That's the kinda shit I live for. My favorite moment of the whole show was watching Arolia, the singer of Stag Bitten (thrashy, jerky, imagine if your favorite hardcore band had a baby with Melt Banana) freak out and go crazy while her six year old daughter, who is pretty much a spitting image replica of her, stood right in front of her with arms raised high and a camera in her hands snapping pictures of her mama's screaming face the whole time. It made me wonder what it's like to be a young girl watching your mom sing in a punk band. What if that was just a normal part of your childhood? I'm not sure what the answer is to these questions, but I get a good warm feeling in me when I ask them. I'm obviously thinking about motherhood a lot because I'm in my thirties and so many people around me are either having babies or feeling the urge, but I am not. When I was a kid, I always thought I was gonna wanna have kids but now it seems that my biological clock is broken and that the babies I want to have are band babies and zine babies. Art babies.

2. No Enclosures

New Orleans anarchists are really getting their shit together. Earlier this summer, they released the first issue of a new newspaper called *The Raging Pelican*, which dishes out a much-needed anti-authoritarian perspective on the BP oil spill. One of the best ideas I got out of the paper was the notion that the US South's relationship to the rest of country is much like the global south's relationship to the northern first world nations of our planet. We've got the natural resources, but we're also the last ones to profit from the exploitation of those resources. There's all this oil in the Gulf of Mexico, but the US Gulf Coast is a poor region compared to other parts of the country. More and more parallels between what's happening on the Gulf Coast and what's happening in oil producing nations like Nigeria have been coming to light since the oil tragedy. Anyway, I can't wait to see the next issue of *The Raging Pelican*, which also features really great layout and design, which I'm always into. Also, NOLA anarchists staged an occupation of a building at the University of New Orleans in response to rising tuition, and published an awesome, straight-to-the-point pamphlet about why they were doing what they did. What with all this activity and all of the new bands starting up, I see the New Orleans punk and anarchist community only getting stronger in years to come.

3. Firebrand

I'm always in these bare-bones kind of bands that leave me feeling really naked in front of people and I kind of hate it, even though that's definitely a quality I love in music. There's never noisy guitars to hide behind. Just the sound of my own voice ringing out, embarrassingly clear. I'm in a two-piece band with my friend Candice. It's bass and drums and if I fuck up while I'm playing bass then the whole thing falls apart. Should we add a guitarist? If so, who would it be? Is it more interesting to defy the rock band formula and just be a two-piece? Why can't I just fit in and be in a pop punk or hardcore band like everyone else? I just interviewed Brilliant Colors for Brontez's zine, *Fag School*. Jess, who plays guitar and sings, has such a bad-ass attitude. I asked them how they handle self-doubt as musicians and she said, "I don't, really. We're the Beatles!" It was always so helpful for me to hear other woman musicians be so self-confident and self-assured as I was growing up. But a part of me wants to speak to the fear, nerve and vulnerability of singing your heart out in front of other people and putting yourself out there that way. Like, you can be scared, and still do it and that in itself has a certain power. Not everyone who plays in a band has to have rock star quality. I know I don't. I'm not sure why, but watching an old video of Bratmobile's first or second show ever and seeing them look so shy and sound so fragile encouraged me to be in a band way more than seeing Kathleen Hanna freak out and do a

backflip off the stage. I like being scared to do something, but doing it anyway.

It's fall again in New England. I'm not sure if they have fall on the west coast where *MRR* is made, but they have it here, and as this is an October issue (hopefully), it seems like a good time for a general discussion of ghoulish and horror-oriented punk and hardcore. Of course since this is "Basement Screams", I'll try and add some commentary on the recording aesthetics of this stuff. Truthfully, ghouls, graves, and pagan rituals appeal more to the heavy metal world, as is evidenced by the mixtape of "Heavy Metal Songs About Witches" that I made last year, but here's a quick guide to some ghoulish punk I enjoy at this time of year, with a few ideas on how to capture the sounds you hear.

The MISFITS are one of the most perfect and imperfect bands of all time. Well, the real MISFITS, not the *Psycho Circus*-meets-*The Great Milenko* festival of shit you get now. And let me tell you, reader, it's worse than you could even imagine. I saw the "MISFITS" less than a year ago. I had a good reason. SAINT VITUS played before them and TYPE O NEGATIVE (we miss you, Petrus) was right after. The only thing to do was sit in the balcony and wait. Holy hell, Robo's drumming skills have declined severely in the last 25 years. It's something amazing to behold the MISFITS themselves actually serving up a worse version of "Earth A.D." than any group of under-rehearsed teenagers has in their parents' basement.

Even through this desecration, the original MISFITS classics shall not be ruined for me (yes: Misfits_fan). Take your pick for classic releases, pretty much anything qualifies between the years of '78-'83. For my money, though, they were at their peak during the brief era during which Bobby Steele was a member of the band—*Horror Business*, *Night of the Living Dead*, *3 Hits from Hell* (later *12 Hits from Hell*) all being released during this period. When I mentioned imperfection earlier, nowhere is it more obvious than in the recordings on these records. Here are a collection of songs with million dollar solid gold choruses, incredible pop sensibility, and recordings considered chintzy even by the standards of the day.

Want that ghoulish MISFITS sound? First thing I'd do is cut the low and mid frequencies on basically everything. The drums should sound really compressed but thin. Forget about ambience or the sound of the room they're in, just add a little bit of delay to the snare drum, and make sure that thing sounds snappy. Don't worry about any kind of richness or tone, the drums are just there to set the tempo. Loud high hat, loud snare, everything else is kind of secondary. Bass guitar with a bit of fuzz on run direct into the mixer, or maybe with a DI box if you wanna get fancy. Again, not much bass sound on this, maybe a bit of mids but it kind of just serves as another guitar. If you listen to *Horror Business* or *Night Of the Living Dead*, it's pretty obvious the guitars have been plugged directly into the mixing board with a fuzz pedal as a pre-amp, but no actual guitar amp being used. It leaves the guitar sounding very dry and trashy, and without much body, but like I said, the MISFITS were as much about imperfection as perfection.

Equally as obvious of a choice, though often dubiously categorized as a metal band, is VENOM. Yes, I understand this is how they were sold to the public, but their obnoxious racket was like a more ignorant and juvenile attempt at MOTORHEAD, with all the rockin' 'n' rollin' stripped out in favor of more fuzz, faster tempos, and even more guttural vocals. *Welcome to Hell* slams through track after track of three-chord annihilation covering up all the technical flubs with brashness and speed—it'd be a lie to say they didn't influence a fair amount of the first wave of hardcore. Tastelessly rotten rippers like "Schizo," "Sons of Satan", and "Angel Dust" have as much in common with GBH as KISS, and moms hated them as much as both put together.

Cronos used to get that classic sound by running his bass through a Marshall guitar head. You'll notice also that his bass tends to be louder than the more conventional sounding guitar track by Mantas. Mixing the bass way up like this reminds me a bit of Lemmy on *No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith*, and on *Welcome To Hell* it really emphasizes the lowbrow, unpolished nature of the band. Most VENOM songs only have one main guitar track. Occasionally you'll hear two, but at least on the first three LPs and related singles you usually get the bass pushed a bit to the left, and the guitar a bit to the right, with the vocals in the center. To compensate, Mantas has a bit of echo and chorus added to his track, and of course a shitload of fuzz. When I do a recording with only one guitar track, and I want the guitar to still wield a bit of heaviness, I set up a second room mic, cut a lot of the low end, add a tiny bit of overdrive to compress it and make it a little juicier, and then add some echo or reverb for some space. Mixed together with the close mic-ed guitar track it usually comes together pretty nice. If you're working in some fancy computer program you may not even need the second mic. You could copy the close mic-ed track, and use some kind of room-simulating reverb effect along with the aforementioned overdrive. I prefer the real live room mic, though.

What would discussions of horrific hardcore and punk be without RUDIMENTARY PENI? Incomplete, says I. One of the most beloved bands by teens with many patches on their pants, but also by crotchety old record collectors. I know it's not their most popular or perfect release, but I feel compelled to mention their somewhat after-the-fact album *Cacophony* for being near completely themed after H.P. Lovecraft's tales of tentacled monsters. Unfortunately, any kind of analysis of the sonic aesthetics of this album will come to a "more than the sum of its parts" type assessment. While it's true that everyone plays up Nick Blinko's institutionalization to describe the sound of RUDIMENTARY PENI, nowhere does he sound more like a raving madman than on this LP. The songs are often disjointed, devolving into recitations of long bits of maniacal speech, or phonetic nonsense. Possibly to emphasize the disjointed nature of the songs, the actual band is mixed a bit strangely. The guitar being extremely sharp, with a lot of reverb and chorus applied, it almost reminds me of something like HUSKER DU, although nothing as nice and Top 40 as that ever comes into play here. The bass, on the other hand, is warm and very smooth sounding, with Grant Brand's characteristic melody anchoring to Blinko's scrappy racket. The drums are more thunderous than any of the bands past releases, almost reminding me of a KILLING JOKE level of heaviness. Cacophony indeed—when you bring all these elements together it just feels like a whirlwind of spooky insanity. This record sounds like it should be playing in an opium den that Jack the Ripper is lurking in.

A few weeks ago, the serendipitous tombola of internet contact with excellent friends from around the punk world put into my hands the chance to spend an evening at Reading Festival, for the first time in a good seven years, and for free. The festival, a three-day event that happens on the annual August public holiday, is marketed around that terminally unpalatable British "rock fan" tradition. It is so called because the town of Reading, in Berkshire, plays host to its southern leg, with a similarly sized site in Leeds, Yorkshire. I do not generalize when I say that there is fuck-all going on in the town of Reading itself, but the festival site, not far out of town, turns into a wild putrid mud-pool several miles wide once a year, with exorbitant ticket prices and what's usually a lineup poor enough to make a grown man weep.

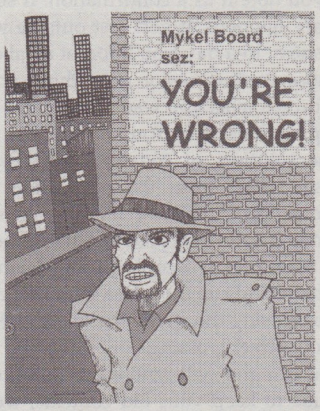
Culturally, British music festivals have a long and inglorious history taking into account everything from free assembly laws to Woodstock-esque ideals of flexible hippiedom to today's landscape of highly lucrative sponsorship deals—the official title of the festival is prefixed with a well-known piss-flavored, wanker-favored beer brand. Owing to our weather patterns and knack for self-sabotage, they have one shared motif regardless of genre or concept, and that motif is mud. Putrid, piss-and-beer-diluted

brown dirt from the ground. It's the ultimate leveler, apparently, if you can afford the ticket price, which runs into the equivalent of several hundred dollars for three days. Rather than fulfill any kind of niche, Reading Festival has, for profiteering reasons, always taken on a kind of "something for everyone" approach, meaning that whether you're into dreamcatchers, henna tattoos, anti-social piercings, or bondage gear, as long as you can handle mud and drugs, you're probably going to be fine. This also lends the place a kind of adolescent wonderland air, coming as it does a week after the results for secondary-school exams. For most teenagers (of all ages) of the South of England at least, the festival is something of a rite of passage, albeit one caked with filth and regret. Yeah, deeply distasteful for those of refined sensibilities but, as I found out, still kind of fascinating if you don't take yourself that seriously. My first Reading experience, aged sixteen, was also the first time I saw anyone slamdance (Sick of It All!) and it blew my tiny mind. To go again aged twenty-four, then, was a total trip, although (regrettably?) it didn't involve a trip to the legal highs tent. We bought cider in plastic bottles for £1.32 and self-consciously ticked our guest list names.

Whilst many perceived "greats" have played the fest over the years (thirty-plus), its organizers barely batted an eyelid at punk (although there's an infamous story about Wayne County and the Electric Chairs being pelted with mud in 1977 by drongo rock jocks) until future incarnations became of commercial concern to glossy teen lifestyle mags in the mid '90s. These days, it has a fully-fledged punk-ish stage, which is where our friends had played earlier that day. While waiting for them, we took in some fairly heinous bands, and something struck me at this point. Little kids going to Reading do not seem to get to punk gigs in our cities, as hard as I might try to make mine all-ages, and that sucks. Louis and I watched some heinous band called Cancer Bats, and while they were completely shit, their fans were going completely apeshit in a way that I couldn't help but admire. Many of them had the band's name written on their faces in neon paint, and in spite of the huge, heavy security and several meters of gap between chest-height barriers and stage, they were repeatedly crowd surfing, only to be hauled out, run around to get back into the maelstrom, and do it all over again. It was the shit-eating grins and total abandon that got me, teenage boys (*always* boys) holding hands to run back to DA PIT, totally unselfconscious in a way that I felt like I hadn't seen for ages.

Where's that gone, eh? Did we make our own barriers, ones you can't just climb over? Maybe it gets lost when rock star worship is displaced by not only the self-actualizing realization of all that DIY makes possible, but also that snide little devil on its shoulder, the one that makes kids feel like they need a post-graduate diploma in obscure Finnish hardcore to take part. Don't throw out the baby with the bathwater. That night, bladdered and dumbstruck, beer stolen from a bizarre village of trailers, Louis found Andy and Dan and watched NOFX and Bad Religion from the side of the stage. I thought about punk and "fame" and what sixteen-year-old me would have thought about being mates with someone who wrote lyrics I had a fight with my Mum about wanting to get tattooed, the same year as my first Reading. I wondered how it could ever be normal to play to that many people, and what youth elixir Fat Mike's taking. Also, Brian Baker in a Burzum shirt, supwidat? Later, we climbed onto the roof of a trailer, and the view into that artificial undarkness punctuated with neon lights, a sea of harmless morons with lighters aloft, well, it almost made Arcade Fire sound okay. (The security shone a torch in our faces two minutes later and happily broke that spell.) I thought about what six million pounds (The Libertines' fee for two non-headline performances) could do for a small country. At that point I think I shit myself, or I may have fallen in some mud, we may never know.

Direct mudslinging to bryonybeynon@gmail.com



"Will the Holocaust excuse anything Jews might do now or in the future? Did the Holocaust make them innocent? Did slavery somehow make American Negroes blameless? Did the patriarchy's historical crimes wash all sins away from the ladies souls?

Jim Goad

Suck that thing. Suck it now. You love it, don't you. You know you love it. Take more. Suck it in. That's my little girl. Keep sucking. Yes!

I'm with my ten-year old niece. On the boardwalk... on Coney Island. I've just bought her a rootbeer float— her first. In the beginning, she doesn't like it, so I have to hold the straw for her and encourage her to try it. It's not long before she's enjoying that most American of beverages... with strawberry rather than vanilla ice cream. Not my taste.

Re-reading that first paragraph, you see it now, right? Angie, there in her pink dress. Sucking away at that ice cream and soda. But I bet that wasn't what you thought when you first read it. Uh uh. Your image was more carnal, more violent, right?

You heard/saw the image in a different context. And you brought that context with you when you read those words. The context gave you an easy answer to what was going on. It was the wrong answer.

The confusion of context leads to wrong ideas all over the place. My jailbird pal Kyle sent me a clipping about Paula Oliveira, a Brazilian woman in Switzerland. Three skinheads, one with "a Nazi symbol tattooed on the back of his head," attacked the woman outside a Zurich train station. One of the attackers cut the initials of Switzerland's right-wing party into her stomach and legs. The trauma made her miscarry twin fetuses. Pictures of her scarred body appeared in newspapers. Even Brazilian President Lula (my favorite political leader) condemned the "violence against a Brazilian woman abroad."

Given what you (think you) know about skinheads, Nazis, violence, and maybe Brazilians, you're justifiably outraged. But that's not the content of the newspaper article that Kyle sent me.

After a series of tests, Swiss police said Oliveira was not three months pregnant at the time (of the attack) *and Zurich University forensic medicine chief Walter Baer called it a "textbook case of self-mutilation."*

Get it? She was lying!

Last year, I wrote about the Duke University Lacrosse scandal in 2006. There, a stripper claimed that members of the team held her against her will and raped her in the bathroom. Later medical tests proved she was lying. The DA was found guilty of withholding information. You believed her. Why?

FLASHBACK: It's 1990. I'm in Japan, teaching at the Honda headquarters, in Tokyo. It's a class for *freshmen* in the company. They're required to take six months of me... once a week.

"Mykel," says Yaru, a slim attractive young man, whose sexiness loses itself in the white shirt and tie he wears. "Why don't you come drinking with us tonight? We're going to a piano bar."

"I'm not big on piano music," I tell him. "You think they can do Screeching Weasel?"

He laughs.

"I've never eaten a screeching weasel," he says. "But there's no piano at a piano bar. You go and some pretty girl comes and talks to you. She pours your beer and laughs at your jokes. She stays with you until morning."

"Until morning?" I say. "Are there private rooms?"

Yaru wrinkles his attractive brow. Then he laughs.

"Oh no," he says. "It's not like that. There's no sex. You only talk. Sometimes you can touch her arm."

"Er..." I tell him. "It doesn't sound very exciting. How much does a night of arm-touching and laughing at your jokes cost?"

"About 30,000 yen ($300)," he says.

I don't go.

But now as I think about this, I wonder. Was it so bad? When I go out with a whore what do I get? If I'm lucky s/he gives me some time, some friction, juice pumping. It's over. I get my tube stroked, but not my ego. I can stroke my own tube... I do, often. But I can't stroke my own ego. Is it better to pay for something I do myself or to pay for something only someone else can do? The context of Japan made me think *stupid, shy Orientals..."* But were they? Didn't they get more for their money than I did?

As I type this, I sit in the laptop room at the public library. I'm in a little space on a large table. The room is open, yet quiet.

There is an occasional *KFFFF* of a mouse button, an internal computer click, and the crunching sound of someone eating nuts. In the relative silence of the room, the nut-crunching is annoying enough to make me stop what I'm doing and look around for the cruncher. I figure that just standing up, with my arms folded and a stern look on my face, will silence the guy.

It works for a second or two. But then, the crunching begins again.

There he is. A jerk in a corner seat, diddling his iPhone, black hoodie protecting his identity. I stare at the back of his hood. I think *colored guy.* I don't know why I think that. More whiteboys wear hoods than Negroes. But Negroes have less respect for others. Right?

When I'm on the subway, one guy sits in the middle of the bench, legs spread apart like he's holding a football between his thighs, arms stretched along the back of the seats... one guy taking three (or four if he's fat) seats. And it's a Negro.

So I figure, okay, here's a rude guy with a hoodie, so... I'm wrong. This guy is whiter than Sarah Palin. Than Lou Dobbs. Than Michael Jackson. He looks like some California skater or any other Nike/Chuck Tailored straight-edge brat. I transferred the context of my subway experience to the library. I was wrong.

This gets me wondering. Maybe *I make* the contexts in the first place. For example, if I see somebody in the subway taking up three seats, it's just somebody taking up three seats. But if I see a colored guy taking up three seats, then it becomes *a colored guy*... and taking up three seats is what he does.

Maybe as many white guys do it as colored, but Negroes are associated with it in my mine... they're marked. So when they spread their arms and legs, they confirm what I already have in my head. When a white guy does it, I don't notice.

I often think about the president's penis. When George Bush was taking a piss. Did he think: *This is the presidential dick right here. This cock rules the world. The piss coming out of it now, dribbling slowly, soaking my fingers... that's presidential piss. That's piss that pisses on the world.*

When Obama takes a piss. Does he think: *See this black dick in my hand? This thick piece of black manhood. This dick that you fantasized about... that's your dream and your horror. This black dick shooting out a hard thick stream, like a firehose. That's a BLACK presidential piss. And that's what pisses on the world.*

They say that black is the *marked* case. In other words, in America, people notice something as special... different... when it's done by someone black. It's not special when a white person does the same thing. Do black people feel that?

There was an article in *The Nation* by a Negress professor who wrote about how her white colleagues refused to mark their race on the census... or else they marked *other,* putting in *Jew* or *human* or something else. She never heard of a black person marking *other.* Obama didn't mark *other.* The world is changing, she says. There are only two races: Black and *other.*

To check, I google (safe search off) *my black ass* and get 140,000 sites. Then I google *my white ass* and get 1,590,000 sites.

Huh? That means that *white* is being specified more than black. White is *marked* more than black. A lot more. (*My yellow ass,* by the way, only brings 41,000 hits.)

I'm confused.

In Arizona, *Mexican* is the marked case. Even though crime in general is DOWN in US border areas (El Paso Texas is the safest city in the continental US), Arizonans see MEXICAN when they commit a crime. Otherwise, it's just generic criminal. Arizonans bring *context* to crime... and because of that, are wrong.

(By the way, *My Spanish ass* gets 98,300 sites. *My Mexican ass,* 111,000.)

You walk around with these contexts in your head. If something happens to confirm the context, you note it as a confirmation. If something contrary happens, it gets lost outside your consciousness. In a day, you'll forget all about it.

Those contexts color everything you do or say. You see what you want. The world confirms your prejudices. See? You told me so.

The solution, of course, is to look for the opposite. Start from the other side. Assume you're wrong. If the girl cries rape, she's lying. If someone breaks into your car, it's some preppy from Stamford. If people in Tajikistan spit on their hand and rub the saliva into their eyebrows before crossing the street, that's the right way to go about street-crossing.

You can and will ignore this solution. You'll continue to keep your old contexts, wear them like blinders against the world. It's you. It's the nature of your stupidity. It makes me sick and you can just kiss my Jew ass.

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or website viewers (www.mykelboard.com) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

—>*Different culture dept:* Kyle wrote me: *You go to a rave, the chicks don't give a shit if you grope 'em or dry hump 'em and will rub up on you. You'll never see that in a pit. Tis' taboo in the Hardcore scene.*

I had this chick rub up on me till I came in my pants at a Ministry Show. You'll never see that in a punk moshpit.

Hmm, I'm gonna have to start going to raves.

—>*That's why they raised the drinking age dept:* Supposedly the drinking age went up to reduce the number of younger drunk drivers killing people. BUT, according to the *National Highway Traffic Safety Administration,* "alcohol use by weekend drivers has decreased over the past four decades (largely because of the higher drinking age), but *there has been no corresponding drop in alcohol-related fatal crashes.*" Research shows that while there has been a 71 percent reduction in drunk driving on weekends since 1973, the numbers of alcohol-related fatalities remains the same.

—>*How 'bout a Whack-A-Palin dept:* The head of an Allentown amusement company has removed a carnival game in which players shot foam darts at a target resembling Barack Obama.

"It was just a big, big mistake in judgment, and I feel sorry about it," said the carnival's head, Irvin Good Jr.

—>*Buying the context dept:* BP oil has been buying Google search ads for "oil spill" and "oil spill claims."

Any questions? Go right to the PR department of BP! Who said that with the internet our news ISN'T managed?

—>*PC World* magazine reports that Sony has begun blowing a Bourbon scent into the "male oriented" areas of its stores. It should serve as a reminder that you'd have to be drunk to invest in one of their products.

—>*A different kind of child support dept:* Shirley Anderson, 71, is suing her son Ken, 46, in Vancouver, for parental support — even though she and Ken's father abandoned him when he was 15. A British Columbia law requires adult children to support "dependent" parents. In 2000, Shirley sued, demanding $350 per month each from Ken, a trucker, and his four siblings. A judge awarded token interim support pending a final resolution, which after years of paperwork and delay was to come in early August. It has been postponed once again.

—>*Is that a two-way speaker in your pocket? dept:* South African drug lord Fadwaan "Fat" Murphy, speaking at a bail hearing in January in Cape Town, revealed that he was born a hermaphrodite and has a separate identity ("Hilary"). This became important when arresting officers discovered that Murphy was wearing a strap-on penis. Nonetheless, Murphy insists he is a man: "I look like a man. I talk like a man. I am a man."

—>*Homos outing hets dept:* According to the publisher of *Philadelphia Gay News,* gay state Rep. Babette Josephs "outed" her primary opponent Gregg Kravitz... as straight. Josephs claims Kravitz was posing in Josephs' gay-friendly district as bi-sexual.

Kravitz said he is "attracted to both men and women" and found Josephs' comments offensive.

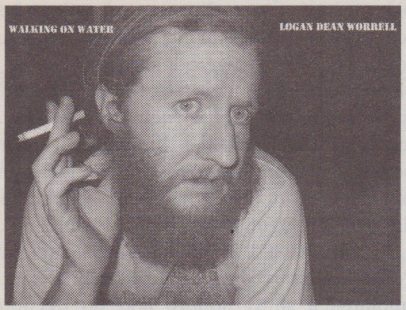
I say, send me a picture and then we'll talk about proving your bi-tude.

—>*My kind of medicine dept:* The German newspaper *Die Zeit* reports that the Brazilian Health Minister, Jose Gomes Temporão, has found a solution to reduce blood pressure in the general population. He suggested that people have sex more frequently. According to him, five times a week is appropriate. The physical exercise lowers blood pressure, and is strongly recommended in view of the increased rate of high blood pressure among Brazilians.

—>*Not my kind of Supreme Court dept:* In it's decision in Holder v. Humanitarian Law Project the Supreme court ruled that human rights groups cannot write Op-ed pieces, file Supreme court briefs or work with the UN, if they provide any (including 100% humanitarian) relief to an agency the government has declared as *terrorist.* This is a 100% rejection of the principle of free speech.

So, the courts say corporations can BUY speech with no restrictions, but PEOPLE are prohibited

from exercising that right. Of course, I'd like to tell you what I think about that, but I'd be put in jail!



In Dallas, Texas, it was sort of a right-of-passage thing to go to Baby Dolls, Pantera's strip club, with a fake ID sometime around your seventeenth birthday. My father did it. His father did it. I did it, and hopefully someday my boy will have his own adult entertainment experience. Okay, neither Terry nor Charles William Worrell actually went to Dimebag Daryl's hot chick factory, but it sounds a lot better than just me and a bunch of my stupid redneck friends going to south Dallas to catch a glimpse of some strange.

Strip clubs have always made me feel uncomfortable for some reason or another. I find nothing wrong with a guy a little down on his sex luck who wants to walk down that road, nor do I have any moral quandary with a young woman (or man) making some money off stupid horny people. This is America, after all. It's just me, I guess. That's it. I did go to one once that had a build-your-own omelet bar, but that still wasn't enough to change my tune. If I remember correctly, it was called Legs and Eggs. Interesting side note: out of the three actual strip clubs I've been to, every single one played a Tool song at least once. Please don't ask me how I know what Tool sounds like. I know a guy.

A good friend of mine was in San Francisco for the weekend. My friend, whose anonymity I value, shall remain nameless for this story, but let's just call him "Raul." Raul and I got some history together. Every time shit hits the proverbial fan, Raul and I give each other a buzz and talk it out, Dr. Phil style: "you teach people how to treat you." Usually, we just bitch about how much our lives suck and end up gossiping like a couple of old ladies in a quilting bee. Coinciding with our joyful reunion was the only time in recorded history here in the Bay Area that you could actually sit outside in the nighttime sans winter parka, so what better way to spend this ungodly change of the season than with a little baseball game and maybe a little bit of jacking off in a jizz- and shit-stenched room at the Lusty Lady? The game was kinda boring, though the company was top notch. Now, being no stranger to the concept of doing weird, freaky shit, this columnist has to admit that, although I might often talk the talk, the walking part sometime gets away from me. What I'm getting at is this: I, Logan Dean Worrell, was a peep show virgin.

In Thailand, I tried to get into one of the famous Thai sex shows down in the Patpong district. Some drunken Australians had wandered into a building with a sign that said "Live Sex" and, being a stupid twenty-year-old kid, I followed suit. Within about two minutes I was on my way out the door. Apparently this shit was a bit more real than the travel books had led me to believe. A big, ugly-looking fucker made me pay him to leave the place. I gladly gave the man my last fifty baht and hit that pavement, never to return to those rooms of sin again… until that faithful night last week.

Goddamn if I wasn't at least a little but curious. Masturbating in public has never really been a turn-on, but how can one ever take himself seriously as an investigative journalist if that person isn't ready to ride the fucking bull? Next thing I knew, Raul and I were in North Beach, home of the Lusty Lady and a cornucopia of other similar establishments—or so I thought. The Lusty Lady is a pretty one-of-a-kind—or more likely two-of-a-kind—type place. Pretty much what I had expected. Neon signs. Some dildos for sale. A fucking old, fat dude working the counter and… a motherfucking punk carrying a mop probably covered in god-knows-what working there too? Come on, man! That's it. My spot is blown. I know this guy, so surely I can't go scope out babes (even though it was only for research) with this dude who I know is gonna write *MRR* and talk about all the sick shit I was into when I was supposed to be at the UV Race gig! Fear not. To my surprise, that gentleman said it was totally cool and gave me a little rundown on how it worked.

It wasn't rocket science, but I did appreciate the tutorial: 1. Walk into room. 2. Put money into slot. 3. Look at naked girls. So I did. My partner Raul (partner doesn't sound like the right word here, but…) had informed me, after I asked about the whole jack-off thing, that he had totally planned on jerking his gherkin while inside the jizz booth. This was the point of coming to this place in the first place. I had that in mind while I was in the booth. My first thought was, "Wow, this room smells like bleach." My second thought was, "Actually, this room smells like human excrement." And my third was, "Man, that must be the worst bleach ever." The window slid open and there it was… a room full of naked women. Huh? Okay… I'll check this out for a bit. No bullshit, I was kinda feeling it. Fucking mirrors everywhere. Poles and shit.

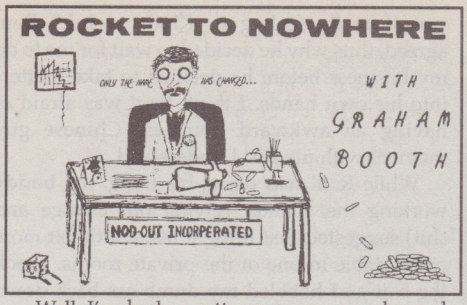
It did freak me out a little bit once I realized they could see me. I only knew they could because I was able to see a toothless Chinese hobo getting after it in the booth next to me via the mirrored walls. I tried my hardest not to look, but I ain't no prize myself and I dare you not to. Not entirely sure what he was actually doing, seeing as the mirror stopped at his chest, but that was one busy shoulder. Looked like it was gonna pop out the socket. Also saw a young couple fucking. It was a truly beautiful sight. After about five minutes and only three bucks, I was done and headed back out to the lobby. At this point, I hadn't done anything immoral other just being there, nor did I have any urges to take little Logan to the spank bank to get all his communion money. Raul was just standing there. "Damn dog, you done already?" "Naw, man, I wasn't really feeling it. Kinda weird." Raul agreed, thus why he decided to wait for me to do my business before he decided to take matters into his own hands. I think Raul was afraid of having an awkward homeless Chinese guy moment with me and I understand.

While Raul was doing his thing, my buddy working the counter (giving out change and shit) suggested that I might feel a little bit more comfortable in one of the private rooms. I took the bait and hobbled my dumb ass back down the hallway to a larger booth at the end that had this super fine girl sitting on a red velvet covered floor and wall-to-wall, I don't know what the fuck it was but it looked real nice. I walked in and said hi. So now I'm sitting on this bench in about a five-by-five sized room, all black walls like a thirteen-year-old goth kid's bedroom (I'm sure to his father's chagrin). It still smells terrible, but now the glass is way bigger and the lady is pretty goddamn close. However, like I said, there is some glass.

At this time I was pretty sure I was only checking out the menu, but Eve changed all that real fucking fast. "Is this your first time to the Lusty Lady?" says my little vixen. I assured her that it was and I was a little freaked out and frankly not even sure if was gonna get down or what. My reluctance didn't seem to bother her and we ended up just talking for a couple minutes. She was an absolute delight. Informed me about all the inner workings of the Lusty Lady. It was a cooperative of sorts, employee-owned. Eve had insurance—pretty fucking good insurance—and was about to graduate from Berkeley with zero debt. I was turned on. She was fully clothed and told me a little bit about what it meant to be in a private room. Basically anything could be negotiated to fill whatever random pervert's fantasy.

The basic rundown that Eve was comfortable with was a strip tease for $20, a masturbation show for $40, and a sex toy "party" for $60. I had just gotten paid and I figured that since I was here and she was cool as shit, and hell, I was really in the mood to party, that I might as well try it out. All I had to spare was 40 bucks, and let's face facts: I didn't even really have that. But hey, man, I didn't wanna waste her time. It was on. Eve decided to give me the sex toy "party" for $40 and shit got real loose. Being a straight white man from the burbs and, though I didn't think so before, somewhat sexually sheltered, I had never seen anyone use a dildo on him—or herself—in real life. What can I say? It turned me on. I felt alive. She was fine and I was horny. It was like my first time all over again. Mom and Dad were at work, it was a sick day, etc., etc. I did what someone does in those places. Cleaned up, and talked with Eve for a few more minutes and was gone, but not before getting her phone number and real name. Boom. Raul, the seasoned veteran that he is, was waiting for me in the lobby again. That dude got his rocks off for a mere 50 cents. Legend. We got a slice of pizza and hit the train. Once I got home I took a long hot shower, but it wasn't the shame I was washing off—it was the pride.

Send bullshit to ldworrell@gmail.com



Well, I've had a pretty awesome couple weeks for records. So awesome, in fact, that I've almost forgotten the trauma of watching Mitch Cardwell pull a $3 TAZERS *Don't Classify Me* 7" EP out of the bins right in front of me earlier this month. Congrats sir, and know I continue to try to put the day's events behind me.

If y'all must know, I was responding to a hot phone tip the afternoon on that fateful day (Thanks Layla!). It turned out that a plethora of early, er, "punk" 45s had made it into the bins earlier in the day. "Punk" is in quotes because most of the records in question were punk era 45s from weird local bar bands ("Booth-core" as some have termed it (Hi Layla!) it's just a few of them also turned out to be punk.

Thankfully I can't remember most of what was there, tho I do remember most of it being on the more tepid end of the "powerpop" spectrum. That said, there were some definite killers in there: THE TAZERS 7" EP is def the rarest and prolly most coveted of the bunch, then there was the ever underrated Florida female-fronted THE WRAP Let Me Go 45, Phoenix' most famous punky powerpop export THE PILLS DC-10 7" EP, and the '80s repress of Aussie's finest FUN THINGS Savage 45 on the French Sonics imprint. That's a lot of tasty items for under $5 a pop, and as I recall there were about 15 more to go with 'em.

I got a couple things, but honestly I can't even remember what they were as I'm far too busy trying to extract Mitch's scores from the deepest recesses of my suppressed memories. Meanwhile I do remember what record I got whilst out on the town just days ago for a buck. That would be one of my Top UK DIY wants... PULP MUSIC *Low Flying Aircraft* 45 from 1979. I'm not sure what it was about PULP MUSIC that got me frothing, prolly it's the elaborate hand-drawn sleeves I've seen, and all the vague "No Wave" descriptors. Well this one's hand-drawn and it was a buck so that saved me hella money. But what's super awesome is that I got home and stuck it on the turntable and it was exactly what I wanted it to be. Just really abrasive shouted British half-wit vox over a crude break beat, I guess it's even a lady singing, so that's like mega bonus points. I dunno, just look the shit up on You Tube already.

But the other reason that I am totally stoked and have practically forgotten the name Mitch Cardwho? is my other acquisition from a week ago that's like my #1 '70s private hard rock LP want that I also got around town at that KUSF Rockin' Swap (Record Swap) at USF. Yeah I paid hella money. I paid all the money I made from selling records at the Record Swap that day. I don't even care. Because I got GEORGE BRIGMAN AND SPLIT *Jungle Rot* LP.

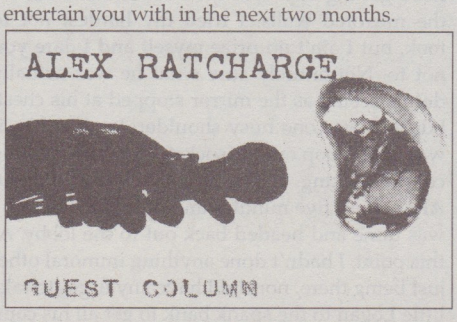
Honestly I had all but given up on ever getting BRIGMAN. Shit is rare as hell, and all my homeys that sweat the '70s Privates (and pay crazy moneys) are still on the market for a copy. I've actually been bumming about it lately. I've even thought about buying the Anopheles reissue. But now I don't have to!

GEORGE BRIGMAN is some deep shit. Really you need to google the cover because it is one of the all-time crudest covers from the '70s. I'm not totally sure what BRIGMAN was going for here. Honestly I'm not sure how this record even exists, from Baltimore of all places. But it exists and it rules. But before you go out expecting to have the wind knocked out of you by this thing, first you need to have spent a few months with the STOOGES *Fun House*.

Speaking of the STOOGES, I'm not sure most people really get them. I think a lot of people name drop them, and people seem to rightly obsess over "Search and Destroy" and all the *Raw Power* era stuff. But I don't know how many people really spend time with Fun House and especially their first album. To me, it's some of the most earth shattering "Rock Music" ever made. It's just pure unadulterated animal instinct. Those four dudes were some real boneheaded numbskulls with zero talent, yet somehow they're able to embrace this and just jam endlessly on some of the dumbest riffs ever made and let Iggy do his thing. I can't really think of anything else from that era that sounds anything like it. For me, I just drop the needle and get lost in the zone. Sure, Iggy's great, but it's the guitar and bass and drums that have my attention. I've listened to those first two albums hundreds of times at this point.

One listen to GEORGE BRIGMAN's Jungle Rot, and it's obvious he has too. I mean, I guess lots of people talk about the STOOGES as influences or whatever, but BRIGMAN literally steals a couple STOOGES riffs! But it's just a starting point, because he layers onto it his own alienation and '70s Baltimore isolation, so at times you get super fuzzed out heavy "punk" but he's also a crazy guitarist and also hella emo at times so there's just tons of stuff going on. And let's be honest, there isn't much out there recorded in the '70s that sounds like the STOOGES. If that's your thing (it's definitely mine) you take what you can get. Thankfully this record also happens to be great!

So that was my month. I guess sometimes it's quality over quantity. I'll be spending the next few weeks gearing up for two, count 'em, *two* different Record Shows: the Fall Austin Record Convention and this year's WFMU Record Fair in NYC. Hopefully there will be some crazy stories to entertain you with in the next two months.



Anarchy in Paris.

It all started with Kurt Cobain wearing a Flipper shirt then wearing a dress then blood on his face.

It all started with a Green Day song that was playing on the radio one morning before school—it was about being paranoid, stoned and confused, and having your shrink blame the lack of sex for it all. I couldn't even understand the lyrics back then but, fuck, the energy, the melodies, the sweat, the dumbness, it all made perfect sense, and the voice of Billie Joe sounded like the kind of junk I had been hearing in my dreams. I thought, I wanna be this song.

It all started with a skateboard and a Pennywise shirt, days of nicotine, nights of pot-smoking, a shitty suburb and no freedom in sight. Everything was normal, and normal sucked. We thought, fuck it—if there's nothing here there's nothing anywhere, the world doesn't exist, nothing is real but the sound of Bad Religion, bad breath and bad luck, so we might as well go for it.

It all started when school ended and acid took over, dancing buildings, mind-reading, noisy sights and the colorful sounds of smelling like shit, a red mohawk and a small apartment full of deadbeat losers and freaks, united by failure, fucked from birth. How many clichés can I cram into one sentence? It all started with anarchy in the UK, except that it was France and there was no anarchy, just no-future democracy.

It all started with some random issue of *MRR*, yellowed white pages and black ink, people shitting out their souls on paper and me calling up the captain to finally report "I knew it, I knew it, I knew there had to be life on this planet!" It all started with a small spray-painted house on the outskirts of Paris called Le Squat De Le 13. And since you already know about all the rest, I'm gonna tell you about that.

I first entered the house on September 11th. That same afternoon I was hanging out on Place de la Bastille, right where the French revolution started, fast-forward two-hundred years and now filled with hipsters, tourists and pot-dealers. My friend came up to me, excited, and started yelling, "World War III's starting, World War III's starting!" He then explained to me that some over-confident lunatic had flown an airplane right into those two big towers in America, and that lots of people had died. I was a little weirded out but I was living in a vacuum at the time, no TV, no newspapers, no radio, so I thought he was blowing it all out of proportion. Plus I didn't care, because I was about to go see a real punk show with real people and real problems, real bad beer and really loud music. Why care about WWIII when you've got cheap beer and Brazilian hardcore?

France, like most of Western Europe, is full of what I call "traditional anarchists;" in Paris you can tune in 24/7 on the radio station of the anarchist federation to hear some shithouse conservative-sounding "revolutionary" music, buy books in anarchist-run bookstores, go attend mostly boring gigs ran by old-fashioned activists who either refuse to let go of their power position, or are so boring that no kids in their right mind would want to be part of their world. For all the respect I feel for older activists, I gotta admit that

a lot of French anarchists seem stuck in a rut, debating the same old boring Bakounine-inspired bullshit and listening to traditional French punk (or "rock alternatif," France's sorry excuse for punk in the '80s), at best, and ironic circus skinhead ska *fanfares* at worst. Good on them I guess, but when you're young you want something else. I wanted hardcore and raw punk, I wanted to feel welcome despite being a dumb eighteen years old suburban stoner kid with a skateboard, and I wonder what would have become of my friends and I if we hadn't found the Squat de le 13. What made the place so great? It was illegal, wild and chaotic. It was small and warm, beautifully spray-painted from ground to ceiling, it truly felt like it was part of another world, a world were humanity was still alive and *chaos* didn't mean free-market—it meant anything could happen, it meant that rules were, indeed, made to be broken. It meant that gigs started at midnight and ended when there was no more beer, that the entrance was three bucks only but that no one would have been denied for being too broke, that there was sometimes five gigs a week, that when the electricity got shut-off someone just brought in a generator, that sixteen years old drunk punks felt as much at home as forty-something years old music fans. I was already doing zines at the time and the people there were incredibly supportive of me and my shitty xerox riot, insisting to pay for copies when I was usually giving them away for free as I thought no one in their right mind would want to give money to read my stuff, asking me how they could contribute, telling me that it was great that kids were still doing fanzines, which were already classified endangered species. I'll never forget the way these older punks took me seriously and empowered me to say fuck the world and do my own thing regardless of any standards, something I hope I manage to give back now that I'm close to being thirty fucking years old.

That night, September 11th in 2001, I got wasted to the sound of radical hardcore punk and heard some drunks celebrating the events of the day by yelling "Finally, I'm happy to watch the news today!" (which was pretty dumb, ok, but you gotta understand that when the planes hit the towers a lot of people in the world just thought, well, the US had it coming). It was one of my first of many, many gigs there. A year or two later the house was shut down to be replaced by nothing for years, staying empty and devoid of soul, slowly covered with dusty billboards, one more defeat after a few years short bittersweet victory. On the last gig bands played all night long and in the early hours of the morning a lot of us where still there, in that semi-delirious highly enjoyable state of post-drunkness when you've made it through the night without passing out and see the sun slowly appearing on a new hangover day; at some point someone threw an empty beer can and someone else threw another back and before we knew it the place turned into a battlefield of flying garbage, like some giant food-fight after a dinner with nothing to eat but a lot of drink, and I remember looking at this, drunk out of my mind, and smiling a warm but sad smile, knowing that those were the last moments of a place we called home. I remember the scene in slow-motion, punks laughing and beers flying – I remember looking at my mate and saying something as simple as "Fuck yeah" because there was no need for more words than that, we both were there, we both knew that life wouldn't get any better than that.

The house got evicted at some point in 2002. Other squats followed, some of which I'll tell you about in future columns, but Paris was never the same.

It's 2010 and the punk world is saturated with new bands, new records, new versions of old records, colored vinyls and sweaty nerds armed with paypal accounts instead of a sixpack and an attitude problem. Sure there's a lot of great music being made right now, which is exciting as hell, but sometimes I feel like you shouldn't *go and start your own band*, you should go and start your own fucking house / squat / infoshop instead. We all know of places like Gilman Street in Berkeley, the Köpi in Berlin, we've all heard of the struggle of Ungdomshuset in Copenhagen, but as any punk band who've done a bit of touring will tell you there are hundreds of smaller, not as well-known but no-less important places in hundreds of different cities in the world, places full of art and chaos where people create their own fucking worlds with their own fucking rules, for those of us who get panic attacks in factories, offices, family dinners and traditional rock gigs. When I think of freedom I think of these places and I know that another world exist, right here, right now. No matter if it's a weirdo bar in Cleveland or a political squat in Croatia, these places are more important than your record collection will ever be and we need more of them so go out there, start something and make it cheap and wild and welcoming to kids, and spray-paint those goddamn walls.

Because it all starts with somewhere to go.

Endnotes :

1.Some of the bands that played in the Squat de le 13 include TRAGEDY, LA FRACTION, BORN DEAD ICONS, CATHARSIS, EKKAIA, FACE UP TO IT!, INTENSITY, FROM ASHES RISE, PARAGRAF 119, YACOPSAE, AUTORITÄR, COCHE BOMBA, CLUSTER BOMB UNIT, FDS, NO REST, CRISPUS ATTUCKS, THE HAGGARD, MIRAH, VISIONS OF WAR, PCP, etc. Go and ask these people what they thought of the place. If you wanna share memories of the house, get in touch: alex.simon82@yahoo.fr

2.You can see pictures of the house and more at www.squatdele13.propagande.org

3. On a completely unrelated note I'm looking for copies of old and not-so-old US fanzines, mainly early issues of *Forced Exposure*, and most issues of *Destroy What Bores You*. If you wanna get rid of them, get in touch!

In the letter section this month, I received a letter from Michael in response to a response to another letter… whew! So this month's column is addressed to him. I understand that reading this might be a little weird for anyone jumping into the conversation with out reading the material before, but I hope it makes sense…

I have to say, Michael, that your assumptions about my "belief" and "knowledge" are a bit misguided. I also would like to point out that you made a whole lot of assumptions as to what they are. With that being said, I will interject some of my personal thoughts in response to your letter. First, I never said there was a God. Second, I never said for punks to embrace Islam or any other religion and I am, as I said before, strictly against Proselytizing of any kind. Third, I do not believe that *MRR* should have religious content in it, just as RAC content, if it is for the purpose of proselytizing. Fourth, I am not an anarchist. Fifth, if you think that sounded like an "angry" denunciation of a letter, you have never seen me angry. While you assert that I have made some broad generalizations, I will have to point out yours as well. Some of your associations and correlations are weak and with no traceable connection further than speculation without valid argument. Please understand that this is not being stated to insult you, but if it's an academic battle you want, my gloves are always on (or off, depending).

First, I would like to point out that the Enlightenment was not the first huge leap into the education that lead people to the rejection of Religion as the "central domain" of culture. (Oh, I will also take this opportunity to point out that you have misquoted me. I never said that Religion was the central domain of all culture, which is what your response seems to be insinuating. The reason I cited that description is below, but that comes later…) Anyway, while the Enlightenment was definitely the largest "axial" move in Europe toward secularization and dissemination of knowledge to the masses at large, one of the largest dissemination of scholarly material, including works of antiquity including great books and philosophy happened in the earlier part if the 12th century in Muslim ruled Toledo, located in the southern part of Spain. The reason I point this out, is because during this medieval period, translations by Muslims, Jews and Christians were cooperatively taking place in this part of Europe while the rest languished behind because of the stronghold of corrupted Christian Europe. Seems like I am shooting myself in the foot, but the point I am trying to make is that the Enlightenment was not the first time that knowledge challenged religion and its stranglehold on any one culture. And science is not the sole catalyst for change regarding education. Some examples of "religious" individuals are not always terrible (check out Father Mychal Judge for one).

While I agree that the rise of humanism, socialism, and anarchism came out of the turning away from Religion, I would hate to make anyone argue that any of those systems have worked, or are successfully in practice on a large scale and have not been used in negative ways. Yes, religion has a long bloody history, but I would argue that there is some correlation between bloodshed and the amount of time that religion has been around. It's been around forev-

er and sadly, it will be around forever.

When you say, "religious notions are difficult to justify to rational individuals" That sounds like a lack of comprehension of theory of that individual. I would say that you have replaced religion with yet another intolerant belief system/worldview. Your lens is tainted just as much as a religious persons. There are a few things you say in your letter that are scary in the way that any fanaticism is, "Islam is, then, truly reactionary." This statement is preceded by a weak correlation that Islam is isolated in being a "reactionary religion." History is a series of reactions, my friend, and religious tradition and trends within it are just another inextricable component of the results of the swinging pendulum of history's rest and unrest. Not to minimize the effects of modern warfare, Crusades, Inquisition, the Edict of Milan, the Great Schizms in Buddhism, Islam, Christianity, Confucianism (which is not a "religion" btw…), etc… these are all reactions. Shit… even Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon, and the French Revolution and the subsequent "Red Terror," all reactions, all not entirely secular.

When you point to Denmark and Sweden as examples of secular success stories, have you heard about the spike in White power movements in the government and social realms? Have you heard of their correlation with Norse tradition? Have you noticed the problems they are having with immigration? Also, these countries still have fertility festivals and religious Christmases. Not to be too anecdotal, I have spent a lot of time in both countries, seeing that one of my best friends is Danish and that I dated a Swede for three years, and you can't tell me that secular societies are wholly advanced in their lack of racism, sexism and other "isms" because I have seen and experienced it first hand on more occasions that I would care to remember. My point, as in my response to Dylan's letter, that taking out one "cancerous" component of the historical evolution of any culture is too simplistic of an answer. What that implies is much more convoluted than it sounds. Religion is to blame, yes, but so are many other parts of any culture when it is co-opted and used to control the masses. The terms "Minimalist" and "Maximalist" are not merely "notions," they are terms based in theory used to explain religious systems to a western audience which in their entirety, tend to foster a better understanding of how these systems differ and work within different societies. They are not used here to convince or sway opinion. I suggest reading the books before making a judgment. I am just as skeptical of academia as anyone, but I assume that you would agree that educating yourself, particularly in the opposing viewpoint, is key to formulating an opinion. Which was my argument in the first place that you sadly took out of context and misinterpreted—I just want people to understand what the fuck is really going on before writing off ideas and individuals. If we can't talk to someone and listen with respect, we can't solve anything. If you have no interested in solving problems, well then don't expect anyone to tolerate your ignorance.

Your father's story is much like my parents' own. I would say that the religious oppression that they too have rejected hasn't led to any cultural components being lost in my family's household either. However, to simply erase that history and follow customs, some with heavy religious overtones, without their original context can be, at its worst, dangerous. We do have the choice here to pick and choose, some people do not, and for those stuck in between, it is insulting to insinuate that there is no movement that exists that is not trying to reconcile culture without the stranglehold of oppressive religious practice. It is also insulting to push your own agenda onto people whose practices affect their daily lives. (Check out the "Chicago Boys" in Chile and its effects). It's like being an armchair quarterback with the stakes of people lives… Irresponsible.

Here is were my argument lies and what I assert that you have taken out of context: Religion doesn't belong in punk for the purpose of conversion, but it is part of our society at large and if punks who are knee deep in religious muck want to talk about it in their music, they should not be denied. Punks have been doing it for years. Like I said, I did not, never have and never would tell any punks to embrace Islam, Christianity, Buddhism, etc… It's about beating zealots at their own game. While we have a scene that embrace a hardcore band that is overtly Christian without question, we have a movement of punk kids (some who are openly queer, which by the way can be a death sentence) who are educating themselves and fighting against the people who oppresses them with not only music and rejection of the imposed religious rules, but using the very same words and theory that oppresses them. What I admire about Taqwacore is their ability to force people to reconcile the discrepancies within their own "faith." So in response to your question "Is Mariam saying that the Islamic world is too delicate to negotiate that same process?" No, absolutely not. If you know anything about the "Islamic world" and the distinctions between their sects, movements, government, history, customs, culture etc… you wouldn't be so quick to make such a silly statement. What I do say is that we are not the ones to, as you put it, "demand others to see things as we do." That is what has gotten us in this mess. Religion is bad, sure, but argue that across the board and your argument will fall flat when taken out of a "reactionary" Western context. We can stand our ground, but infringing on other peoples human rights is the foundation of why punks hate religion in the first place. Finger pointing won't solve anything, knowledge and rebellion will. Sometimes rebellion will not take the form you would like it to, but it is not your choice to make for others.

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This month's column covers the some of the backlog of tapes I have been handed or mailed over the past uh, entire previous year to now, ie tape fest 2010 shall commence! Even though *MRR* convention details that only music columnists get bands in capitals in the columns section, I am using my coordinator clout to flout this rule just for clarity and understanding since this is a music column basically... First I will comment on a CDR sent to me by James of UK DIY nexus Germ of Youth, who have put out a most excellent 7" by COMET GAIN and the recent double disc of dreamy DOLLY MIXTURE *Demonstration Tapes* LP. This is his band, VERONICA FALLS. They elegantly, yet with suitable intent to disgust and disrupt, channel the Medway sound along with the more mod TVPs influenced C86-wave. The girl/boy vocal harmonies, band aesthetic and tuff guitar sound make me think of the early days of COMET GAIN and HUGGY BEAR more in terms of hanging out than sound. Total beatnik beach party, watch out for the LSD in the drinks though. There is venom in the sound; this isn't a cozy reunion of Sarah records fans at an anorak warehouse. My favorite song is about popular seaside suicide spot Beachy Head, made famous in the movie *Quadrophenia*. I believe all four of these songs are now 7"s , on the sordid Captured Tracks label outta Brooklyn, seek them out!

NEONATES are from LA, they played Marissa's backyard last month, and I totally enjoyed their nervous yet powerful stage presence. They trade instruments and sort of seem scared and bored by the audience at the same time in a most compelling way. The music is like MELTDOWN playing CHALK CIRCLE songs, two all girl DC bands from different eras that require your immediate investigation if you do not get that sound reference. NEONATES play deconstructed punk, anti-rhythm yet rhythmic like post punk girls that no wavers then carved up. The girls that wanted to make sounds but weren't that invested in rock convention. I have a tape and a CDR, I think the tape is available from a UK operation called Clan Destine, but you should write the band for more info, they have a myspace, www.myspace.com/neonates. I like bands that sound like they are putting something together as they play, and yet they've created a powerful and total end result...

CERVIX are part of the Spending Loud Night NYHC destruktion crew, Amelia's vocals are yowled out, total frenzy style over metallic hardcore that's sorta UK inna SACRILEDGE stylee but this is framed in a CONFUSE GAI hardcore aesthetic and it all feels endtimes like ultimately. Comes with a patch for your denim. PO Box 30 NY NY 10276... EPIDEMIA are from Spain and play some of the most desperate lo fi shitpunk I have heard in an age, (un)holy shit... One two one two drums, shards of guitar and (female) vocals that are borne of terror and rage, the rumble of bass serves only to remind you of your puny ears and it is futile to resist! You must send off for this... Except they didn't put an address on the tape. I tried searchin on the internerd, but only found a you tube entitled "Spanish Crust Punk"... hmmmmm. Essentialessential essential.

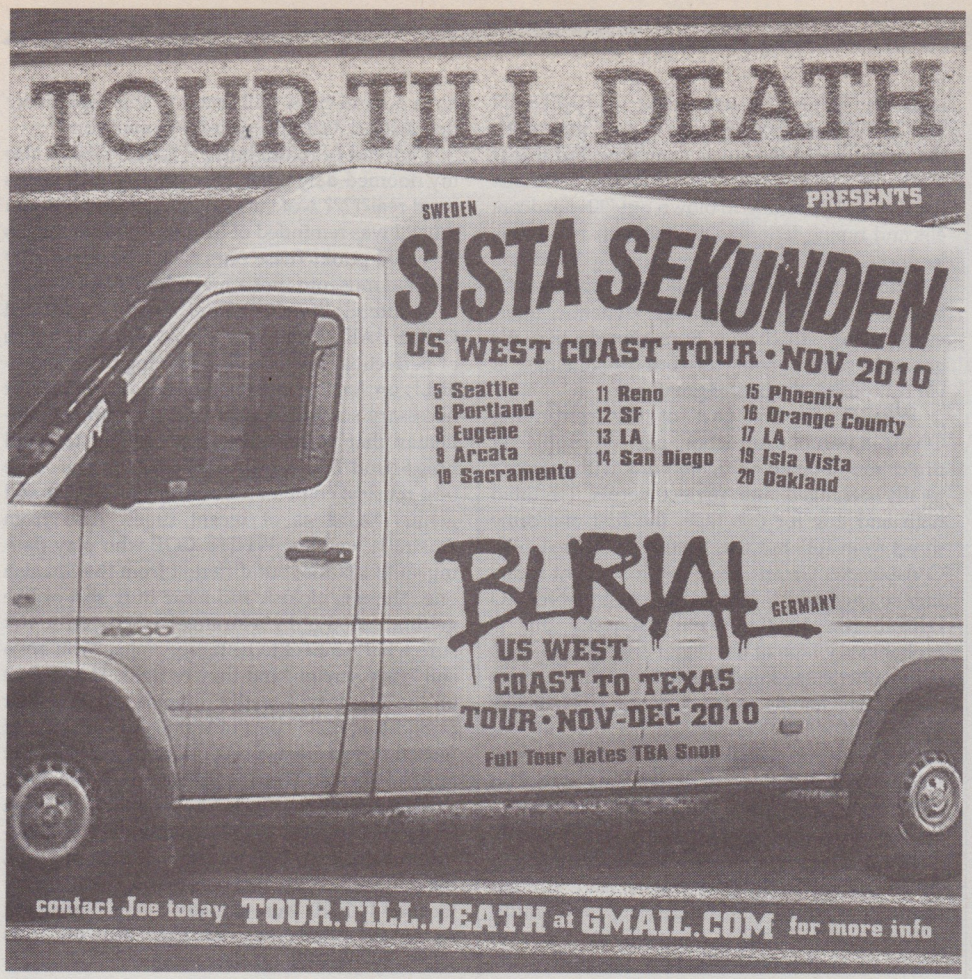
MY PARADE are from Seattle and play choppy dance punk that's more riot grrrl inflected that anything I have heard that's clearly as influenced by 99 records. In short this isn't some Gang of Four disco beated out cliché; they have

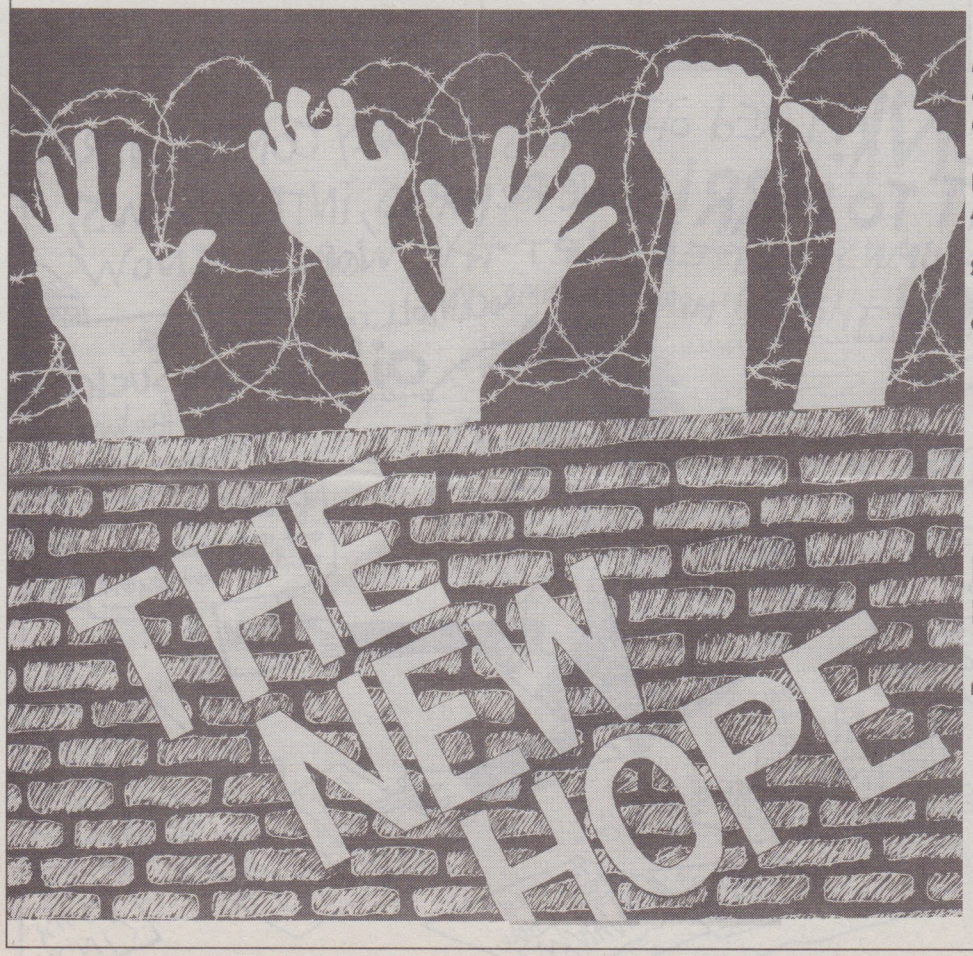
this cool SUBTONIX styled garage freak out and you can tell they heart ESG so totally too (so 99 records reference referenced). They are a self-described all POC dance punk band, and I am super bummed I missed their tour with the also awesome AGATHA from Seattle. Dude, someone needs to do a Seattle scene report... myparademusic@gmail.com. SFO stands for Social Freak Out... They are from Chicago and play politically charged punk, it feels like a battle cry and that's because it is. Songs about creepy "secret admirers" out on the prowl, about protecting yourself and how male attention can be violating even if it's not violent. About fighting back against oppression, against the rigors of gender, about liberation and freedom, against borders and yes this tape is a fight song... If you are in the mood for some raging, incendiary all female punk attack, this shit has your name on it. Fucking radical, in all senses of the word. sfochicago@gmail.com. I got the SURROGATE ACTIVITY tape along with a letter that discussed the politics of Mysterious Guy Hardcore, and teenage girls in Floorpunch hoodies... This is FU pop punk with sweet vocals delivering a message that veers pretty far from typical pop punker lyricals, then swoops back in with something about lost friendships and cold coffee. You will probably like this if you are on the hunt for catchy songs that are on the punker side of the pop, sung by a girl with a cool voice and a rad way of putting words together... julsgeneric@hotmail.com

THE GIFT are from DC and feature the ever dreamy Beck Levy on vocals, previously known for the seriously amazing TURBOSLUT... They play gnarled up, epic hardcore punk that sort of made me think of a less coiled up BABES IN TOYLAND somehow?? I don't know, maybe it's the dynamics of the songs somehow, but this is hardcore... makes me think of being a furious teenage girl, listening to blown out '90s hardcore 45s and typing letters to my pen pals in various locations. Not sure I have done a good job describing these sounds, but epic experimental hardcore, lady fronted grunge, dynamic, interesting song structure... Epic sounds like it's gonna be some horrible tech bro core nitemare. It isn't! Promise. thegiftdc@gmail.com.

WEIRD TV are part of the continuing Olympia trail of destruction, playing simple yet direct and doomed hardcore punk with Lizette's totally deranged and perfect vocals. I hunted high and low for this tape, the first one came direct from Tobi but was destroyed by the USPS! Conspiracy... Urgent times call for urgent measures so another was hand delivered by a NECRO HIPPIE (thanks Candice!!). Honestly this is probably my tape of the year. Perfect Layla-core. Atmospheric, doomed hardcore with the most destruktive female vocals intoned over it, like Therasa BRAT was possessed by ALICE BAG, Lizet=best singer, should sing for every band, would make the worst band amazing... So charismatic! Seriously, she has the personality and power and emotion that Theresa puts into her vocals, but the total death stare fierceness of Alice... DAMN! But the music isn't straight ahead hardcore, it's interesting and multi dimensional and raging... Surges into a deconstruction of the olde standard "Gloria" that's enough to make you wanna give up on life, move to Oly and make your own band/cult... Vocals in Spanish. So fucking good. I want to form a band now, will listen to this tape every day instead. Get this. weirdtv@ymail.com

I am out of room, but UV RACE tape is also my doomed date tape of the century fuck is this band real????? Not sure how to get one, but you must! I was reminded of the fact that Australians invented punk. These ones took a bunch of LSD at some museum (not a metaphor, a literal reality, a literal literality), and made a mutated CHRIS BAILEY sings for the SWELL MAPS slice of perfection. I believe this is going to be another LP, on Aaaarght! But all of this, the bored yet necessary sometime lady vox, the intoned gentleman that was the one that brought to mind Epic Sound Tracks and Chris Bailey in one of the best musical combinations of invention, wit and genius heard as of recent times. Also from Australia we have WHITE COP who play flailing shitpunk too, but different from the Spanish one. These is blokish and more hi fi, sort of like getting yelled at by a stranger when you're not sure what's meant to be happening... "You are a shit" they scream, and they're right. This is part of the *Negative Guestlist* empire, an excellent publication that is part of legions of examples of how the Australian punks have recusitated the fanzine format. This is trebled out, feedback enriched punk that feels like an attack, a punch in the face at random, like falling over and getting cut up really bad for the first time in years, the guitars are bleached out, blaring monstrosity like NO TREND were actually trying to hang out in Georgetown. No address but try this www.myspace.com/brisbanefanzine.
Punk rock is an endless adventure.
Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com
layla@maximumrocknroll.com





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SMOG VEIL RECORDS

I WAS BORN IN BAKERSFIELD CALIFORNIA IN 1967 - WHICH WAS AN ANOMALY BECAUSE MY FAMILY IS ACTUALLY FROM THE BAY AREA - BAKERSFIELD IS AN ARMPIT - BASICALLY I THINK IT IS THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WEST COAST KLU KLUX KLAN - AT THAT TIME MY PARENTS WERE BOTH TEACHERS & BAKERSFIELD WAS ACTUALLY PUTTING ALOT OF MONEY INTO EDUCATION SO THEY WERE REQRUITING FROM ALL OVER THE NATION - MY TEEN-AGE YEARS WERE SPENT IN BERKELEY - MY FATHER WAS DATING A WITCH OF A WOMAN WHO MANAGED TO CHANGE MY SUNNY PERSONALITY INTO ONE OF ANGER & LOATHING - SHE HATED UGLY PEOPLE & WAS CONSTANTLY BERATING ME BECAUSE I HAD ACNE & GLASSES & SHE THOUGHT PUNK ROCKERS WERE REPULSIVE SO NATURALLY I GRAVITATED TOWARD PUNK ROCKERS - AT THE TIME - AROUND 1984 ESP. AROUND THE BAY AREA THE PUNK SCENE WAS VERY DRUG & DRINKING ORIENTED SO IT WAS STRANGE FOR ME BECAUSE I WAS STRAIGHT EDGE BUT I STILL GRAVITATED TO WARDS THE PEOPLE & THE SCENE BECAUSE IT GAVE ME AN OUTLET FOR MY ANGER - LUCKILY AROUND THE TIME MY ANGER WAS TRANSFORMING INTO A MORE CONSTRUCTIVE ATTITUDE WAS AROUND THE TIME THAT THE IDEA FOR GILMAN ST. WAS STARTING - A LOT OF THE OLDER PUNK ROCKERS AT THE TIME REALLY RESENTED THE GILMAN ST. FORMATION & THE PEOPLE WHO WENT THERE - THEY CALLED IT TIMMY YOHANAN's KINDERGARTEN - BUT FOR ME IT WAS A CRUCIAL LOCATION FOR THINGS BEYOND DRINKING & DRUGS & REALLY ESTABLISHING PUNK AS A COMMUNITY WITH A MORE CONSTRUCTIVE OUTLOOK - I NEVER HAD NOR HAVE I SINCE THEN - FELT SO CONNECTED TO OTHER PEOPLE - THERE WAS JUST A REALLY PALPABLE SENSE OF EXCITEMENT ABOUT THE THINGS THAT WERE GOING ON - THERE WAS ALOT OF BAD MUSIC CERTAINLY - EVERY BAND WAS NOT FANTASTIC - BUT I THINK EVERYONE HAD A SENSE OF BEING AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE GATHERING THERE & THERE WAS A SENSE THAT YOU REALLY HAD THE POWER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE & TO FOLLOW YOUR INTERESTS - I'M GLAD GILMAN IS STILL STANDING & PEOPLE CAN STILL EXPERIANCE IT!

KAMALA LYN PARKS - 03/35/2K10 - BERKELEY CA

KAMALA HAS BEEN AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE BAY AREA PUNK EVOLUTION SINCE THE EARLY '80S IN SO MANY WAYS THAT I CANNOT LIST THEM ALL - SHE IS ONE OF THOSE GENUINE PARTICIPANTS WHO NOT ONLY WAS INTRICATELY INVOLVED IN THE PAST BUT WHO STILL GIVES A SHIT ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING TODAY AND ABOUT WHERE WE ARE ALL HEADED - OK THEN - TO CONTACT FLY EMAIL FLY@PEOPS.ORG (PUT MRR IN THE SUBJECT) - WEBSITE IS: PEOPS.ORG OR FLYSPAGE.COM - PEOPS ZINES # 4 & 5 ARE CURRENTLY AVAILABLE AT WWW.MICROCOSMPUBLISHING.COM - OR YOU COULD SNAIL $4 (EACH - PP USA - $5 PP OS) TO FLY PO BOX 1318 COOPER STN NYC NY 10276 USA

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NEWS

MRR NEWS COMPILED BY LAYLA GIBBON

CAMBODIAN PRISON CRISIS

By Sophie Potter

Someone once said to me, "South East Asia seems like the punkest place on earth." Last year, my band from Sydney, Scum System Kill, who were calling it quits, went out with a bang doing one last tour of Malaysia, Indonesia and Singapore. (Things I can cross off my to do list: play a gig on a mountain surrounded by rice paddies and the occasional buffalo; take entire backline to a gig on a motorbike; lure hundreds of punks to an train station and subject them to multiple dangers including the half-hourly train as they spill over the platform, and a moshpit in an abandoned construction site complete with jagged bricks and wire.)

Thinking about this tour, I would probably have to agree with the statement that South East Asia is the punkest place on earth. Indonesia and Malaysia have amazing shit going on (yet still fraught with problems like everywhere else—gender inequities are still a major problem). Filipinos are mad for punk, and Singapore has a tight knit community opening radical spaces and holding the DIY Femme Fest... But moving up and over to Thailand things start getting a bit weird, a bit "fashion," and heading east into Cambodia it's a punk-free zone.

Until now.

With my two bands, Scum System Kill and Walrora calling it quits, I also quit my job, my house, and moved to Cambodia.

I have a friend who gave up the forest blockading life and moved to Cambodia. He along with some Khmer friends started a small organization in Siem Reap. Sometime after it was off the ground, my sister came back from visiting him and told me about all that was going on there and I was impressed and wanted in. We had kept in pretty close contact and he told me they were looking into providing support to prisoners. That was all the encouragement I needed and in October 2009 I arrived in Siem Reap with just a backpack and a guitar.

In Australia, I was an advocacy worker for women and children in domestic violence trying to navigate through the legal justice system. I had also been a women's health worker, a youth worker, office drone, editorial assistant in corporate death, dish pig, checkout chick and done disability support. I hoped some of these skills and my passion fundamentally opposing the function of prisons would help me in Cambodia.

Up until the final downfall of Khmer Rouge strongholds in 1998, Cambodia had been in a state of war since 1939. The atrocities of the Khmer Rouge are widely known, but what about the bombings by the U.S. and the French and the landmines and unexploded ordinance left behind by them? What about the legacy left by UNTAC (UN "peacekeeping" mission): sexual harassment/abuse of women, violence and against women and the dramatic rise in the spread of HIV.

1939-45: World War II
1946-54: French Indochina War
1956-75: Vietnam War
1975-79: Khmer Rouge Regime
1979-92: Civil War, Insurgency Warfare and Factional Fighting
1993-98: Civil War and UNTAC

Fast forward to Cambodia today. A country dependant on aid, with development gone mad, and corruption at every level—particularly in the police, the courts and the prisons. Forced evictions and land disputes are driven by cooperation between police and corporate developers, and sometimes military. Mandatory detention of sex-workers and drug users with widespread reports of abuse by police, is at least slowly coming under the spotlight.

Tourism is on steroids around Siem Reap, the home of Angkor Wat—the licence to sell the tickets to the temple park has been outsourced to the Sokha hotel chain, with less than 14% of the profit going towards the preservation of the Angkorian ruins and over 20% going into the pockets of the hotel chain. The blocks around Pub Street in Siem Reap are filled with so many barang (white people) in bikinis and hot pants, or guys without their shirts on, it hard to believe you're still in Cambodia. Don't people read about a place they visit? Find out about cultural appropriateness?

The Killing Fields in Phnom Penh has an eerie theme park feel with tourists clicking snap shots—again the killing fields have been leased to a Japanese company to manage for a profit. This is a land where just about everything seems to be for sale or lease: forests, fisheries, mining concessions, air routes, ship registrations, toxic dumps, weapons, women, girls, boys, or babies.

Judges are also for sale. Corruption is endemic in the police and judiciary, as well as political interference. Impunity is rampant; crimes like murder, torture, rape, and trafficking of woman and children frequently go unpunished if the perpetrators have money or influential connections, and the government continues its long history of interference in the courts for political purposes.

The impacts of a corrupt and dishonest justice system is made all the more acute when looking to the conditions for prisoners in Cambodia. Those with money or influential connections will not end up in prison, it is the poor and vulnerable who are unable to pay their way out of a prison sentence.

The Government allows about 65 cents per day per prisoner for food, water, electricity, clothing, medical and all other costs. This is cut into by prison guards, and it is paid to prison guards for benefits. Overcrowding is

commonplace and men, women, and children are all housed within the same prison. As at June 2010, prisons across the country were filled to 175% of capacity—about 14,000 people living within a 8,000 person capacity system.

If prisoners cannot pay guards, they are often not let out of their cells even for the two hours per day allocated by law. Some prisoners report that they are forced to complete manual labour including gardening, sewing, washing and cooking for prison officials and performing other errands as part of their sentence.

Many prisoners do not have regular access to drinking water and some prisons do not even contain water or toilet facilities within the prison cells. If prisoners cannot afford to buy drinking water or coal to boil water, they are forced to drink contaminated water or to go without. Prisoners often suffer malnutrition and severe health problems due to lack of food and the children living in prisons are the most at risk.

In Cambodia, children aged 13-18 are tried in the adult criminal justice system, and detained and imprisoned in adult prisons. Children who come into conflict with the law are generally the poorest and most vulnerable, and are detained for petty offences including the stealing of small amounts of food.

It is also not uncommon for children up to the age of 6 or 7 to accompany their mothers into prison or for women to give birth while incarcerated. Children reside with their mothers in prison if she determines it is the safest option for that child is to be in prison with her. These women do not get additional rations for their child, and are routinely denied access to suitable healthcare, adequate nutrition, education, and other basic rights (including vulnerability to abuse).

Early in 2010, punks around the world showed true solidarity responding to call out I made to help raise money to support these prisoners. Punks from Melbourne, Sydney, Dublin, Copenhagen, Bordeaux, London, Edinburgh, Leipzig, Barcelona, and Bern organised one way or another raise much needed money to support Cambodian prisoners.

Melbourne pulled off a Daggy Disco raising awareness and also thousands of dollars. There were film nights at anarchist social centres in Dublin, London and Sydney. Edinburgh, Bern, Bordeaux all put on gigs with the door money coming to the prisoner support project. In Barcelona there was a memorial bar for Bon Scott, and seems like everyone who attended drank him proud. In Copenhagen a massive party/bar helped raise money to be sent to us in Cambodia.
Right now, we are still hoping people will put on benefit gigs to support our work here. Right now we are specifically looking for money for moto/bicycle repairs trainings and workshops and also to construct a kitchen building for under 18 year olds within the prison.

We want to do training in prison in motor and bicycle repairs to help prisoners when they get out and come back into the community. Providing training is a great way for us to be able to have regular entry and contact in the prison and provide extra support to prisoners. We have been meeting with the prison and are allowed to do this; we just need to raise the money now.

The under 18 year olds in prison have no place to cook their food (if they are lucky to have some extra food additional to the small rice soup they get from prison)... they go out of the cells in there short time out of cells and into the dirt patch next to the cell block which has no shade (it is really hot and really raining right now) and use a gas cooker on the dirt patch in direct sun and hopefully not rain.

We have been told if we can get the materials and money together we can help the boys build a proper kitchen building to cook the food in inside the prison (right now there are just over eighty 14 to 18 year olds, one of which is a female).

So, now it's up to you! Can you help by putting on a gig, party, film night or any type of fundraiser in your town? Punks worldwide need to support the punkest place on earth... Please get in touch
sophie@thislifecambodia.org

WHO DO YOU WANT TO DECIDE?

Dr. LeRoy Carhart, Medical Director of the Abortion and Contraception Clinic of Nebraska, presented this speech at the 2010 National Organization for Women Conference in Boston on July 3, 2010.

Who do you want to decide?

My former friend and colleague Dr. George Tiller used to say:

"Abortion is not a cerebral or a reproductive issue. Abortion is a matter of the heart. For until one understands the heart of a woman, nothing else about abortion makes any sense at all."

This statement rings true, so loud and clear that I want to shout it from the roof top. The legislative bodies in this country are out of control when it comes to decrying the need to create laws governing a woman's body.

Here are some of the restrictions, which are you okay with? Near total bans on abortion, banning abortion at arbitrary gestations, mandating biased counseling, forcing women to wait 24-48 hours between their mandated counseling/ultrasound and their procedure, giving doctors the right to refuse to provide medical services (including refusing to provide emergency contraception in the emergency room for rape victims), restricting poor women from accessing abortion care through Medicaid, requiring young women to have their parents consent or forcing them to notify their parents, Targeted Regulation of Abortion Providers or TRAP laws, fetal personhood, mandated ultrasound explanation and viewing, and on and on.

As a physician who has been providing abortions for decades, I can tell you that the issue of abortion doesn't exist in black and white; it's all shades of gray. When it comes to the issue of later abortion, arbitrary lines are just that, arbitrary. But not only are these limits irresponsible, they are dangerous. Restricting a woman's right to obtain an abortion at any stage in her pregnancy is an outright siege of her body by the state.

The Hyde amendment in particular, puts women in the most dire of situations. They have to choose between paying their rent or being pregnant, feeding their children or being pregnant, pawning their car or being pregnant. The Hyde amendment has the ability to destroy lives, the lives of the women who it restricts from obtaining the abortions they need, the families of the women who it hurts, the spouses, children, sisters, parents and everyone's lives who are touched by the women we know.

I trust women to make the best decisions regarding their bodies. I trust women to know when and if it is the right time to bring a child into the world. I trust women to know when abortion is the most moral, spiritual and maternal decision they can make. Until you know the stories of these women, this issue will never make sense in the abstract. Maybe it's never crossed your mind as to why a woman would need to terminate a pregnancy at a later gestation. Let me share the words and stories of some of the women I've been able to help throughout the years.

Most recently, we had a patient who was in a difficult life situation. A former heroine addict, doing well to overcome her addiction, trying hard to get a stable job and get her life back together, this patient was determined to get the care she so desperately needed. We saw this patient after she had been sent hundreds of miles across three states to find an abortion provider that could take care of her. She and her partner had pawned their car and had to borrow one to make the trek to Bellevue. After being turned away from two previous clinics, their finances were nearly drained. The patient had also found out at her last clinic visit that the fetus had serious deformities. A devastating situation could have been taken care of so much sooner; with much more ease, if only she had been able to use her Medicaid to pay for the surgery she needed. The Hyde amendment hurts women.

Then there's the story of "Nell." Nell was a 16 year old girl living a few hundred miles away in a small town. Nell had been working for months trying to come up with the money, trying to find a clinic that could provide her with an ultrasound, she found herself swimming in a situation that was starting to envelope her life. Drowning in a mess of a pregnancy gone wrong, not being able to tell her parents, not having the money to pay for an abortion, she found herself in touch with my staff. Nell had been trying so hard for almost six months to obtain the abortion she so desperately needed, that now, it seemed she was out of options. Luckily, she wasn't. With Nell's determination and the assistance of my staff, Nell braved going to a so called "crisis pregnancy center" to get an ultrasound so we could determine her gestation. Then we found Nell some financial assistance. Nell also broke down and told her grandmother of her situation and ended up forming a bond so special that they helped each other through this situation hand in hand.

After Nell arrived at our clinic, it was determined that the fetus had large cysts on its brain and was hydrocephalic. Often times, these cases turn out to be a blessing in disguise for patients and for us as a staff. We are able to help women in the most horrible of situations to aid in a possible bright future, to see that bright light at the end of the tunnel. Nell was a strong young woman, and left our clinic with a new outlook on life and will hopefully value her experience for the rest of her life.

This spring we also saw two other young patients, two young women who traveled both thousands of miles to visit us. These women were in very dark places in their lives due to pregnancies that had led them to a cliff, which they almost jumped off. The first, "Jenny" stated:

"I have no attachment to the pregnancy. I'm mad at the pregnancy. I have crazy thoughts of killing myself. After looking at myself in the mirror I even punched myself in the stomach because I got mad. When I look in the mirror, I don't see me. I see a girl who made a big mistake. I look at myself and start to cry. I can't look at myself in the eyes for two seconds without crying. I see my belly and I don't feel like myself. You can see it by the way I dress and walk around now. I keep to myself, I wear hoodies and big jeans and big t-shirts. When I was at school I walked by this ledge and I thought about falling off that ledge in my dorm. I thought about walking into the street and having a car hit me. I thought hitting my stomach would kill it and I thought about falling in the shower. I had baby oil ready but I didn't go through with it."

When asked "what would you do if you cannot have an abortion" Jenny replied: "I am already over the edge, I would be over the edge even more if Nebraska won't help me. I would kill myself. I can only take so much. This abortion is a need, not a want!"

I'll ask you again, who do you want to decide?

The other young woman I wanted to mention, we'll call her "Sarah," traveled across the country to make it to our clinic. She had been referred to us by a provider in her home state, that wanted so much to help her, but due to these harmful and arbitrary laws regarding gestational limits, he couldn't, so she started her journey to Nebraska. In one of her statements, Sarah said: "I wish I would have told my mom and family earlier because they would have been able to help me. I was just scared and nervous and embarrassed. I was planning on having an abortion the entire time and the only thing that goes through my mind is that I can't have a baby. I'm not ready. I just can't. The thought of not having one isn't okay to me and I have big plans for my future. I can't think of anything or any other words than I can't have a baby."

This young woman suffered because of these laws, the actual devastation caused by these laws will never be truly known.

The last story I'll share is from a young woman I just saw a few weeks ago, her name is "Samantha." She is 18, and had just graduated high school. Samantha had irregular periods, had erratic responses to pregnancy tests. She like Nell, went to a "crisis pregnancy center" and found out her gestation and was shown pictures of adoptive families, told that abortion causes cancer, and that she really had no other option than to carry to term. In a statement Samantha stated: "Yesterday I cried a whole lot and thought about committing suicide. I thought about shooting myself in the mouth with a gun and how I could get a gun. I thought I would use my graduation money to get a gun but I didn't know where I could get it. I was really upset with myself. Then my mom happened to come into the room and talked to me, she said everything would be okay. I did feel like I wouldn't go to heaven if I did this. My mom told me people make these kinds of mistakes and reassured me that everything would be okay."

"I had thought about causing a miscarriage, I looked it up on the internet, about teas I could drink and stuff. I have hit myself in the stomach four-six times a day when I was at work. I have been crying and crying...I just wanted to be in the dark. I now just feel numb. I feel like all my tears are gone."

I just want to close with this, the women I see, the lives that I am able to change, are the reason that I do what I do. This right is under attack. I've asked you who you want deciding the laws that are attacking women's rights. I'll ask you to trust women. The women of this country need abortions, and as long as I can, I will do them.

Recently, Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton said "women deliver for the world; now the world needs to deliver for women." Let's repeal the Hyde amendment along with the litany of other harmful laws and help women control their own destinies.

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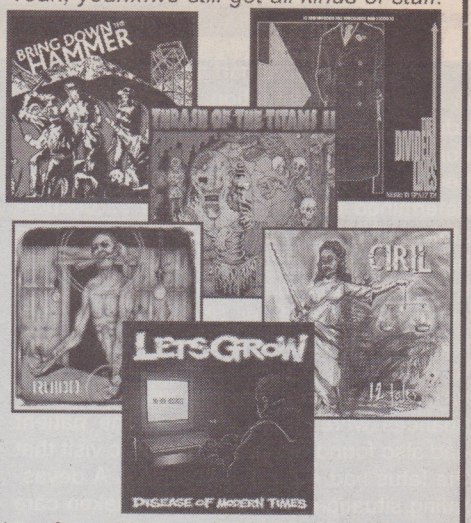
Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.



Lets Grow "Disease of Modern Times" LP
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Ciril "12 Tales" LP
V/A "Thrash of the Titans 2" LP
Bring Down The Hammer s/t CD
The Divided Lines "Music To Spazz To" 7"
Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
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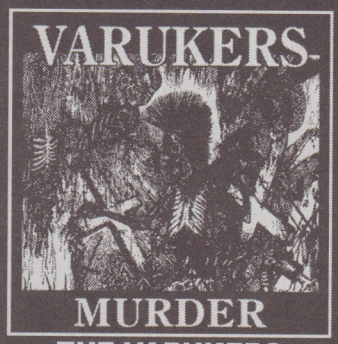
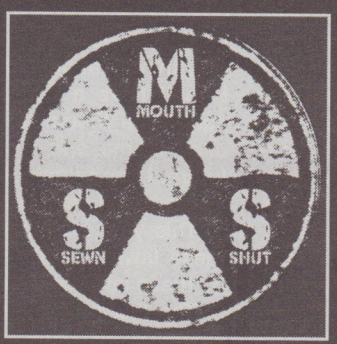
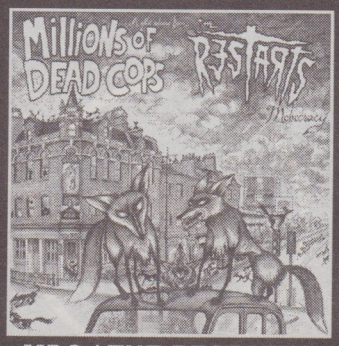


THE VARUKERS
MURDER / NOTHING'S CHANGED CD/LP



MOUTH SEWN SHUT
2009 CD / Gatefold LP

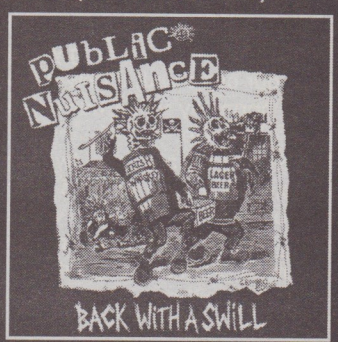
ABSINTHE ROSE / HUMANWINE Split CD/LP
(Boston Folk Punk)



MDC / THE RESTARTS
MOBOCRACY Split CD/LP

HUMAN 7" EP
PHOBIA - RESTARTS - MDC
EMBRACE THE KILL

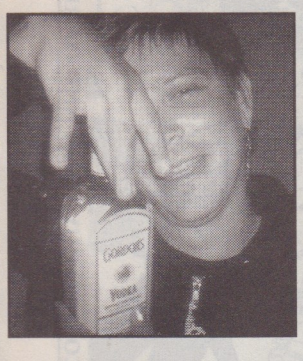
SOLID 7" EP
CITIZEN FISH - MOUTH SEWN SHUT
MDC - EMBRACE THE KILL



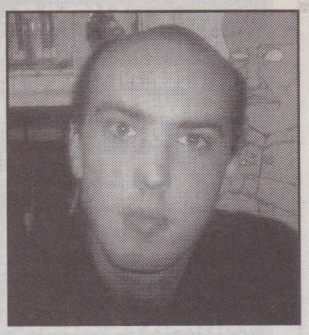
PUBLIC NUISANCE
BACK WITH A SWILL CD

what's the scoop?

This month's question: if you could make one human sacrifice, who would it be and why? (Asked at a show at Thrillhouse, wherein we realize that, sometimes, people are just looking for reasons to kill other people.)



Chris, 25, San Francisco
Gavin Newsom, for the sit/lie ordinance.

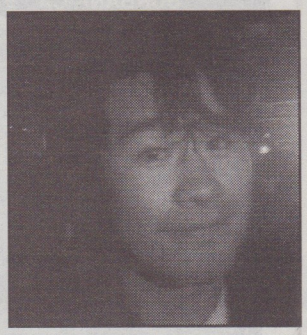


Kyle the Boy, 23, Oakland
The first one that comes to mind is that of Gene Simmons. One, for how he spoke with Terry Gross in his interview on Fresh Air. Two, because he sued King Diamond for stealing his make up design. Three, because he attempted to usurp Ronnie James Dio's ownership of the metal horns symbol within the cannon of rock music, and, four, because he's a sleazy dick.

Helen Degenerate, 25, San Francisco
Led Zeppelin, because they're garbage and it doesn't matter anyway. Okay?

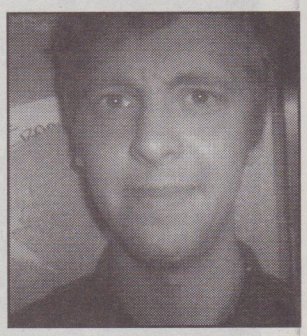
Melissa, 32, San Francisco
I suppose it would be George W. Bush. It wouldn't be because he is an icon of hate, but because he allowed such a disintegration of funding for education.

Ski, 31, Minneapolis
Glenn Beck, because that guy's a piece of shit.



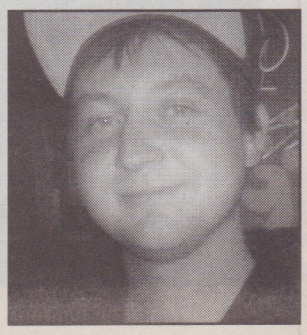
Tosh, 28, San Francisco
Well, I don't believe in gods, but I think Lemmy would be happy if Bono was erased from the surface of the planet.

Aminah Slor, 21, Ghost Town
Stephen Hawkings because we don't gotta know what he's gonna figure out. He knows too much.



Will, 23, Minneapolis
Abraham, for inventing monotheism.

Kyle the Girl, 24, Oakland
Henry Rollins, because I am really sick of Black Flag worship, and I think that there are way cooler things going on, and Henry Rollins is everything that is wrong with punk.



Mike Boo, 29, San Francisco
Oscar Mayer, 'cause who else is going to satisfy my hunger?

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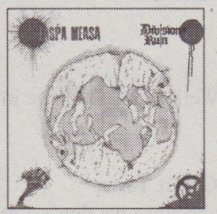
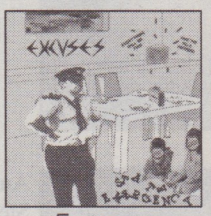


Easpa Measa/Divisions Ruin split LP



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IRELAND SCENE REPORT

by Eric

Deep in the mists of the Atlantic Ocean, on the edge of the Eurasian continent lies a grey and rain soaked island. The Romans, who never managed to conquer this country, named it Hibernia, "The Land of Eternal Winter." Today it is called Ireland. The six counties in the North are still occupied by the British State and the 26 counties of the South are still occupied by the equally corrupt and disgusting Irish State. After a period of huge financial growth in the '00s, Ireland is now descending into the all too familiar realm of economic stagnation and recession. With huge debt, health and social cuts and mass unemployment we have found ourselves once again dubbed one of the "P.I.G.S" of Europe along with Portugal, Greece and Spain.

The economic boom was a time of greed and huge mistakes. Insane corruption was rife. Some things did improve. Schools, drug rehab programs, community centres all received funding that was never there before. However when you look at the millions upon millions that were being made, most of it was going into the pockets of the politicians. They are famous for their blatant thievery all over Europe. It was a time of immense frustration as the poor, who were still poor, were told that everything was fine and they had nothing to worry about. The rich took over streets they had neglected for half a century. The inner city ghettos came down and the yuppies moved in, sort of... In a country where nothing really works as it should, gentrification becomes a muddled science. Now we have inner city neighbourhoods, half "developed" where newly arrived "professionals" tip toe past the derelict buildings to get to the ritzy wine bar, two doors down from the crumbling old boozer and local methadone clinic. A sort of island is created. Essential services and affordable housing is priced out of the area, leaving locals stranded. The promised regeneration projects go bust and never deliver what the yuppies came for in the first place and the entire neighbourhood becomes a dysfunctional human soup.

Heroin nearly killed this city and it is still a visible presence on the landscape, despite the callous government efforts to export it to the outer suburbs. Since the recession kicked in, a new phenomenon of "Ghost Estates" has arisen; housing built during the boom, never finished and left to rot, in a country that has one of the largest per-head homeless populations in Europe. People have, and do, take matters into their own hands though, and allotments and community gardens are springing up on waste ground all over the city as well as countless community based initiatives that provide the services the State refuses to. Somehow this scrambled mess seems to hold itself together and at times Dublin can be a nice place to live. When I've lived overseas I've missed the chaos and uncertainty, the grime and the stink, the gangs of kids who own the streets. But also the fact that the city has boundaries that it can't destroy, like the sea to the East and the mountains to the south and west. That, and the fact that we've got the toughest pigeons on Earth.

So, Dublin can be a loveable, dirty old hole. As for some of the other cities, Belfast is famous for its divided history and chaotic instability, Limerick was recently awarded Europe's homicide capital and Galway is filled with passive-aggressive hippies. Of course it's not all bad, and I fear I am wallowing in the negative. In world terms Ireland is of course a privileged country. There is social welfare, pretty good health care and European passports that get us through most borders in the world.

The tragedy of chronic emigration over the last few hundred years as well as the Famine in the 1800s has meant that we have a very low population. The upside of this is that there is a lot less urbanisation compared to the rest of Europe and we still have incredible areas of undisturbed natural beauty all over the country. There are also thousands of remains of Megalithic and Neolithic stone structures as well as a rich Celtic, and in some parts, Viking history. That said, the government are doing their best to exploit and destroy as much as they can in the name of industry and "progress." (See the ongoing struggle against Shell Oil in County Mayo, and plans to exploit yet more of the gas reserves on the Atlantic Irish coast). There is also huge inequality and real poverty in Ireland, especially regarding the Traveller community. For those who don't know, my best way to explain the term "Traveller" refers to Irish Gipsies, a

people seeking recognition as a distinct ethnic group who have undergone extreme oppression and marginalisation by Irish society.

When speaking of Ireland as a whole, I feel like I have to mention the lingering spectre of Catholicism that hangs above our heads in this country. Firstly I want to ask *MRR* NOT to use that horrible stock picture seen on previous scene reports from Ireland, a picture of a person kneeling in front of a church. What the fuck?! Texas gets a giant hand flipping the bird, Louisiana gets punk pelicans, and we get that!? Ireland, as a society, is definitely still in the grip of the Catholic Church, yes. Last year an age old Blasphemy law was re-imposed with a 25,000 Euro fine. Abortion is still illegal and thousands of women have to travel to the UK every year to receive one. This year also saw the uncovering of yet more cases of chronic child abuse and murder, carried out in religious institutions around the country and sectarian tension is still rife in the North (there was recently a week of riots because of the Loyalist marching season in Belfast). Religious bigotry and control exists in this country. However, we make it our business to resist it, distort it and hate it in our daily lives. So please, do not use a representation of the biggest source of oppression in our country to be a symbol for our punk scene!

There is a strong anti-fascist movement in Ireland and luckily the extreme right-wing is small and unorganised compared to the rest of Europe. This is due, I think, to the fact that Irish Nationalism has always been contrary to the rest of European Nationalism, a form of left-wing resistance, being as we are, a colonised country. However, Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA, is a mainstream political party and a group, as an anarchist, I would want nothing to do with. As for dissident republican groups today, as much as I believe in armed struggle and destroying the current order of capitalism and all that goes with it, I am not about to support a load of power hungry, drug dealing gangsters like the INLA etc. I am always surprised by the romanticism many punks in other countries show towards the IRA and Irish nationalism in general. It is a complicated issue, one which I can't really go into in short. For an introduction to the civil rights movement in 1970s Derry, and how it soon turned into a revolutionary war, try reading Fionbarra O'Dochartaigh's *Ulster's White Negroes*. Another good introduction to these issues would be *Republican Voices,* which is a collection of various views on the political situation in the North.

Now, on to the punx and the punk scene. This report will centre mainly around Dublin, as it's where I'm from and I feel like trying to cover the entire country is too big a task. I will mention the other large cities and their scenes, but forgive my lack of detail.

So, Dublin is quite a small city (about 1.5 million) and home to a strong and growing punk/Hardcore scene. One which I feel grows more urgent and vehement with every day of the current economic recession. There is a great Anarchist social centre called Seomra Spraoi. It is home to Bad Books Anarchist Library, the Forgotten Zine Archive, political meetings, a vegan café, bike workshop, radical film screenings and regular social events and until recently a crèche. We also have a collective practice space know as Karate Klub, which is home to about fifteen bands, a screen print workshop, and fight club. There are many inspiring political collectives in the city including RAG (Revolutionary Anarcha-Feminist Group), Anarchist Black Cross, Ireland Palestine Solidarity Campaign, Workers Solidarity Movement, Anti Fascist Action and Shell to Sea-resistance to the insane repression in Erris, Co. Mayo due to Shell Oil's ongoing refinery construction which has turned a tiny community into a Police State. The last few years have seen huge State oppression, environmental destruction, brutality, prison sentences and even Mercenary activity. Look up http://corribsos.com.

We had quite an active squatting scene a few years ago, but due to police repression and burn-out (once actually literal) it has died off considerably. Due to a Trespass act brought in about ten years ago, the police have the right to break down your door at any time, and arrest those inside whether the building is derelict, privately owned or otherwise There are still some squats around the city, but very low key.

Dublin also plays host to an annual Anarchist Book Fair which has seen hundreds in attendance over the last few years as well as stalls, workshops and talks

BANDS

The DIY music scene here is healthy and host to a veritable vomit-splash of great bands covering a massive spectrum of punk, hardcore, garage, crust, noise, doom, sludge, ska, metal, oi! etc etc. In Dublin we have; DE NOVISSIMIS who play huge crusty Doom/Sludge with ripping fast bits. The vocals sound like a pack of Goblins and Trolls hurling abuse at one another! They recently released a deadly 10" split with WRECK OF THE HESPRUS who play foul, sewage tasting funeral doom. denovissimis.wordpress.com / www.myspace.com/wothesperus

FUCK YOU WRITTEN IN SHIT are stupidly talented punx and play totally over the top GNR / IRON MAIDEN glam punk and will be superstars some day soon. www.myspace.com/fuckyouwritteninshit

EASPA MEASA have been going over seven years and play dual vocal HC Crust influenced by THIN LIZZY and JOBBYKRUST! We recently released a split LP with DIVISIONS RUIN(R.I.P) www.myspace.com/easpameasaband

COMPLAN play fast paced HxC with strong 7 SECONDS influences and raging sing along choruses www.myspace.com/19921131

THIS TONGUE IS POISON have been playing gigs a while now and play intense screamo with ex members of Polish bands SILENCE and ANTICHRIST. silence_sm@wp.pl. A side project from their guitarist Al, and Oly from DIVISIONS RUIN is CLOUDEATER, who have released two CDs of drone/noise with great hand printed art. www.myspace.com/cloundeater

SORT IT OUT play straight up D-Beat with a bit of HC thrown in. Think BASTARD meets HEALTH HAZARD. www.myspace.com/sortitoutpunks

PUTREFACTION play stenchcore mixed with full throttle raw punk. We have a demo tape ("Destroyers") and upcoming LP. Influences would include everything from NIHILIST to BOMBANFALL. direwolf@riseup.net

DRAINLAND are a crushing envoy of noise laden hardcore with vicious pace and intensity. They recently released a split 10" with GRINDING HALT from Sweden and a full length LP. www.myspace.com/drainlanddublin

COLD WAR have been going since '99 and mutated over the years into metal drenched hardcore with ugly guttural vocals and seamless double-kick heaviness. Sadly, a few months ago, one of their founding members, Skinny (R.I.P), passed away…

EXPLODING BIRDS play a kind of ripping power-violence/hardcore with murderous breakdowns and some technical heft that could knock over a house. They recently released a demo tape. www.myspace.com/explodingbirds

KARNAL BUNT have just started playing gigs this year and play a raging mix of dirty sounding hardcore with grind and thrash metal. www.myspace.com/karnalbunt

IRELAND SCENE REPORT

Lashing out the catchy '77 punk are THE DUBTONES, with a heavy whack of STIFF LITTLE FINGERS and some ska/reggae thrown in too. www.myspace.com/dubtonesireland

Watching CROWD CONTROL is just like getting battered with a blunt object again and again... in a good way! What started as straight up negative hardcore has mutated into a death metal inspired juggernaut. It's still hardcore, but hardcore that slays you! They have a demo, a 7" with MOB RULES and an upcoming LP. www.myspace.com/crowdcontrolgo

MONGOLIA have recently returned from touring Australia and play heavy chongo instrumental stoner rock with sick licks and bass to blow out your brain. They have a demo. www.myspace.com/hailmongolia

ESTEL play dark, atmospheric instrumentals driven by guitars and keyboards which has real unsettling energy. I've always wanted to see it played to a horror film.. They've have a lot of releases over the years and a new one out soon I think. www.myspace.com/estelrocks

Recently reformed PARANOID VISIONS are still a bloody nightmare circus of Dublin Punk. They've had countless releases but released two new LPs in recent years. www.myspace.com/paranoidvisions

Newly formed BLUDGEONED play fast paced d-beat metal for the punx! Think SACRILEGE/DETESTATION with ex-members of TOTALLY STOKED who people may know from recent US/CANADA tours. heavychongo@gmail.com

A growling monster from the West, based now in Dublin, ON PAIN OF DEATH bring deathly slow doom/sludge/metal with vocals from the nether reaches of Hell! www.myspace.com/onpainofdeathdoom

20 BULLS EACH play catchy new school Hardcore and have had loads of releases over the years. www.myspace.com/20bullseach

Fresh from a scathing review from one of your writers, FAG ENABLERZ dish out obnoxious HC punk. Pure FEEDERZ worship with a Dublin twang and a nod to the the GERMS. Live shows are the best, when they all dress up like squares and go bonkers. They have a demo tape that has a photo of them looking cool at chateaux de crust. www.myspace.com/fagenablerz

Recently formed CONTORT play fizzed out noise punk crasher crust. Pure love of KURO /CONFUSE/GAI. We are releasing a demo tape soon and touring the UK in November '10 with French noise bastards WARNING/WARNING.
www.contort-punx.blogspot.com

A soundtrack for Dublin hooliganism, THE RUCTIONS play great catchy Oi! / Street Punk with gruff vocals and great sing along choruses. www.myspace.com/ructionsoi

LOOSE NUT are great slow-paced, no frills hardcore. Think early COC/BLACK FLAG. They have a demo tape out now but they will run out fast! www.myspace.com/theloosenut

Getting the award for the worst name in Dublin and playing street punk not far off THE RESTARTS or even 4 SKINS is SEPTIC PUSSY. They have a demo out now. www.myspace.com/septicpussy

FRUSTRATION play fast, stripped down new school hardcore, the vocals have real intensity and feeling with catchy urgent riffs. They recently toured the US and have a tape demo and newly released 7". www.myspace.com/frustrationhc

REALISTIC TRAIN. Ah there's nothing realistic about the Train! Fuckn enormous stoner rock with insane guitar licks! Like bein hit by a locomotive filled with angry unicorns! They have a demo too. I think its in space... www.myspace.com/realistictrain

INFINITE SHURIKANS play snotty melodic punk with obnoxious shouted choruses reminiscent of earlier Irish punk such as THE STEAM PIG. www.myspace.com/infiniteshurikens

DROPPIN BOMBS play ripping spite-filled hardcore with some ska breakdowns. I'd compare them to LEFTOVER CRACK and PROPAGANDHI but they definitely have their own sound and bust out the best d-beats in Dublin too. Seminal '90s Dublin punk outfit STRIKNIEN DC are a big influence as well. They have a new album out now. www.myspace.com/gerrup

Recently welcomed to the Dublin scene, Hungarian/French outfit THE SULTANS play crazy-catchy sugar-Oi! In the style of VANILLA MUFFINS, with ex-members of the DERKOVBOIS and WESTPORT FIRM. www.myspace.com/thesultansdublin

Playing a mix of trad and punk with a bang of THE POGUES off them, long running BLOOD OR WHISKEY have been round the world a few times and released a slew of records. www.myspace.com/bloodorwhiskey

RAZORTOWN are a three lads from legendary Dublin bands STOMACH, SIR KILLALOT and COMPLAN as well as others, who play melodic hardcore with gruff vocals sometimes similar to the likes of LEATHERFACE. www.myspace.com/razortown

APES OF WRATH play melodic hardcore, taking cue from JAWBREAKER or KID DYNAMITE. They have a split out now with STAY RAD who play a similar style of hardcore with really raspy angry vocals. www.myspace.com/stayfuckinrad
www.myspace.com/apesofwrathmofo

FAMINE play epic new-school HxC that has people piling on top of each other to sing along at their gigs. They've an LP out now. www.myspace.com/faminehc

FORCED OUT are another new school HxC band playing a mix of the newer MADBALL style and a bit of early Boston hardcore too but with big production and gang vocals. http://www.myspace.com/forcedouthc

Booze fuelled genius garage punk from these stupidly energetic Dublin veterans. MOUTPIECE are as catchy and tight as a bunch of punx playing this style could ever be. They have an LP with a beautiful picture of their singer/guitar player in his underpants down an alley with his favourite axe. Lovely. www.myspace.com/moutpiece

THE BLIND are filled with hate and play bile fuelled hardcore with a genuine anger and intensity that is hard to find these days. They have a few demos and an EP.
www.myspace.com/theblindhc

GREY MAYHEM play epic electro noise rock with some haunting vocal work. www.myspace.com/greymayhem

I don't even know what to call the insanely technical but catchy shit ADEBISI SHANK have been cranking out for the last few years. Noise rock mixed with '80s synth disco? I dunno. It's good. www.myspace.com/adebisishank

CORNERED mix it up a bit, playing dirty sounding hardcore with angular timing reminiscent of SHANK or BOTCH and vocals dripping in venom. www.myspace.com/corneredhardcore

Oh how to describe LYNCHED? Two brothers banging out a mix of Irish trad and swashbuckling POGUES-ish punk on a guitar, whistle, and uilleann pipes. Their new stuff features Mr Lawless on fiddle too and should be out soon. www.myspace.com/lynched4life

Playing a mix of pop punk and melodic hardcore is FIND A WAY. www.myspace.com/findawayhardcore

HANDS UP WHO WANTS TO DIE play manic noise rock hardcore with technical riffs and rabid intense vocals. They have a new split LP with I'LL EAT YOUR FACE who play blistering tech-grind noise with strange clean breakdowns. www.myspace.com/illeatyourfaceireland
www.myspace.com/theapocalypsehasbegun

SCREW WORLD ORDER are the latest pack of punks to pick up an acoustic guitar and scream their bloody throats out. Two lads shouting from the guts of Dublin and letting you know the hell of it all. www.myspace.com/screwworldorder

TOTAL WAR is a one man project soon to become a full band. Fuckn vehement SIEGE style hardcore filled with eyeball bursting anger, blown out delay vocals and shredding guitar. There's a demo floating around at the moment. www.myspace.com/totalwarhc

Galway

Galway is a very small city with an amazing punk scene. Gigs are always fun filled and virtually spewing energy. Bands from there include, STICK AROUND, who play catchy no frills pop-punk with ex members of amazing melodic HxC band CUT THE REINS, and always play their fuckn hearts out.
www.myspace.com/stickaround

ONLY FUMES AND CORPSES have toured extensively in recent years and play fast paced new school hardcore mixed with the likes of modern crust punk like FROM ASHES RISE. They just released their second full length LP. www.myspace.com/onlyfumesandcorpses

EVIDENCE OF DECAY are a raging new four piece playing rock n roll punk. www.myspace.com/evidenceofdecay/videos

Bringing a thunderous storm of down-tuned, doom-laden hardcore with neo-crust overtones BACCHUS are true heavyweights when it comes to sheer decibels and intensity. They have an EP and spilt 7" with BURNING THE PROSPECT from the UK both with amazing artwork. www.myspace.com/bacchusband

NEIFENBACH bring yet another scorching breath of epic hardcore, with metallic undertones and vocals dripping with venom. They just released a six track CD. www.myspace.com/neifenbach

TRENCHES are a gloomy smouldering giant of experimental sludge hardcore. They have a demo and upcoming EP. www.myspace.com/trenchfootwaste

BLASTERBRA play a tight mix of the Riot Grrl style and some more L7 type stuff. www.myspace.com/blasterbra

BEANZ ON TOAST are a fairly new band playin a mix of punk of the FAT WRECK style and a more dirty LEFTOVER CRACK influence. They just released an album. www.myspace.com/beanzontoastgalwaypunk

Cork

Travelling over 100 miles south to Cork, REVOLUTION OF A SUN play raging metallic hardcore with definite NEUROSIS and CONVERGE influences as well as scalding vocals screamed from a bottomless pit. www.myspace.com/revolutionofasun

Self described "Lounge Metal," EL BASTARDO have been doin' the rounds for quite a while now. I'd say it's a mix between '90s metal and noise rock with some weird lo-fi bits and pure piss and vinegar in the vocals. www.myspace.com/elbastardo
Carrying on the great Cork tradition of unique descriptions, LOS LANGEROS have dubbed themselves "Psychotropic Goat Punk." If goats could play music (and take speed) they probably would make music like this. Especially if TOM WAITS and JELLO BIAFRA joined in. www.myspace.com/loslangeros

Playing melodic punk along the lines of BAD RELIGION or GOOD RIDDANCE is STANTONS GRAVE. Really anthemic stuff that sticks in the back of your head for hours. www.myspace.com/stantonsgrave
CRUIBIN are the newest "boi's" on the block in Cork and dish out an oi! soaked dollop of old school street punk. www.myspace.com/cruibinpunk

Apart from music there is a great new Anarchist bookshop just opened this year in Cork called SOLIDARITY BOOKS. Be sure to buzz in for a visit if you're in town.

Belfast

Finally, the second biggest city on our slowly sinking island, Belfast needs no introduction. Home to the legendary and recently reformed and re-housed WARZONE COLLECTIVE who have over the years run hundreds of gigs, a vegan cafe, info-shop, punk festivals, political actions, a recording studio, workshops and so much more. www.warzonecollective.com/

Belfast has always been oozing punks and skins from every pore, and today is no exception thanks to new blood and long running stalwarts like RUNNIN RIOT, who have been dishing out street punk anthems for fuck knows how long. Too many releases to mention, but if you don't know... get to know! www.myspace.com/runninriotoi

Belting you round the back of the head with more street punk and ska is 1000 DRUNKEN NIGHTS who play catchy, solid tunes with piss-angry lyrics about the state of Belfast today. They just released a CD with great artwork as usual from Darren. http://www.myspace.com/1000drunkennightsbelfast

DWELL IN SUN play down tempo noisy doom/sludge www.myspace.com/onpainofdeathdoom

More down tuned heft from WAR IRON but this time with more sludge and pace and guttural pukey vocals. www.myspace.com/wariron

Taking their cue from the likes of PROPAGANDHI but with a stiff dose of Belfast fury, is the LOBOTOMIES who play tight melodic hardcore punk. They recently toured all over Europe and have a new album out now. www.myspace.com/thelobotomies

Long running purveyors of the heaviest of doom are SLOMATICS. Truly thunderous shit. They have a new split release with SELAAH. www.myspace.com/slomatics

Moving on to the POCKET BILLIARDS who play huge big band ska with sax, trumpet and keyboards. They've a new album out now I think... www.myspace.com/pocketbilliards

Not from Belfast, but north of the border in County Fermanagh, VISCERAL ATTACK play pure '80s Thrash Metal in the vein of NUCLEAR ASSAULT or MUNICIPAL WASTE. five track EP is out now. www.myspace.com/visceralattack

Diabolic prog-metal comes in the form of SCALD, who have released various slabs of murderous noise over the years. Their albums are always accompanied by great artwork and once even came with a piece of Eucharist defiled by the SCALD logo! www.myspace.com/scald

More thrash but this time, but also exploring the realms of DIY fantasy metal, SORCERY dress like wizards and play the

devils music like a fine art. Lyrics about wicked wee wizards and pagan themes like the Drune Lords, this is shit to listen to on mountain tops! www.myspace.com/sorcerythrash

Brand new AGGRESSORS BC are makin' a name for themselves with some amazing sad sounding first wave ska, mixing the likes of THE SKATALITES with SCUM OF TOY TOWN with dual vocals and keyboards. www.myspace.com/aggressorsbc

Finally, WRETCH play seething down-tempo doom with scratchy tortured vocals. They have an EP out now. www.myspace.com/wretchdoom

ZINES

The Zine scene has seen resurgence in recent years owing a lot to the great zine fairs organised by Anto Loserdom and Co. Some zines to mention are;

Unset: Dark, dark poetry and art. Brutal words and fierce thoughts. Thenoise000@hotmail.com

Loserdom – great comic art, stories anarcho-political views, interviews, music etc and often with deadly lookin hand printed covers. loserdomzine@gmail.com

Warzine: the new zine from the Warzone Collective in Belfast. warzonecolllective.wetpaint.com/page/Warzine

The Devil On 45: huge D.I.Y music zine with interesting articles on various cult topics, interviews and more. The devilon45@yahoo.ie

Two Headed Dog: My last effort. Crust punk life, wolf folklore, pen and ink art, indigenous struggle (Australia) and interviews. Comes with a CD of new Irish punk. direwolf@riseup.net

This Frantic Silence: A collaborative zine dealing with issues of depression, anxiety, institutions and suicide. Submissions are needed for issue three! direwolf@riseup.net

Pins&Skins: New punk/ska/HC zine with interviews and gig/record reviews. www.myspace.com/pinsnskins

No Doves Fly Here... Only Bullets: Previously know as D-Beat Beater this is a great white on black rag filled with all things crust and d-beat kang! Always with good interviews and reviews of the latest raw punk shit. www.distroy.webs.com/

Riot 77 is an A4 glossy mag with lots of band interviews, gig reviews, record reviews etc. You can guess the style of punk from the name. riot77magazine@hotmail.com

The Fossil is a new zine with interesting articles on foot binding, depression and more with great comic artwork. fossilzine@gmail.com

A Guide to the Sea Monsters of the River Shannon: As the name suggests, a guide to all things monstrous in Ireland's biggest river. It's also filled with great artwork, as is usually the case with Natalia's projects. sweetolivemissprint@gmail.com

R.A.G Magazine: An impressive A4 zine from the RAG Anarcha-Feminist Collective. The last issue saw articles on topics such as sex work and feminism in Islam. The new issue is set to cover the Witch hunts in Ireland, Widows curses, gender politics of the Black Panthers and loads more. RAG also organise actions and have done a Feminist Walking Tour of Dublin. ragdublin.blogspot.com/

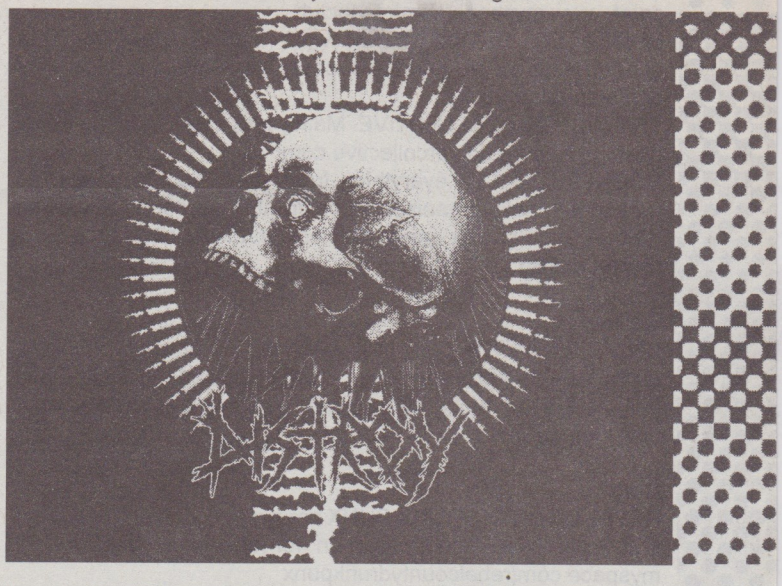
Night of the Locust: Mainly music based and a great introduction to the Irish punk music scene. www.galwaymusic.proboards70.com

No Quarter is Irelands ANTI-FA magazine. It is filled with current news and info concerning anti-fascist struggle and some historical essays.

AFA also produce a monthly newsletter IN THE AREA! www.afaireland.yolasite.com

LABELS

The last few years has seen a significant increase in distros and labels all over the country. DIS-TROY is a great label/distro



based out of Sligo, who have put out records by such bands as PROJECT HOPELESS, GLOM DA, EASPA MEASA, CRESS/BURNT CROSS, EXPENDABLE YOUTH and many more. www.distroy.webs.com/. They also have a great blog of upcoming events, releases etc in the Irish scene and abroad. distro-y.blogspot.com/

STITCHY PRESS is a long running label/print collective that have released records by DE NOVISSIMIS, SEA DOG, KNIFED and many more as well as many independent books and zines. www.stitchypresshq.com/

UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT is another staunch purveyor of all things crust and also metal, with releases such as RESISTANT CULTURE, GUIDED CRADLE, WAR PRAYER and upcoming split between PHOBIA and crushing underground metal ABADDON INCARNATE from Ireland. Ian also runs an impressive distro.

RIMBAUD RECORDS have been around a while now with some impressive releases under their belt including THOU, PROTESTANT, KURSK and LYCANTHROPY. www.myspace.com/rimbaudrecords

THE RICHTER COLLECTIVE have been really active in putting out tons of releases and organising events and festivals for a few years now. Some recent releases include ADEBISI SHANK, BATS and Kilcoole based prog/experimental rock ENEMIES. www.richtercollective.com/

Brand new anarcho punk/crust label based out of Belfast, aptly titled CAR BOMB RECORDS have big plans and have just put out their first release by 1000 DRUNKEN NIGHTS. www.facebook.com/pages/CARBOMB-RECORDS/

SUBURBAN MAYHEM are another great label based out of the gloom of the Dublin suburbs. They've released quite a few records from a wide variety of hardcore, crust and metal including ASH BORER, DIVISIONS RUIN, and upcoming THE BLIND/HEARTLESS split 7". suburbanmayhemrex.blogspot.com/

SADNESS OF NOISE is a fuckn monster of a label/distro run out of Dublin by Skubol of THIS TONGUE IS POISON. He's released countless great records with amazing packaging and artwork including SHADES OF GREY, AFTERBIRTH, PANACEA and NEXT VICTIM . His distro has also introduced many a Dublin punk to great bands from all over the world, from crust to screamo to hardcore. www.myspace.com/sadnessofnoiserecords

PROMOTERS/GIG COLECTIVES

Dublin
RACAN who are into putting on everythin from street punk to crust. www.myspace.com/racanclub
DEMENTED PROMOTIONS who mainly stick to HxC, underground metal, grind and pop punk. www.myspace.com/dementedpromotions
THE RICHTER COLLECTIVE. Mainly noise rock, experimental, post-punk. www.richtercollective.com/
ROCKFEST put on everything from street punk to sludge to garage and have organised some great fests recently including "Wimps and Poseurs Leave the Fest Fest"! www.myspace.com/rockfestdublin

Galway
US VS THEM. This crew have been putting on gigs in Galway under various guises for ever. Everything punk and DIY. Just look at the list of bands on their page! www.myspace.com/usvsthemgalway

Cork
REBEL COUNTY DRUNK PUNX are a gig promotions collective that have been putting shit on for absolutely ages. www.myspace.com/rebelcountydrunkpunx

Belfast
WARZONE GIG COLLECTIVE. www.warzonecollective.com/
Enniskillen
ERNE MUSIC www.myspace.com/ernemusiccollective

Fests
NUCLEAR WINTER FEST is an annual instalment in Belfast and always ensures three days of utter chaos and fun deep in the bowels of the Irish winter.
GGI FEST saw a triumphant return to Ireland this summer, celebrating its seventh year running. The fest comprises of bands from Glasgow, Gronigen and Ireland and seeks to sustain links and friendships between the three scenes. Next year it's back in Gronigen I think.
DEMENTED PROMOTIONS recently put on a great two day hardcore fest in Dublin named LIFE & DEATH FEST, which looks set to continue.

Last words
There is a hell of a lot more going on in Ireland than I have listed here. I couldn't possibly list every band, zine, label etc. For more info on punk activities in Ireland check out eirecore.cjb.net. For more hardcore and and pop punk check out moshspace.com. There is also a thriving underground metal scene here. Check out metalireland.com. An incredible resource is the DIY Irish Hardcore Punk Archive, which has an astounding list of bands dating back from the '70s til today and download links for their music as well as lyrics and artwork. There's also some old Irish fanzines and other info. diyirishhardcorepunkarchive.blogspot.com/

For political actions and news check out www.indymedia.ie
Also worth checking out is SCAIRT RADIO which is posted through PROFANE EXSISTENCE and done by Sean in Co. Donegal. He usually has a new show with a great mix of crust and anarcho-punk and interviews every two-three weeks. www.profaneexistence.org/radio-podcasts/scairt-radio

Sean also does a webzine called Protest Zine and has done amazing crust-as-fuck artwork for many bands. www.myspace.com/protestzine

Beaming its way from West Clare is Loud Fast and Rude radio show brought to you by a voice that sounds like the shipping forcast one minute and Henry Rollins on a bad day the next. Music is all punk, hardcore and metaaaaaaal! www.myspace.com/loudfastrude
Another great punk radio show is THE LOVING ROOM FLOOR by Gazzywazzy playing everything punk and rock with a heavy lean to the garage and r'n'r side of things. I guarantee it'll have you jumping off the couch to the tunes, or rolling around on the floor laughing as the DJ gets steadily more pissed and hilarious. soundcloud.com/moutpiece. Or download previous episodes thelovingroomfloor.blogspot.com

I should also mention KILLER SCREEN PRINT who do incredible t-shirts, patches, badges etc. www.myspace.com/killerscreenprint

Worth checking out is the artwork of Glyn Scrawled, who has been putting out incredible prints for bands and other projects for years including THOU, MELVINS, SUBHUMANS, GRIEF and many more. www.myspace.com/scrawled

Also. If you're in Belfast and want to get tattooed go to Skullduggery Tatu! It's run by Helen, who is an amazing artist and has been part of the punk scene for ever. The shop is covered in bits of car engines so you can't miss it! www.skullduggerytatu.com/

A few more bands I'd like to mention who are scattered around the country or even further include THE FREEBOOTERS some of who, due to the poxy recession, have relocated to London

but still get together to play catchy-as-hell, dual vocal street punk anthems. They have a long awaited album coming out on DISTROY this month. www.myspace.com/irishfreebooters

Another bunch of punx playing great tunes, this time from Sligo and in a more UK82 vain is THE EXCUSES. They have a EP out now. www.myspace.com/excusesireland.

I should also mention that their singer Jasper and his crew have been putting on great events and festivals, with their collective POO PROMOTIONS, in that neck of the woods for years. Always great fun, with an anarcho-political ethic, and punk as fuck. www.poopromotions.com/

Hailing from Letterkenny in Co. Donegal, ZAFARANCHOS play tight garage punk. They have a new cd out now with great looking artwork. www.myspace.com/zafaranchosmusic
From Ballina in Co. Mayo come SECTION 4 who play catchy sing-along reggae/street punk fuelled by Buckfast Tonic wine. www.myspace.com/section4bt

So that's it. This constantly growing, mutant Frankenstein is our punk scene. If you have any questions about this piece or can't get in contact with the above bands, zines, collectives etc, feel free to mail me: direwolf@riseup.net or write to: 3, Dalymount, Rear Mews, NCR, Phibsboro, Dublin 7, Ireland. OR come visit our island some day and fuck shit up with us!

PUNK SYSTEM DESTROY.

forgetters

forgetters is Blake, Caroline and Kevin. Based in New York, New York. Interview happened during Harvest of Hope Festival in March. They'd come down from New York to play in St. Augustine and I was there tabling for Books to Prisoners. The convergence seemed too good to pass up. I knew Caroline and Kevin already from Gainesville, and met Blake when we played together in December. We did the interview outside at Castillo de San Marcos after a casual brunch. Kevin joined us about midway in.

Interview by Travis Magoo.
Photos by Dave Saunders

MRR: How did y'all meet?

Caroline: Wow.

Blake: Umm…

MRR: We can move forward on these questions. Let's say you already knew each other. So why did you decide to play music together?

Blake: I don't think it was a "decided to." It was more of an experimented practice. Things happened pretty quickly with the chemistry of the three of us playing. So it was a trial and little error. I feel it was pretty intuitive in terms of me having some song ideas and us all moving in on them. That seemed clear immediately, that we could work with each other.

Caroline: I honestly just thought that you and Kevin would get along really well together.

MRR: So, Caroline, you're the link?

Caroline: Yeah but Kevin has such a particular style of drumming that it seemed like it would work.

Blake: He's such a dance-oriented drummer, and having him come in during the peak of summer and go into dance mode almost immediately was really exciting. Songs that I thought were lugubrious and morbid now had this propulsive, house undertone.

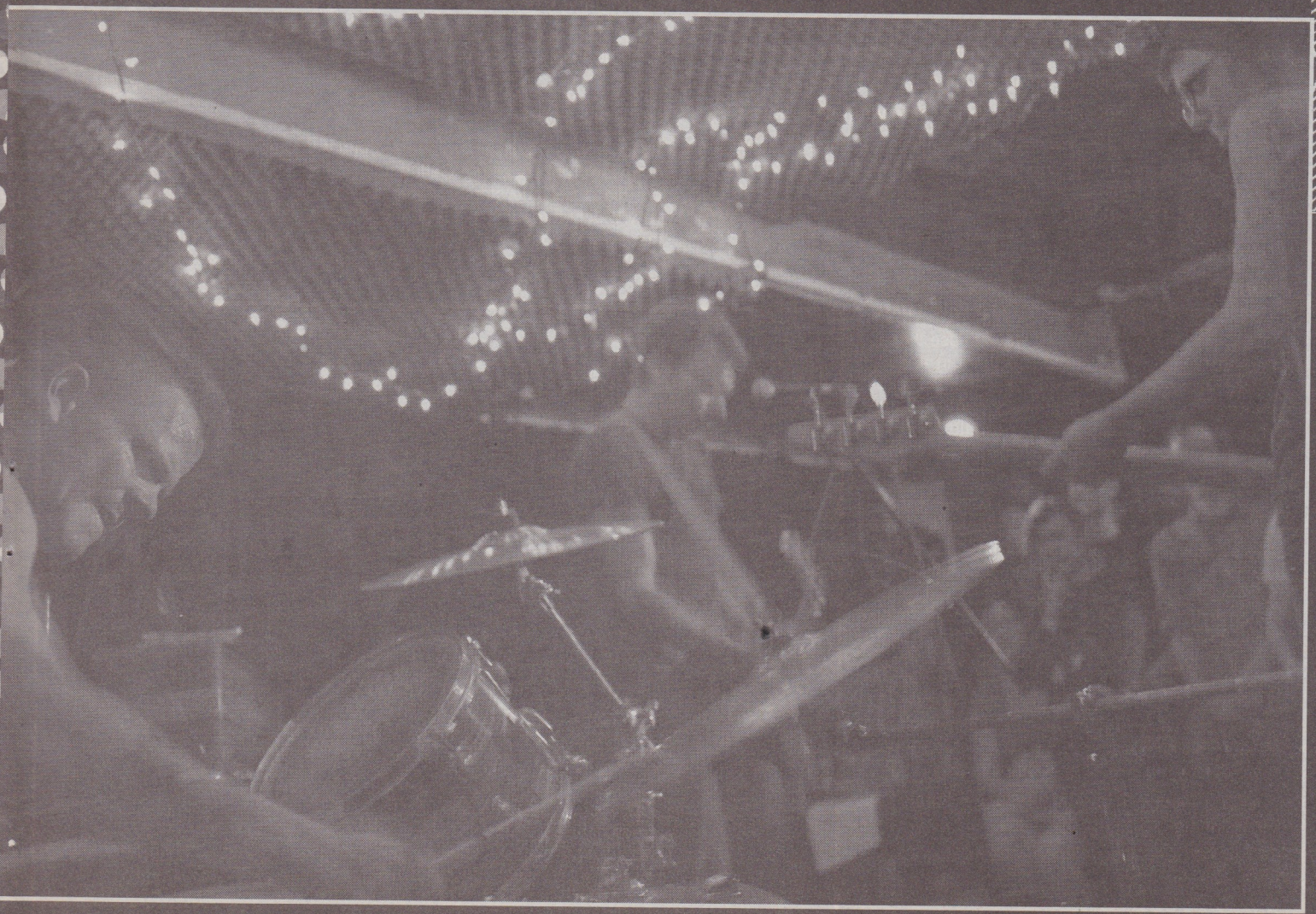
MRR: Blake, did you bring older songs into it or did you want it to be completely fresh?

Blake: No, I had a number of songs that were up in the air. That was something to start with. Happily, we started writing as soon as they were learning the old songs.

MRR: How would y'all say that living in New York shapes your songs or your approach?

Caroline: It makes everything harder. Just getting to practice sometimes. The practice space is a shithole. It's too expensive to have a car. There's a tradeoff though. It's hard to get around but there's more playing opportunities compared to other places.

Blake: It focuses you too because it is so difficult to actually have a practice and get there and then stay in the place because it's so wretched. It's not like, *"Oh, we have a house and we get together and play whenever we want."* That sort of open-ended writing space I've always envied but never had. This makes me do my homework before practice so I at least have some ideas each time when we have those



few hours together.

Caroline: We practice twice a week.

MRR: This next question may be too much but I want to ask how forgetters is different, or how you want it to be different, from previous bands. (Awkward, pregnant silence) I mean, the burden of the past. Each of you having a pretty storied and public history… If that's something y'all even want to get into. I don't want the question to reflect negatively on others.

Blake: Well, I realize that I only have one way of writing songs. I trust the part of me that says this is now a song we can play in front of others. That in a sense releases me from any debt I owe to the past. I just need to know that it's good enough to be a song. If I was to go beyond that I'd be paralyzed because of expectation or whatever that is.

Caroline: Not that I'm a different person now but I'm just older. I live differently and I want a different jimmer-jam.

<a majestic sea pelican flies by>

Caroline: That's my spirit animal right there. Right now there's not much of a separation between my personal life and playing music and making art. It's all tied in and I live in a pretty specific way. I feel like many people are unhappy and it's tied into a lot of things like food and different health things. You can be happier and I want to get that out there. I want to be more of a positive influence rather than partying and drinking. Not that there's anything wrong with that per se, I just don't associate with that. Not that my previous bands were known for that. Just acknowledging that it's okay to take care of yourself too! Sometimes that's not an acknowledged thing.

Blake: I ran up against this a lot with people who just don't understand why we do things the way we do. In terms of doing things ourselves or doing things cheaply, people are critical of that. They have a strange reaction, almost offensively so, that shirts would be under $12. They seem scandalized that we could ask for more but we're not. Almost as if these products were tainted in some way. And I'm not in any way ready to explain or argue with someone about this. I'd rather it just be out there.

Caroline: Yeah, and they're handscreened, mostly by me.

MRR: I imagine this applies also to booking your own shows.

Caroline: I've heard that we're snobs because we don't have our own Facebook. Stuff like that. There was a very conscious decision not to do that kind of stuff. Not because it's necessarily bad but because it's stressful to maintain and maybe that's not the medium or forum. I don't want to just engage on the internet. We have a PO Box and are trying to bring things back into a tangible world.

MRR: It's not like you've completely eschewed the internet. Blake, you had that public letter.

Blake: I'm always looking for ways to use those outlets. I just don't want to use them in a way that consensus has decreed. I disagree that just because you can have a MySpace page for your band that you should. It can invalidate projects because everyone has one. If we all have one that's not necessarily equity or parity.

Caroline: It was interesting in Tampa. (*note*: forgetters played at Skatepark of Tampa the day before Harvest of Hope.) At our table I brought some of my own art and I'm totally into sliding scale. Because if people want it then I want them to be able to have it. If they have enough to pay, that's great, but if not that's cool too. I had a kid who didn't know what sliding scale was. I explained it to him and I could see it exploding in his head like "This is *wild*." It's interesting to me because I've been in this certain zone for so long where sliding scale is the norm. I find that people are more generous when it's sliding scale.

MRR: I think it is radical because it implies a trust in people.

Caroline: If somebody does want to "cheat me" out of it, then whatever. I don't necessarily care.

Blake: That's interesting to me because the radical trust that you're talking about is (without having thought about this in any formal way) what in some part I try to do lyrically as a songwriter. I know this from teaching experience, a little bit, that it's always questions. People have been frustrated by my being unclear. Feeling that I'm not communicating in a straightforward manner. Deliberately fussy [laughs.] The trust is that if I have ideas and I'm putting them out there then they're asking you questions. They're not telling you things. We can relate that way and it can be more of a challenge.

MRR: Okay, so this goes back to earlier when y'all stayed at my house and we spoke about not talking before songs. Not necessarily explaining every little bit. Trusting the listener.

Blake: Yeah, that's right.

MRR: Okay, Kevin, before you got here I was asking how y'all met and how this band was different from previous musical projects. How NY influences the band.

Kevin: I agree with what was said here. I'd like to focus on playing music and not so much on connecting with people in ways that are commercial.

Blake: I don't even know if they're commercial. They're just mediated by a third-party, and we have to communicate under the auspices of a host-site. Or this venue. I'd question what the value of that third-party is at this point. I know there's kids trapped in these faraway places and to be able to engage in a world outside their town that that's huge and powerful as a first-step. Communicating first-person across the world is pretty fascinating. Somehow it's been reduced though to these three aggregate sites where one goes to do culture. That part I find really disgusting. And an idea-ender. Suddenly when you're in the realm of the host-site, the ideas tend to get narrow and on-the-nose a bit.

MRR: Do you find it comparable to when in the '90s bands were signing and there was the Wal-Mart argument?

Blake: That was always a bullshit argument and I will say something even more controversial.

MRR: Please do!

Blake: It was a bullshit argument and yet it totally worked. I know this from Jawbreaker doing a Geffen record. It didn't work for us, obviously. We didn't become stars. Or wealthy. But the records did disseminate very widely through some unlikely commercial outlets. Ten years later there were people who got into it through these other ways. It was never what we thought it would be. None of us thought that *"if we just get to the*

mall…" But there was some trickledown.

Caroline: I don't know how to explain it without sounding fucked up, but I don't think everything has to be accessible to everyone all the time. I've just noticed with shows, with people recording on camera phones. At shows now some people aren't really even present. Bring it back into the real, the now!

Blake: We're not recording this, are we? We're doing this for us, now, right?

(Laughter)

Caroline: I'm going to remember someone from talking, not from some email. Most of my life is taken care of via the internet so it's not like I'm claiming to be a luddite who doesn't use the computer.

MRR: How awkward has it gotten as far as people videotaping and photographing? I've been to two of your shows so I have some idea how thick it gets.

Blake: It's just there. It just is. I think I'm less aware of it now because it is so omnipresent. The first few shows we'd all talk about it.

Caroline: I just think it's annoying. I have a background in photography and being behind the camera. All these voyeuristic scenarios. I didn't quit doing photography but I feel it can be false if you're constantly filtering your memories through this image. I know in New Orleans when we were playing there I was really happy to be at Nowe Miasto, at a friend's warehouse which had been rebuilt since the hurricane, and it was really emotional for me to be there, there were some people that were pretty drunk and really adamant about recording it. So adamant that they wouldn't make more space for me. Stuff like that seems…unfun.

Blake: I worry too that if we're too conscious of it and have to fight it overtly that we give it a certain amount of power. Like this interview becomes about how fucking lame the internet is. That's less time we have to create artwork and alternatives. It's just like traffic.

MRR: Yeah! So, tell me about choosing the name forgetters.

Blake: Re: our earlier discussion about explaining ideas. It's much better as a cipher; the implications of what a word like that is. Overdetermined memory and historicizing events. I like that word to be out there as a cryptic, cone-like thing. Threatening.

MRR: I came across the word last week when I was reading Ralph Ellison's *Three Days After the Shooting*, the posthumous compiling of his work. It never came out as a novel but in the first hundred pages he says that we are a nation of great forgetters. An intentional obfuscation.

Blake: That's really beautiful. When we agreed that this would be the name, more or less agreed to the name, I then wrote to my dad and he said we were a nation of forgetters. Which was great as a me-and-dad moment in that we are forgetters all. We look at the papers and how quickly and earnestly we forget things we don't want to know about. I was really happy that my father would pick up on that immediately. I don't know that he read the Ellison book yet.

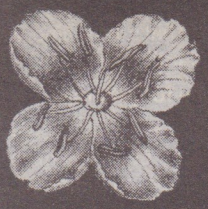
MRR: How about an intentional lowercasing? Or not being "The Forgetters"?

Blake: That might have been me being fussy.

Caroline: The Forgetters sounds too much like a bar band. It implies a wastedness, like *"Heyy, The Forgetterzzz!"* It looks better lowercase.

Blake: Why not be difficult and have a shifting rule-system? Not to be cruel or confrontational but I think its alright being a little slippery.

MRR: Fussy has a certain connotation. Not difficult or hardline or an asshole. But show-wise I think it's okay to insist upon all-ages



or smoke-free. Is it you as an individual being fussy or a larger responsibility that you feel?

Blake: I think once you make that first choice to be a band, to play a show, then you've chosen to engage in a totally uncertain environment and it's going to be case-by-case scenario. Not with a rule book. Sliding scale.

MRR: Okay, so y'all are recording soon? Or you already did?

Blake: We did. Four songs for a 7" that we will be putting out. Hopefully by the time you transcribe this.

MRR: You're going to put it out yourselves?

Blake: Yeah.

Caroline: We recorded in Brooklyn, with Jeremy [another ex-Gainesvillain.]

Blake: It was intense. We recorded it in bursts after work. Running late into the night and trying to catch all the details. In a way I feel it was our demo since it was the first time we all recorded together. Trying to remember what that process was like and how it could be different.

MRR: Was it difficult to choose the four songs? I know the format necessitated fewer songs.

Blake: No, we just went with four we were really excited about at that moment. It was pretty automatic. We did one that we barely knew and then three that were our cannon.

Kevin: It was really like a demo because we chose four songs representing the spectrum that we cover. It came easily but I don't know that it was totally coincidental. The soft song then the rager…

MRR: Was it difficult to choose how many to press, or have you decided that yet?

Blake: We haven't. So it hasn't been difficult.

Caroline: I'm working on the artwork now. It's been a process but a collaborative one.

Kevin: We each drew what we wanted in the layout and luckily they were all pretty similar. I'm not used to working that democratically on projects. It's not the fastest way but it does feel pretty good at the end of the day.

MRR: Caroline, I know how much effort you had put into the Bitchin' / Onion Flavored Rings 7" years ago…

Caroline: Oh gawd…

MRR: Are you going to screen print this one, or is it going to be on the Risograph?

Caroline: Oh, hell no. It'll be printed four-color. This would be too insane to screen print. I'm totally fine with printing shirts but if we really wanted to put out a lot of records and have them look a certain way then I can't do it. I'm getting really fed-up with screen-printing in New York. I've thought about printing the guts on the Risograph but I need to find a job! I appreciate when a band can do everything on their own whether it's because of necessity or its because they feel its really important. But you have to understand your limits as a person. I don't have a papercutter so I'd have to walk over to Cristy Road's house and use her papercutter. But I'm excited. It's going to look tight.

MRR: I was in line yesterday and ran into Drew DeMaio. He mentioned that he really wanted to see your set but had to take a flight back to NY for work. He was like, "I want to see them but they're always playing these shows that I only hear about afterwards." Is that something y'all run into often?

Caroline: We played at the Bowery. That's pretty big. Not him in particular but there has been commentary about basement-shows.

Blake: We don't self-publicize much. At this phase we don't aggressively play showcases. Part of that fault might be ours. We just play the shows that seem interesting and that we can do. We post on our blog about it. But we're not this viral operation. Basically, what we're saying is that this isn't fair. We live in an unfair society. Some shows are too small and not everyone can get it. Some shows are too big and not everyone can afford them. There's always going to be a problem.

Caroline: Some shows are too small to put on the internet. Too many people show up and jeopardize the host's living space.

Blake: Or step on my pedals.

Kevin: People understandably have expectations but we've never declared that we're going to meet those expectations. I don't really understand that. If I don't call you to hang out on Saturday then you can't get angry about us not hanging out on Saturday!

Caroline: Yes, we are a band and do this thing. But we're all individuals with highly-complicated lives in which we're all trying to work.

MRR: Caroline, you and I have already talked about this, but do you want to address being a woman and playing in this band. Can you speak in your womanimal language for us to understand?

Caroline: Good thing you brought Meredith, a female translator!

Blake: F to M translation.

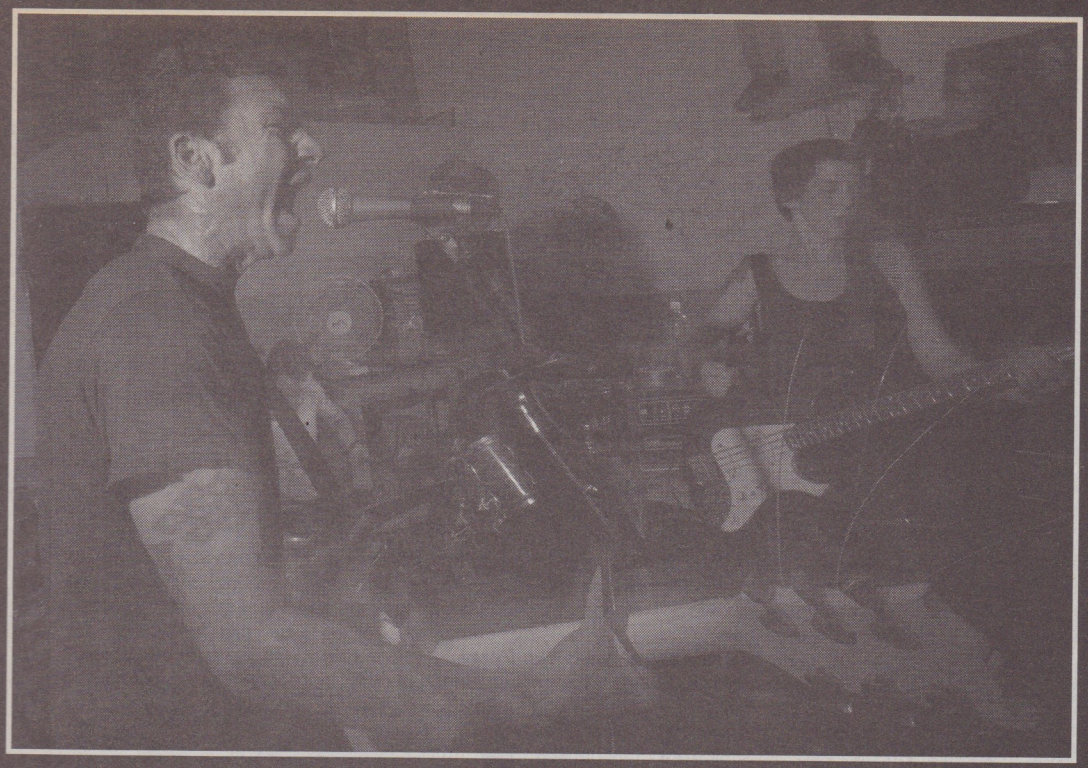
Caroline: Well, do you have a specific question?

MRR: Have there been unforeseen frustrations with this band, or do you think it's just typical of the scene?

Caroline: I don't know if we have a scene. We do a lot of different things. The gender issue in music in general whether its punk or whatever has always been highly problematic for me. And we're not even getting into sexuality or anything like that. Just straight-up gender. Not sexuality, not race. It was difficult in Bitchin' because we were two-thirds women and still called a "chick band". Which I thought was always unfair to Todd. In this band it's interesting because it's now two-thirds men. My bandmates have been in some bands that people recognize. I don't expect people to recognize Bitchin' because we weren't in any way as large as either of their previous bands. But I do think it's strange when I'm referred to as an artist, like I came out of thin-air when I feel pretty rooted in the U.S. network of people.

MRR: Network is a much better word than scene.

Caroline: It's been interesting. There's always some comments that



I don't appreciate. With my bandmates I don't ever feel like there's inequality.

MRR: And not to sound obvious here but Kevin and Blake, y'all observed this too?

Blake: Yeah. I hear more of it from Caroline. Things that are just environmental for me she experiences firsthand.

Caroline: I'm trying to be gracious. I don't think it's my job to teach people about any of this. They should just *know* it but I think many don't. When people have said some comments that I didn't like I've tried to politely explain why its problematic. Or just not engage. I was more combative before but right now I feel like I just don't have the time for it. My background is more gender-fluid. No one's saying, "Oh shit you play pretty good for a lady." It's only a tiny scene that would think that's a compliment. I don't think it's ever going to be away. It's too ingrained in society! Our sick society! When our buddy Colin is on tour with us then I think a lot of people think that I'm the girlfriend. Or like I'm merch-lady.

Kevin: I totally see that when we're meeting other bands.

Caroline: I'm just used to introducing myself to everyone in a group. It's a social skill. Being open to the world and meeting people.

MRR: How do y'all decide what to say yes or no to, offer-wise?

Blake: Thankfully we have so many constraints on us right now that it makes sense not to consider a certain swath of those offers just because they're across the country. Then there's those where they fly you out and we have to consider it those are going to be productive and fun. Or is it going to be a spectacle. I don't want to do anything that isn't justified by what we've done ourselves as a band.

MRR: Blake, I saw this at the Philadelphia show but how often do you recite a poem as a mic-check?

Blake: We don't often get mic-checks but I used to do it fairly often as a way to get into my own headspace. To remind myself of great outrageous language from the past. So I use stuff that almost no one can understand, including myself. I love it. I love reciting Keats and staring into someone's eyes and seeing the terror in them.

Caroline: I find it really grounding. I'm into it when that happens because I have my own personal rituals to be ready to play. We do take it very seriously. We don't drink before we play. We want to play and play well. When he recites poetry I feel like we're all in it tight together.

Blake: It creates a slight space where the music can begin. Even with the fests, with 160 groups standing in front of strangers and trying to impart ideas or wow them; whatever their reasons, it's always a pretty strange thing. We're all weird, hurt, great people to stand up in front of a bunch of mostly strangers and say "I made this." I only say that to explain why bands have rituals and superstitions because it does help to have a form to prepare yourself. "Guard us for the next hour."

Caroline: What did my dad call it? A universal total zone. When we play we can lock in and create a fucking zone. You have to be really ready. I used to drink before I played, out of nervousness or just because I like to drink a lot. Now I want to feel like I'm playing.

MRR: Have any of your parents seen this band play?

Kevin: My parents came to the Tampa show. I thought I'd be nervous but it went fine. I mean, they're my folks and they came to see my play the drums. But my dad was like, "I thought you played on buckets. I remember you practicing and you weren't very good. You must've been practicing." That was enough.

Caroline: My older sister and brother-in-law have come out and they're into it. He's played accordion in a band that tours Europe a lot so he's somewhat familiar. They were like, "shit yeah, this rules" which was nice. My little sister came to the previous St. Augustine show.

MRR: She was at Knobby's beach bar!

Blake: She stood right in front. About two feet in front of the crowd. Pretty bold.

Kevin: And there were some gnarly fuckers at that show.

Caroline: Before, with Bitchin', my dad would talk about us being high-energy music. He's kind of into the biker community, and he'd try to get us to play his friend's bar at some wild battle of the bands shit. Now I think it would be RAD. When we stopped by on this last tour he got all introspective. He started talking about our "magical synergy." I was amazed he was using that language. He could appreciate the free-spirit nature.

[Park ranger interrupts telling us they're about to shoot off one of the historic cannons into the ocean. We stop talking and wait for the bang.]

Blake: Please make note of the cannon and the pelican.

Caroline: Maybe don't mention the spirit animal. I'm not sure I'm ready to share that with everyone.

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HANK IV

Hank IV are an anomaly. On one hand they have that been-there, done-that knowledge that is the result of being involved in the scene for so long. On the other hand they maintain a righteous we-do-whatever-we-want-because-it-doesn't-matter-what-the-fuck-you-think-about-our-music attitude usually associated with inexperienced youth. They could easily sell-out, but they couldn't really sell-out if they wanted to. And that is just fine with them. Their third album HIV III will be out November 2010 on Siltbreeze records.

Interview by Carolyn Keddy
Photos Mark Murrman

MRR: So Hank IV? Why don't you first tell me how the band got together?

Anthony: Bob and I are staring at each other semi-meaningfully. It started at the Casanova Lounge over many, many cocktails at the bar. The concept for the band was created on a bar napkin.

MRR: Is that a good place to create a band?

Anthony: Yeah, that vortex where the bar juts out and kind of keeps the front parts separate from the back parts, that area is pretty much where every band I have ever been in has formed. The taint of the bar is where the magic happens.

Bob: A lot of bands get formed, but very few get carried out. That's why we had to get it down on a napkin so we wouldn't forget it. The next day we had notes.

MRR: So that's how you survived.

Anthony: We have a napkin with a bunch of different variations of the HIV logo.

MRR: And why HIV?

Anthony: So when Hank Williams grandson Hank the Third has a kid that kid cannot grow up to be Hank IV. It's that easy.

Bob: You saw that on the internet, didn't you?

Anthony: Probably.

Bob: *96 Hours* asked that same question.

MRR: Oh, really?

Bob: You got scooped by the *Chronicle*, Carolyn.

Chris: What's in a name?

Anthony: They're asking the hard question over at the *Chron* for a change. They're asking Hank IV the hard questions, but they're playing softball with Caltrans and the Bay Bridge.

Bob: They're asking the hard questions as opposed to other publications who've asked what the lyrics are about in a song that is an instrumental.

Chris: And what's you favorite spoon?

Anthony: I think it was what's your favorite time to spoon?

Chris: Oh any time really. You've got to set aside a good hour.

MRR: On tour or something.

Bob: Chris and I spoon on this couch.

Scott: Anthony, Chris and I slept head to toe a la Three Stooges style in a bed in Italy.

Chris: Every morning we were serenaded by a stonemason working next door, gently lulling us awake with traditional Italian folk songs.

Anthony: I didn't realize "That's Amoré" was such a big hit in Italy as it is here in America.

Chris: Dean Martin.

Bob: I thought the sleeping arrangement was left in Bologna.

Anthony: Not anymore.

MRR: Does it drive you guys crazy when people are talking about you in the press?

Bob: That drives us…I just wanna say I am driven crazy with all of the mentions and talk of Hank IV in the press.

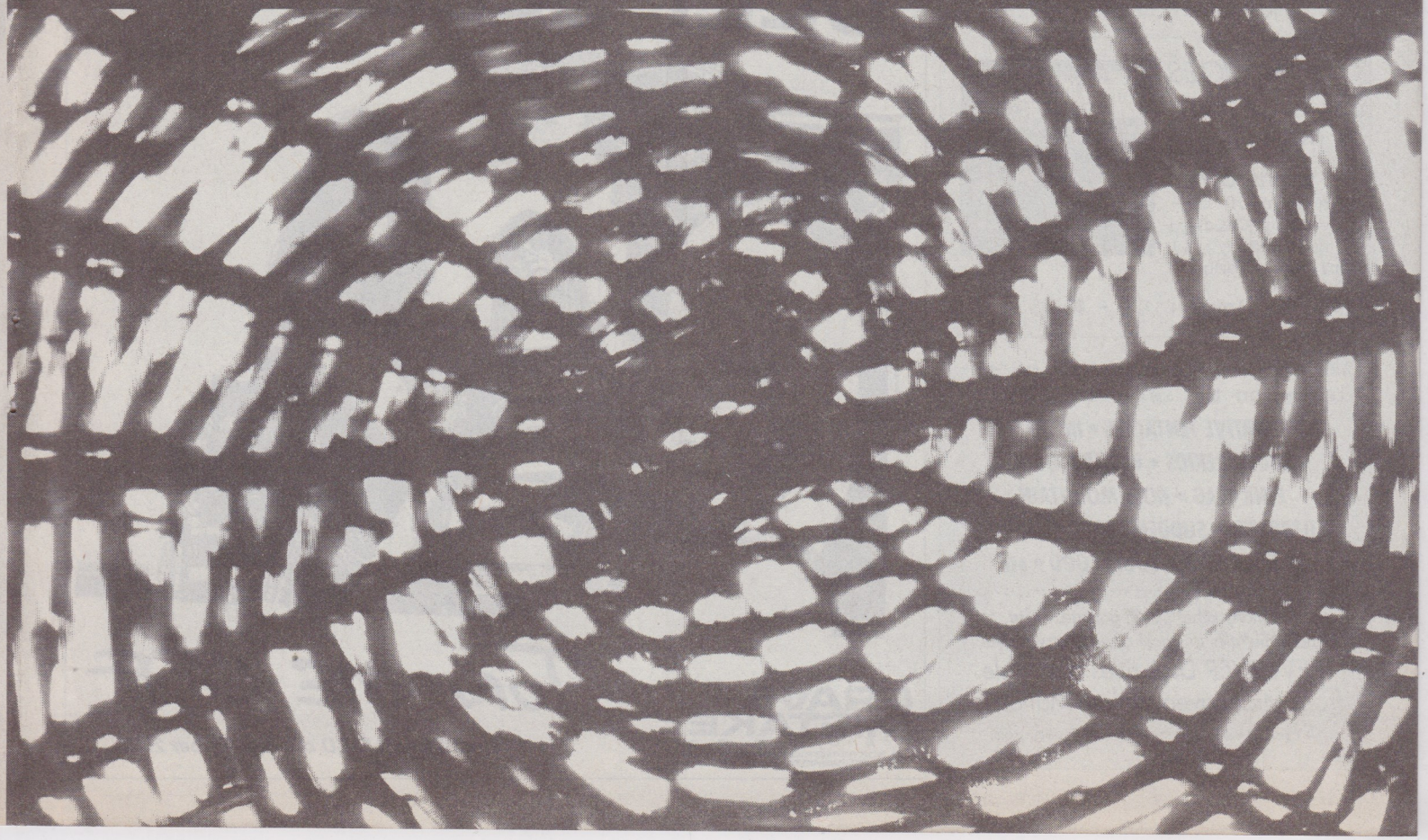
MRR: No. Whenever they mention you in the press they always say that you guys are older punks.

Hank IV are:
Bob McDonald – vocals
Anthony Bedard – guitar & vocals
Andy Oglesby – guitar
Chris Portfolio – bass
Scott Jones – drums

Chris: Well, they're not lying. They're pursuing honesty in journalism.
MRR: Why do they point it out?
Anthony: Goddamnit. Another publication with a fact checker. I thought they got rid of the fact checker during the great journalistic editorial purge of 2009. I think it's more of a novelty thing.
Chris: I didn't appreciate the comment that there were pieces of dirt younger than Hank IV.
Anthony: Older than dirt, somewhat younger than the sun.
Chris: I don't know. I like it. It's nice to be able to appall younger people a little bit.
MRR: Do you appall them?
Chris: Frequently.
MRR: In what way?
Chris: I don't know. Just that open slack-jawed kind of uhhhhh.
Anthony: They appall me.
Chris: Yeah. They appall us, so that feeling is mutual.
MRR: What do you do about it?
Chris: Play.
Anthony: Bob ramps up the dance moves.
Chris: He finds that special someone.
Bob: Act degenerate.
MRR: What do people think of you dance moves?
Bob: I guess they seem to like them.
MRR: Yeah.
Bob: It doesn't really matter I'm not stopping at all.
Anthony: I'll say this, the word "riveting".
Chris: Yeah. That about covers it.
Anthony: Pretty much wraps it up.
Bob: They usually say like "Wow, you sure were up there."
Chris: "You guys were doing it."
Bob: "On that stage alright."
Scott: What did Sadie say about you the first time?
Bob: She said she felt bad for me.
Chris: She's our first drummer's daughter.
Bob: She was eight or nine at the time.
Anthony: Our first drummer's eight-year-old daughter.
Chris: She felt embarrassed for Bob.
Anthony: She was embarrassed.
Chris: Not for herself though, but for Bob. She's very astute.
Anthony: So I think, you know, maybe a lot of people who see us they're either embarrassed for us starting around age eight and you either never get over it or…
Bob: People were just kind of waiting to see if I would eventually get hurt and I actually did.
Anthony: You didn't let them down.
MRR: But it didn't stop you, right?
Bob: No. I finished the show, writhing in pain.
MRR: What show was it?
Chris: With Pierced Arrows at Bottom Of The Hill. What was? It two years ago now?
Bob: Yeah.
Anthony: On the second song of the set, Bob jumped up in the air and did a mid-air shimmy pivot with a half-pike twirl.
Bob: A half-pike Watusi.
Chris: A lot of people don't realize there's quite a bit of Bob Fosse in what Bob does on stage.
Anthony: A quarter-nelson with a shake 'n bake.
Chris: Remember that movie *All That Jazz* with Roy Scheider?
Anthony: This is *Hank IV - All That Jizz*.
All: ewww.
Bob: That'll stop me.
Anthony: Yup, you're over.
Chris: An image of a Hazmat containment barrel pops readily in my mind's eye.
MRR: Tell me about what you are recording right now.
Chris: Well, you know, Scott is under the deadline of an imminent family expansion as it were and we wanted to get down…We had about seven new songs that we've been playing live for about six months. We were really tight as a band so we said let's just take what we got and record it instead of coming back to it later in a few months. And so we did.
Anthony: The stultifying truth.
Bob: Because we can.
Chris: Yeah, because we can.
MRR: Was it like the last recording session?
Chris: We didn't take as many breaks.
MRR: Did you guys rile Bob up like you like to do?
Chris: Toward the end everyone was getting riled.
Bob: I wasn't.
MRR: I'm sorry Bob hates it when I mention it.
Bob: I haven't had my riling moment yet because I haven't done my part.
MRR: Oh, you haven't.
Chris: We'll put him in the vocal room and get him singing. It's just us talking to him through headphones for a good couple hours and there'll be a bit of riling going on.
Bob: I expect to be pissed.
Chris: We try to send him in there in a bad mood, just gradually pick away at what he's doing during the course of the day. Then, the magic happens.
Scott: We're taking advantage of this whole chill building production facility business. What you're soaking up. We had the ability to do this one ourselves and just kind of wanted to go at our own pace.
Chris: It turned out to be faster than the last time recorded. Well, for the basic stuff.
MRR: Are you recording it all yourself?
Scott: Yup.
Chris: Well, I'm nervous, everyone has to sign off on it.
MRR: But you're doing it yourself?
Chris: Yeah, I'm the person. I'll take responsibility for that.
Bob: Yes, you will.
Chris: When we recorded with Tim Green last year, we just kinda couldn't get over the fact that we showed up, set up and he said "let's take a break."
Anthony: Tim Green said more than once "So, uh, you guys want to take a break and actually do some recording now?"
Bob: No.
Anthony: I'll say Chris is an excellent engineer, but one thing he doesn't quite have is the back catalog of in-between-song spoken-word moments between band members. Tim Green basically has an entire library of every band he has ever recorded. He's got the Nixon tapes of the recording world.
Bob: All the arguments.
MRR: Does he let you listen to them?
Chris: He'll pull some.
Anthony: The arguments, the commentary.
Chris: It rivals when Al Kooper would run tape in between session and he would put out vinyl, maybe like a hundred copies every Christmas, of what he would just call a comedy record. It was all these bands just imploding in the studio.
Anthony: Tim Green is sitting on a quite a collection of blackmail material, but he doesn't play you everything that he's got. He kind of tailors what he plays to the specific band that's in the studio at that time.
Scott: He picked the right band for us.
Anthony: Yeah.
MRR: What did he pick for you?
Scott: We can't say.
MRR: Maybe later, off the record?
Anthony: We've already said too much.
MRR: Wow.
Chris: You can't breach that trust otherwise the whole thing will go away. But it's nice because you listen to it and you think, "Well thank Christ that's not us."
Bob: I want to know who he's played us for.
Anthony: Yeah, exactly. We're being held out as some abject object lesson.
Chris: Even our bitter arguments usually just resolve to some foot gazing and passive aggressive just "mmmmmmm". A lot of

hurumping and…
Bob: I'm going outside.
Chris: Yeah. I need a smoke. But you don't smoke. Oh, I'll just go outside then.
Bob: I'm smoking right now.
MRR: Do you guys mostly get along?
Chris: Oh yeah. We were friends before.
Anthony: (laughs) We were friends before, but that's (singing) all over now.
Scott: We're willing to put it to the test. That's why we formed a band.
Anthony: (singing) Oh, we used to be friendly…
Chris: I think we already put our various friendships to the test in situations outside of the band. So we already kind of knew what the tensility was. It was like, a band? That will be easy.
Bob: As long as we're never in the band longer than getting the hope.
Chris: That's kind of a given, that's kind of part of the age thing. Like I'm never getting in a van and driving across country anytime in my lifetime.
MRR: But you guys go on tour, right?
Chris: Well, kind of.
Bob: A weekend.
Chris: We go on rock-cations. It's an out-of-pocket, personal growth experience.
Anthony: It's like outward bound for a bunch of aging, degenerate, alcoholics.
(everyone laughs)
Chris: That's really a nice encapsulation actually.
Anthony: But the difference being a lot of those people in outward bound they never make it back.
MRR: But you guys all did.
Chris: If we were younger I suppose we would tour. But we all have pretty responsible jobs, we just can't. We have to stay with what we can do and how we live.
Anthony: Someone asked Nick Cave "Is Birthday Party ever going to get back together?" Nick Cave just looked at the guy with this withering look and said, "Birthday Party was a young man's game."
Bob: And one of them is dead.
Chris: I remember seeing the Bad Seeds when they did that Lollapolooza and they played at like three in the afternoon. It was weird in the daylight and all these kids were like, "Who's that guy?"
Anthony: When I was at Ozzfest, all of a sudden this band came on, the stage spun around 180 degrees and this band started playing. The thousands of kids around me all jumped up and started singing along and I said, "Who is this?" It was Papa Roach.
(laughs)
Bob: I like Papa Roach.
Anthony: They were good. I'm going to finish hanging myself here in *Maximum Rocknroll*. Papa Roach were better than Marilyn Manson at Ozzfest. There it is. Good night.
MRR: Have you guys played opening for a younger band where everyone just kind of looked at you?
Andy: The Ted Leo show was kind of like that.
Chris: Yeah.
Anthony: But he's kind of our age.
Chris: When we played at the Knitting Factory in New York with Mudhoney, it was an all ages show.
Anthony: Oh, yeah.
Chris: They have a door to the stage and it's got a glass window in it. Bob and I were standing and we're thinking it's one-way glass, like a mirror on the other side. There's all these kids in the front row like sixteen years old. Then we realize it is not one-way glass when they all look at us and they're like "hey".
Bob: While we were playing there were two different couples right in front of the stage making out through our whole set.
Andy: Hank IV, music for lovers.
MRR: That always happens when I DJ at the Casanova. There's always a couple making out on the couch.
Chris: That's the Casanova. They'd be doing that if there was dead silence.
Scott: Lowlifes and alcohol.
Anthony: If you were to look back five minutes later you would notice that the trap door under the couch has dumped that couple down into the Shanghai basement and that couple is now proof reading for Pitchfork.
Scott: Or fact checking for the *Guardian*.
Anthony: They're interns for the music industry now.
MRR: Why should everyone listen to the Hank IV?
Chris: Cause we play rock'n'roll without hyphens or parenthesis.
MRR: And? Tell me more about Hank IV.
Chris: We got nothing.
Anthony: I'm still mulling over why people should listen to Hank IV.
Scott: Yeah, no shit.
Chris: We couldn't come up with a reason.
MRR: Andy, why do you play in Hank IV? What do you like about it?
Anthony: Yeah.
Bob: Hot seat.
MRR: Not to put you on the spot or anything.
Chris: Don't look at your shoes.
Anthony: It's the new segment—on the hot seat.
Andy: Well the whole age of the band thing is just kind of something. Something and nothing at the same time. We kind of joke about it, but… we're not rehashing things that we already did. For me anyway this band is the most complete, cathartic, most interesting and involved thing I've probably done. And it just happens to occur after a lot of other things. So instead of rehashing something we're working toward doing new stuff that's really interesting to me. So for me that is what Hank IV is about. Being able to do that at this ripe age.
Bob: You should listen to Hank IV because old guys are doing it right.
MRR: How long will you keep doing it?
Anthony: How much longer can we go? We've been doing it for four or five years.
Chris: Every time we try and stop, some one will clamor for more or want us to do a record or something. We didn't even want to do the first record. We tried to talk them out of it.
Anthony: Hard rocking, noisy, cathartic rock… for kids of all ages, from five to fifty.
Chris: It's so weird that the one big comparison is to Crime or '77 era Cleveland punk rock which is just like basically rock dudes who were playing something that wasn't quite rock. They didn't know what to call it yet. That's what I think we do. None of us have any really big intention of what we should sound like. It is usually after we play something for a while then we go well it sounds like that.
Scott: Yeah, you wouldn't put the Hank IV sound together on paper. You wouldn't try to draw a diagram and say that the band is going to sound like this.
Anthony: (laughs) Yeah, you wouldn't unless you were drunk at a bar with a pen and a soggy napkin.
Andy: Then you would. And under no other circumstances should it ever be attempted.
Scott: But I think it was just a matter of who would be fun to play in a band with. We had no idea what it would sound like.

Well, I think you guys had an idea what you were after, but..
Chris: It didn't quite translate.
MRR: Do you guys all have a punk rock background?
Scott: I don't know. Yeah.
Chris: Yeah, for the most part.
Anthony: Bob.
Chris: Well, we know Bob.
MRR: Tell us about your punk rock background Bob?
Bob: I was probably when I was sixteen.
Chris: What year was that Bob?
Bob: 1981.
MRR: Were you guys all in bands when you were sixteen?
Chris: Oh yeah.
Andy: Yeah.
Anthony: Yeah.
Scott: Yup.
Andy: Scott and I were actually in North Carolina at the same time and never were in bands [together], but we were always in a couple of different bands in the same town, the same time. I guess I was in All Tore Up when we first met.
Scott: Yeah, yeah he was the drummer in this punk rock band called All Tore Up. They opened for the Ramones and that was like…
Andy: I peaked early. (laughs)
Scott: They all peaked early.
Scott: We did play with one band together.
Andy: Oh. Yeah. Waffle Pussy.
Scott: Waffle Pussy. Yeah. There's a website.
Chris: Just Google Image that.
Andy: I was in bands in those days, but they don't even bear publication in an internet newsletter, never mind this fine, fine stalwart magazine.
MRR: You know someone out there has the cassette.
Andy: Oh, I know. That's why I'm not going to tell you.
Bob: I played with Bum Kon, The Roadkill 5, Angry Cowboys.
Chris: What about the Circus one?
Bob: Bad Circus.
Chris: Bob's sitting on the second Bum Kon record, which is a work of genius.
Anthony: He's literally sitting on it.
Chris: Right now. It's under the couch holding that end up.
Anthony: It's broken into about eight or nine shards of vinyl.
Chris: What is it? Meat Grinder?
Bob: Ground Round.
Anthony: Is it named after the restaurant? Ground Round was like a proto-Chucky Cheese minus the mascot.
Anthony: It's rock for people who love rock. It doesn't matter. Even the youth like Ty Segall, he's into it. Whatever. It's like people who like real deal rock like the Hank IV.
Bob: Utrillo's there.
Anthony: We're playing to please ourselves and people who like rock'n'roll. It's beyond. It's not fashion. It's not trendy.
Chris: It's certainly not fashion.
Anthony: We're too old to become a buzz band. You know? All that kind of shit. All the shit that goes on with young twenty-something kids who are young enough to go and fucking live like dogs on the road and go and do all that fucking bullshit. Hank IV is still you know whatever. I don't even know what else compares right now. The only thing is Mission Of Burma putting out three amazing albums twenty years after the fact. And that shit is as good or better than so much other stuff that is out there.
Chris: Yeah.
Anthony: I am not even saying we're…I mean we're doing something, you know, different, similar but different, you know, I'm not putting us in with that, but at the same time it's just we're rockin' out and…
Chris: One thing that comes with age is that we tend to not wear any of our influences on our sleeve anymore. Like the novelty of doing that is pretty far past us. (laughs)
Scott: Yeah.
Anthony: Yeah.
Bob: I'm thinking that starting up a DIY band would be pretty cool now.
Chris: I'll buy you a Robert Smith wig if you do that.
Bob: Cool.
Chris: Then it will or won't it?
Bob: I'd need to lose a little weight.
Chris: No you don't. That's what's great about it.
MRR: Have you seen him lately?
Bob: Have you seen me lately?
Anthony: I gotta go.



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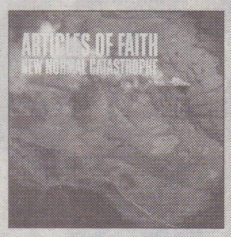

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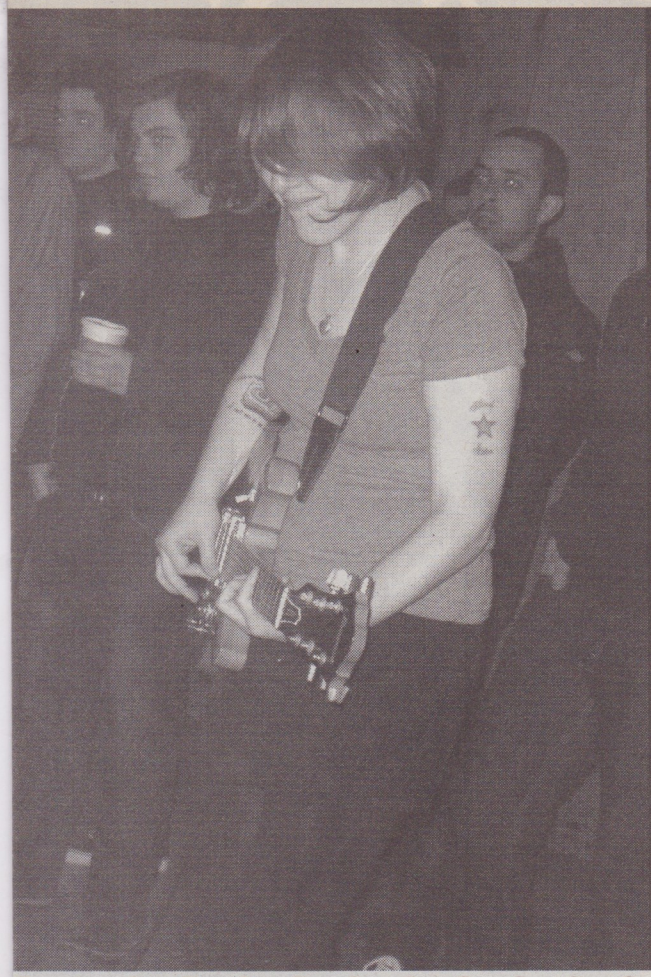
FOREIGN OBJECTS

Hailing from Boston and consisting of members or former members of Ampere, Libyans, Conversions, Pink Nightmare, the late great 40 Watts, and many other other notable bands, Foreign Objects have been tearing up the scene with their catchy blend of punk and post punk for the past two years. They are a very busy band who are constantly playing shows, touring, writing, and recording, but they took some time out to let the general punk public some general info.
Interview by Chris Strunk.
Photos Al Quint.

MRR: Introduce yourselves and say who plays what.
Terry: Terry. I sing.
Dan: My name is Dan. I play the drum set.
Meghan: I'm Meghan. I play bass.
Melissa. I play guitar.

MRR: What is the history of the band and what have you done so far?
Terry: Melissa, Dan and Meghan started the band a while before I joined. A few months in they decided they needed a singer and they were nice enough to ask me. We recorded our demo and first EP in February of 2009 and played our first show a few days later. Since then we have toured the east twice, done a live tape and recorded another single.
Meghan: Melissa and I were playing in a band together previously to this band called High Gain, but that band was pretty short lived, we only played one show and never recorded. A little while after that Dan and Melissa asked me if I would be interested in playing with them in a new band. We started practicing as a three piece and then decided that all of us really thought the band could use a singer, instead of all of us doing the vocals, So we asked Terry to join the band about five months after that.
Dan: Melissa, Meghan and I started practicing in July of 2008. We wrote like the first three



or four songs, but had no singer. We were all going to sing originally, and have no singer, but decided against that in the end. Terry practiced with us for the first time in December of '08 and it worked really well. We played our first show at UMASS Amherst in February of 2009, and then recorded for our demo the next day. We recorded like seven songs, and saved a few for a 7".

MRR: Was there a goal in mind when forming this band? What was it?
Dan: Yeah, I think there was kind of. Melissa and I wanted to play in a band together for a long time but couldn't find people who we thought would work. We were both friends with Meghan and saw her at a show at our friend's house and talked about it that day for a little bit. I had kind of wanted to do something that was a little less straight forward musically, something that was left up to interpretation a little bit more. That was my only goal i think.
Melissa: We were trying to form a band were we could expand on the music we played in our other bands. I just wanted to be able to play music that came naturally to me without feeling a need to fit into a certain genre.
Meghan: I am always interested in working on new music projects, and I was excited about the opportunity to play with Dan, Melissa and Terry in a band that was unlike any other music I had played in previous bands.

MRR: Since Foreign Object is an almost all female band, do you draw any inspiration from all female punk bands from the past? Any specific bands?
Terry: Vocally, I think I try to channel the riot grrl music I grew up listening too, both in sound and spirit. But hopefully with my own style. I've always loved all female bands that have something important to say but that you can fucking dance your ass off to. I don't know if I necessarily have these bands in mind when we write but I'd say bands like Bikini Kill (duh), Joyce McKinney Experience and Huggy Bear are kind of what I'm sitting between.
Dan: I don't think we specifically chose female punk bands to pick from. The first group of songs we were trying to just get enough songs that sounded good together I think. Since then, we've developed a style that is maybe a little bit more our own.

I cant speak for the other members, but I wanted to take the essence of bands like Wire, the Minutemen, Really Red without trying to rip off or recreate what they did stylistically.
Melissa: I got into punk through riot grrl so it has inspired me throughout the years in different bands. I agree with Terry, it's mostly in spirit. When writing songs I try not to think of any bands but I know riot grrl has inspired and influenced me. Of course Bikini Kill is on the list along with Sleater Kinney, Huggy Bear, and Heavens to Betsy

MRR: Is there any significance to the band's name?
Dan: Melissa and I were taking a walk one time and she was talking about her work at the time. We got discussing patients who had surgical equipment left in them after surgery. The name came out of that conversation.
Melissa: Like Dan said, but I think I was actually talking about knee replacements and people having reactions to the metal or something. I'm a nerd. I used to work with an orthopedic surgeon.
Meghan: It is always so hard trying to come up with a band name. But when Dan and Melissa brought up the idea of the name being Foreign Objects-the name really stood out to me and i really liked it. It wasn't until after we were a band for a few months that I realized there were already two bands with that name previously. Oops!

MRR: Best show you've played?
Terry: Gainesville FL this past May at 911 House. Totally mind blowing. Amazing people and everyone in the room just dancing their asses off together.
Melissa: Yeah, Gainesville was amazing. The Whitney House shows are always awesome. People dance their asses off! I also thought Athens was a ton of fun. Playing with RIVR ruled along with lighting off fireworks in the parking lot after the show.

Dan: We've been lucky to play some really incredible shows, all because of the crowd. My favorite shows have been at the Whitney House in Hartford, CT. Every time we play there its incredible; everyone dances and has a great time. Those shows left me with a good sense of community and made me happy to be playing music. When people give you that kind of reaction its really nice.
Meghan: I think two of my favorite shows that we have played so far were a show in Gainesville on our most recent summer tour with Worlds and RVIVR and a house show in Western MA in June of 2009 that we played with vaccine and SQRM. I also have really enjoyed the shows we have played at Stolen Sleeves in NYC, and the Whitney House in Hartford, CT.

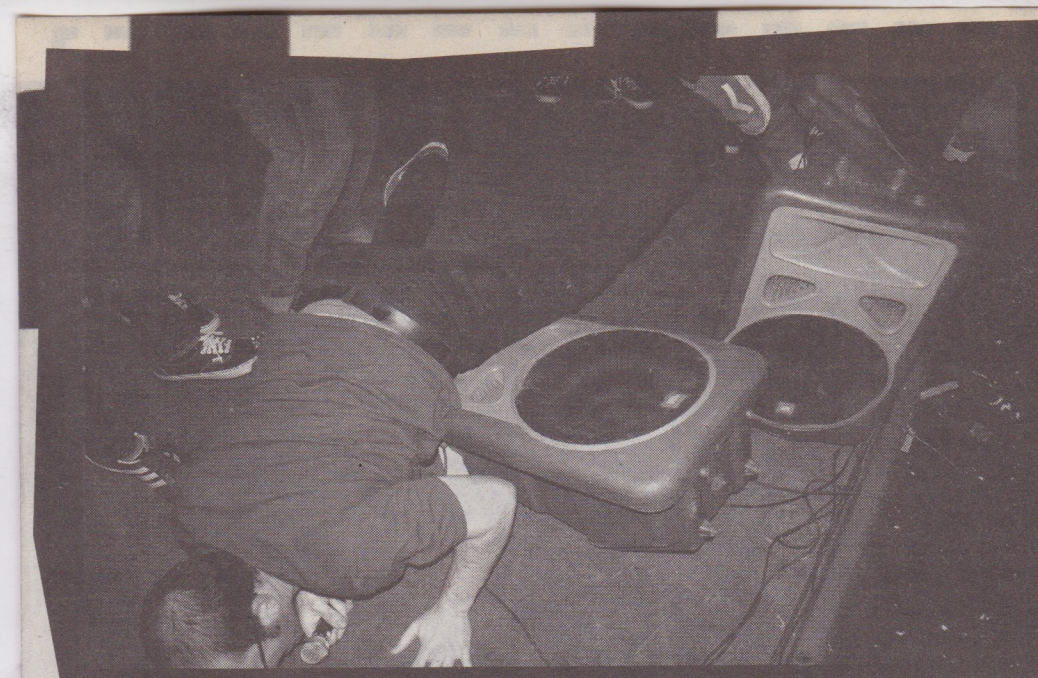
MRR: Worst show you've played?
Terry: Probably one I don't remember due to $1 PBRs...
Dan: I can't think of a show that was bad. Three of us got really drunk before we played in Cleveland, so maybe we played bad that night. Some people there started yelling Curb Your Enthusiasm quotes to us. That was also one of my favorite sets we've ever played.
Melissa: I can't say we've had a bad show. I'm sure Cleveland was bad but I can't really remember... I do remember the Curb Your Enthusiasm jokes and getting worried Terry and Meghan were going to get offended but it was all good.
Meghan: Yeah, the Cleveland show was probably my least favorite. Haha.

MRR: Can you discuss the songwriting process?
Dan: We have a tendency to all work on songs together, which is really cool. One of us will come in with a part or two and then we usually play the song over and over until one of us gets an idea for another part. Sometimes one of us will bring in an entirely completed song, but for the most part it's a group effort.
Meghan: The song writing is definitely a collaborative effort. All of us in the band play more than one instrument so all of us have written songs, or parts of songs and those ideas are brought to the group and worked on together.

Melissa: Also, at times we will just jam and come up with parts. That's one thing I love about this band. We all have creative input and we're not afraid to jam out occasionally.

MRR: Have you had any adverse or positive reactions to being a 75% female band?
Terry: Tons of positive reactions. Seeing ladies up front dancing during our set is the best. But I think it's just as important to just have a positive feeling in general during the set, regardless of if it's because we are women or not. Adverse, a few times. Both "take your shirt off" and "they let girls carry equipment now?" have been said to us at shows. But what's new.
Meghan: It really irritates me that here we are in 2010, and there are still people who are surprised that there are women in bands. There have been a lot of positive reactions but there are definitely still interactions where someone will say a sexist remark like, "that's nice of you to carry your boyfriend's guitar!!!" I remember there was a show that was in NYC that we played where each band member was being given a bracelet, and the guy doing the door hands Dan the bracelets-and as he is passing them to me, Melissa and Terry the guy at the door says, "hey, those bracelets are for band members only."
Melissa: Lots of positive reactions. There's nothing better than looking up and seeing a bunch of ladies dancing up front while we're playing. Not too many adverse reactions but yeah the typical, "they have the girls carry the equipment?" Someone said that to me on tour in May. So upsetting. I also had a sound guy make fun of my combo amp. What a jerk....

MRR: Future plans?
Terry: Finishing up writing our LP right now. Recording in October. We have a UK single coming out soon thanks to the lovely Ellis and the US version shortly after. West Coast tour with me and Melissa's other band Pink Nightmare in January. Watching Wet Hot American Summer as many times as I can before I die.
Meghan: We are going to do a short West coast tour in January with Melissa and Terry's other band called Pink Nightmare. There is also a 7" single that has been recorded, and a LP in the works as well.



Atlanta is known for many things: Braves baseball, Olympic bombings, Jeezy, Gucci, TI and the Black Lips, but what it is not known for is ripping-ass hardcore. the Bukkake Boys *are working hard to fill that void. A molten mix of vintage* COC, *classic Japanese noise, and sheer, uncalled-for ugliness, these young turks have been taking the warehouses and punk living rooms of Atlanta by force for the last three years. With two and a half 7"s already warping hesher brains worldwide and a full length now in the works, it's time to find out more about these boys and why they have the dirty, miscreant legions of Atlanta pumping their fists.*

Interview by Greg King

Photos by Mattie Matakis and William Butler

BUKKAKE BOYS

MRR:
First off,
what are your names,
and what do you do in the band?
Ryan: My name is Ryan, and I play guitar.
Ruby: My name is Ruby and I play singer.
Jesse: My name is Jesse and I play guitar.
Chris: My name is Chris Van Etten and I play the electric four string bass guitar.
Corey: I am Corey, I play the acoustic drums and cymbals.

MRR: Were you guys in other bands before this?
All: Yes.

MRR: What's up with the name?
Chris: It was imported. Ask Ruby.
Ruby: That is a dark, forgotten period of my life.
Ryan: Bukkake is ugly and we are ugly. But seriously, we are definitely not proponents of bukkake, and we're not trying to be edgy by referencing gay erotica. We don't write songs about any of that stuff. But it is a stupid, indefensible name, whatever. For about the first year or so we kept revisiting the idea of changing our name, but we could never come up with anything. Where do you go from "Bukkake Boys?"
Jesse: Don't poke the pony, ya know.

MRR: What other names would you like to name your band?
Corey: Kabuki Guys.
Ruby: Cuddle Bunnies.
Jesse: Tinnitus Babies, GG Queen.
Ryan: Ruby's Tuesdays.
Chris: These are all names of books we plan on writing, actually.

MRR: Coming from Atlanta, which you call a "city of pop," what do you like and what do you hate about it? Or just what do you have to say about Atlanta's scene or the city in general?
Chris: I like the Mexican food. There is too much cocaine?
Ruby: I hate Ralph.
Jesse: I like my moustache. I hate Gentleman Jesse, the person, not the band, because there can only be one Jesse. I ain't gonna be Lil' Jesse no more.
Ryan: I haven't lived anywhere else so I guess it's all right. I hate Rob's House Records and I wish we could buy kebab on the street.
Corey: The line for the bathroom at 529 is too long.

MRR: So, in a city with so many different music scenes, where do you fit in?
Corey: We have one finger in each scene.
Jesse: We don't fit in.
Ruby: Ralph is honestly the only band that likes us.

MRR: What bands from Atlanta do you like?
Bukkake Boys: Predator (minus the dog-killer), Ralph, Disable, GG King, Foundation, Barreracudas, and some others. American Cheeseburger is from Athens, but they rule.

MRR: Recently you have gone through a slight lineup change. Explain.
Jesse: Ryan quit the band to go to Ireland and stare at sheep in the silence of the countryside because his tinnitus got so bad. But he came back revived by the Irish springs and rejoined the band. Meanwhile Chris Van Etten moved onto bass.
Ryan: Chris wanted to continue playing bass so I moved to guitar. Then over the course of a week all our amps broke so now we just sit and talk at practice.

MRR: Tinnitus? Fuck... Ryan, talk about this. What are you

going to do?
Ryan: Tinnitus sucks, it keeps me from sleeping. My ears ring 24/7 and when it's quiet the ringing is all I can hear. It wasn't that bad when I was in Ireland, but now it sucks again.

MRR: This is too serious and sad... Jesse, tell us a story!
Jesse: Once upon a time I met a cop named Officer Akins, aka Shakins. He was an old punk who became a cop. He weighed 300 pounds and could do a full split. He was pretty rad, but why the fuck do I need to tell a story?

MRR: Who is asking the questions? Besides, everyone calls you Coach Jesse, why?
Corey: He is motivational.
Ruby: He teaches me about life.
Jesse: I make you work, I make you bleeeeed.
Chris: It's just another nickname, he has about 1,000.

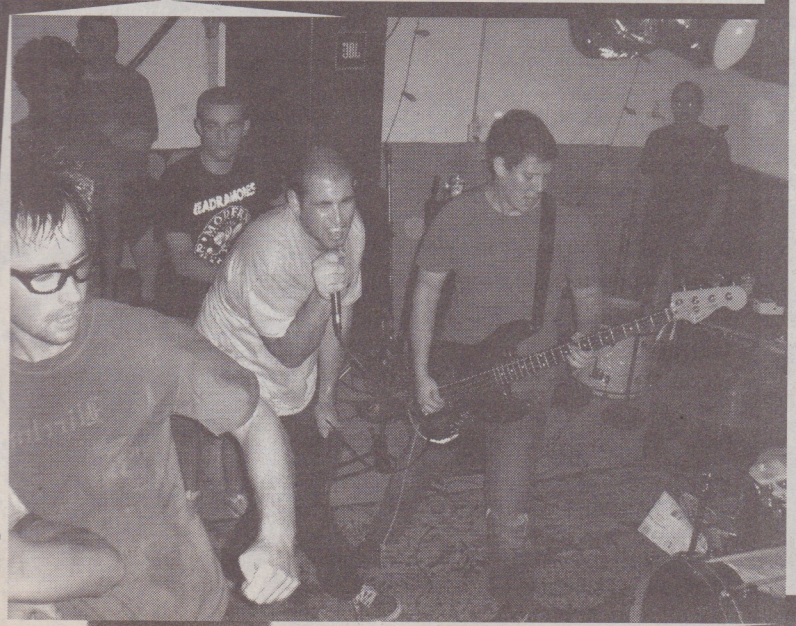
MRR: Besides the lineup change and whatnot, you just took some time off playing? Why?
Jesse: Ruby went to France for six months to study French and sample kebab. Then it took us forever to get our shit together. Chris plays in 18 bands.
Ryan: We all work and go to school and we're busy. I had to record a bunch of records, including the Predator LP, which I ended up recording twice.
Ruby: Jesse gave my answer.
Chris: I wasn't in the band, I don't fucking know.

MRR: You guys don't really play out of town that much, do you have any tours planned?
Ruby: We would love to tour, but it's just hard with our schedules. Most of us are working and trying to finish school.

MRR: When you are on the road, what are your favorite things to eat?
Jesse: Neckbone, crabcakes, I spend most of the drive suckin' on marrow.
Ruby: Utz crab chips, chipwiches, any unusual snacks I stumble upon.
Ryan: Sandwiches, cold or hot. Chocolate milk when I'm stressed.
Chris: Slim Jims, unfortunately.
Corey: Hoagiefest!

MRR: Since we are on the food topic... Jesse this question is for you. What is your obsession with the cheek of a pig? And what's up with your taco truck? And were you in a porno?
Jesse: The cheek of a pig is so soft and tender. It just melts in your mouth. Why wouldn't you like it? The tacos are a fail, it's too hard to sell street food in Atlanta. Technically yes, I was in a porno. I didn't fuck anything, I was just dancing around.

MRR: Ruby, you have lyrics which some might consider a little offensive in the song "Female Dog"... has anyone ever said anything to you, or what do you have to say about this?
Ruby: Nobody has ever said anything about it. I don't hate women, just my ex-girlfriend.
Chris: Your t-shirt is offensive! Before I was in the band I would forget about what was on it and wear it to the supermarket and get dirty looks.



MRR: What was the best show you ever played? Worst show?
Ruby: Best and worst show was in Baltimore. The opening act had dreads and a guitar, but used the guitar as a drum and not a guitar. She was poetic. I think there was people break dancing while we played too. Pretty much any house show or basement show we have played has always been awesome.
Ryan: My favorite show was in a basement in St. Louis with Predator and Godfodder. It was a rager. All the bands ripped, Ruby and I kept getting shocked during our set, and someone was wearing a sombrero.
Jesse: My favorite was when we played at the Cat Cave for the first time and there were fireworks and shit flying everywhere while we were playing.
Chris: I haven't been in the band long enough to give any answers.
Corey: The worst show we ever played was in a sauna.

MRR: What newer bands do you enjoy listening to?
Jesse: Destino Final, Scapegoat, and Glam have been my top enjoyments.
Ryan: Madmen.
Corey: White Boss.
Ruby: Bog People.
Chris: The Spits.

MRR: As the ugliest band in Atlanta, how could you possibly increase your sex appeal?
Ryan: We can accessorize. Bowler caps?
Chris: Have coke on us at all times.
Jesse: Rogaine and Hydroxycut.
Corey: Axe body spray.
Ruby: We change our band name and play a different style of music.

MRR: What's in store for the future of Bukkake Boys? Records?
Ruby: We just put out a split with American Cheeseburger on Vinyl Rites. We will probably never tour. We have been writing for an LP and that is exciting for us.
Ryan: I will probably quit the band a few more times.
Jesse: I am the future.

MRR: Any last words?
Jesse: Buy the new Ralph EP coming out on Rob's House Records.
Ryan: Wear earplugs. It's ok to turn down the volume.
Corey: Not all who wander are lost.
Ruby: No, I don't know.
Chris: AHHHHH!

KARTIINA ETHOLÉN

Katriina Etholén, MA, editor of the book Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore (Punk Is Dead, Long Live Hardcore, see MRR issue #319) is a freelance journalist specializing in industrial heritage and documentary photography. In the '80s she made an anarco-cultural fanzine and leading an unofficial party called Turun Palo (Turku Fire), which were organizing gigs, exhibitions, releasing 7 inch records etc. In 1988 she left the punk movement because of frustration and disappointment especially to the hardcore scene. Ten years later she returned, now primarily photographing the bands. But HC was not included—she returned to her roots, to street punk. In part due to the remote relationship to the hardcore scene, she was able to deal with the different kinds of texts produced for the book with objectivity.

I am not a professional photographer. I have just attended a couple of courses in the early years of my career. I started to take photos quite late; I was already 19, when I took the first pictures. The prime mover to start the new hobby was the pictures of Jacob Holdt in his book *American Pictures* and the work of the Magnum photographers.

From the very beginning I took the camera to the punk concerts. But I also started to write about the hardcore bands for a newspaper and a music paper and I mainly took pictures for these articles. But some pictures also ended up in the record covers, for example six images on Kaaos's *Ristiinnaulittu Kaaos*, and the cover images of one Maho Neitsyt single and covers of Turun Tauti records. Later my images have been used for example by The Warriors (*A Cross to Bear*) and Los Fastidios (single *Fetter Skinhead*) as well as an English group The Jacobites (definitely not punk, but it was a band of late Nikki Sudden, who was involved in Swell Maps, definitely a DIY band!). Stupido Records asked for pictures from me for their four CD box set of Finnish punk, and for a Finnish gothic group Varjo. One of my cat images is immortalized on the single cover of Deniz Tek and Chris Masuak.

I have never been active in sending my photos to fanzines etc. In the '80s I could spot my shots in Finnish zines, and later when coming back to the punk scene some shots can be found in *Pulped* (Scotland), *Kriminal Class* (Italy) and *Madhouse* (Argentina).

In 2007 I finally made an exhibition of my rock photos. Nowadays I don't go to the concerts—only in very rare occasions—so maybe that exhibition was the final point of my career as a band photographer. Who knows…

I have never specialized in specific themes, but there are certain trends: I almost always take black and white pictures—as you can see I am still stuck with the old-fashioned film photography—and I enjoy the documentary style of photography. Since the mid nineties I have had, or been involved in, over 20 exhibitions, with themes varying from pub lives and cemetery cats to industrial buildings and steam engines. My latest exhibition (in June 2010) showed my football (soccer)-related photos coincidentally with the World Cup and FC St. Pauli's 100th year anniversary. I photograph nowadays mainly to illustrate my own articles.

All contacts are welcome: ketholen@saunalahti.fi.

Photospread on the following pages…
Top row from left to right: Kaaos, 1984 / St. Pauli's pirate flag pictured before the star of the German Cup's semifinal game- FC St. Pauli – Bayern München, April 2006.
Second row from left to right: Micky Fitz from The Business with fans from Hartlepool, *Holidays in the Smoke*, London, November 1999 / Arska and Pexi from Maho Neitsyt / Skins and punks hanging out on the stairs.
Bottom row from left to right: Riistetyt in Berlin, Chaos Days in Hannover, cops fight skins and punks on the stairs, August 1984 / Skins and Punks
Copyright: Katriina Etholén

DISAPPOINTMENT IN HARDCORE FROM PUNK ON KUOLLUT. ELÄKÖÖN HARDCORE.

In December 1983 a letter from Washington DC dropped in *Barabbas'* mailbox before finding it's way to me, one of the contributors to the magazine. The sender of the letter was Tom Lyle, guitarist of Government Issue, and he said that Finnish hardcore was his favorite music. Lyle asked about Finnish HC news and asked about our willingness to swap things. This was typical of the hardcore days. People did everything themselves: the only thing needed was activity and lots of work party spirit. My own later activities with the Turun Palo (Turku Fire) organization and *Valtiokauhu* (*State Horror*) arose from the same ground.

I was not so much taken with the musical values of hardcore, but rather its lyrics and its message, as they touched on the issues I had been interested in during the previous decade. I had read about freedom fighters, civil rights movements, the Rock Against Racism organization and had opinions about nuclear power. The latest punk news I had dug out from *New Musical Express* and Radio Luxembourg. The '80s arrived. I had always appreciated the Dead Kennedys, and that was my first foreign concert experience, while Blitz's songs on the *No Future* compilation became my permanent favorites. But the concert by Discharge, the HC-punks' super favorite, didn't make much of an impression on me at their show in Lepakko in Helsinki. Instead my old favorites Angelic Upstarts, and a new acquaintance Crucifix both got maximum points for their records that I reviewed for *Rumba* magazine. These groups represented two very different trends in punk, but both of them sang about things that I found important.

In anarchism I found a name for my own ideals. I thought that I could find the same seeds of rebellion, an ideology, in hardcore that I had found with my interest in anarchism, and especially in anarcho punk. That seemed to be the most suitable genre to satisfy my musical needs. This movement, based on music would expand into a social movement, and the strength of punk would start to show up when digging deeper than just the music, dress and empty clichés. Rebellion would obtain a goal: sheer destruction is not enough, but you have to build something new to replace the destroyed. Unfortunately this was not shown for example at the Kaos Tage (Chaos Days) in Hannover, where I ended up in the year of Orwell, 1984.

That same year the HC punks had also reached the international Anarchist Meeting in Venice, where I supported self-publishers by buying a big pile of Italian hardcore and oi! records. Two years later when visiting an anarchist event in Gothenburg, Sweden, I noticed that the most visible group was the HC-punks who had adopted anarchism as their ideology. In an article about an anarchism seminar in Oulu, published in *Suomi* magazine in 1984, I wrote that in punk there is more anarchist thinking than in any other current phenomena. When I moved to Turku, I was full of enthusiasm and belief in the common fight of hardcore punk and anarchism. Because I couldn't find any suitable group to join, I had to start one. Turun Palo, flaming under the flag of anarchism, was born in the summer of 1985.

Possibly the most important thing that Turun Palo created was a photo exhibition called "Freedom or Illusion" that started its Finnish tour from Turku in the beginning of 1986 and visited eleven towns. The exhibition got quite a lot of press coverage. A fanzine exhibition was also part of the photo exhibition; the fanzine writers and other active HC persons were involved in organizing the exhibition in many places.

Turun Palo also published *Valtiokauhu* zine from its second issue. Altogether only five issues were published. It may have had a future, but because practically the same people were piloting the zine along with Turun Palo, its fate was sealed. The last issue was published in 1988 when I stopped producing Turun Palo, due to total frustration. I also left punk behind.

I may have found one reason from the fringe phenomena of hardcore that hastened the end of Turun Palo. I knew HC punks to whom the discussion of serious matters and efforts to create matter-of-fact action was less important than "having fun," in other words shouting with a slanting Iroquois hairdo, bottle of spirit in hand and a scornful look on the face. But among the HC there was too much intolerance, two-faced activity and other things that were in contradiction of my own ideals. The HC scene was too narrow and linear to be able to create something constructive.

In my opinion I hadn't been able to achieve any of those sublime aims that I had set out to do. I was partly wrong. Several years later I heard that *Valtiokauhu* had made one young man change the direction of his life. And my foreign anarcho punk and anarchist contacts had advised Mario Ines Torres, who had applied for political asylum in Finland, to contact me. When I was able to guide him to the right people, I felt that I had done something concrete and important.

During the years my anarchism has transformed into an undefined leftism. On the other hand punk has stayed somewhere in my heart waiting for a new awakening. But not hardcore, which I consider too middle class, but a genuine working class street punk—music that I had found before my anarchist years. I have returned to my roots and to my spiritual home when talking about my ideology as well as music. From the perspective of the new millennium I can say that there are certain things that have had the most far-reaching effects: Sham 69, their heir Angelic Upstarts—and West Ham United (soccer club) that I have supported since 1978.

In the '00s I also returned to some themes that were important to me in my activist days in the '80s. One of those was the Miners' Strike in Britain. The most touching of the records that were made to support it was *Shoulder to Shoulder* by three South Welsh male voice choirs and Test Department—a record that over 20 years later guided me to meet the miners that performed on that record. Not punk musically, but when speaking about the message, then yes.

My heart still jumps when I hear the name of West Ham, but during the last decade FC St. Pauli from Hamburg, the conscience and punk club of the football world, have become more important to me. Amongst the fans of St. Pauli there is the same kind of feeling of togetherness that I found amongst the HC people. Seeing the pirate flag cherished by the St. Pauli fans is a good reason to go and have a chat. It says that we have the same kind of values.

Do a Welsh male voice choir, Angelic Upstarts, Los Fastidios or FC St. Pauli fans have something in common? Yes, a lot. Ideology, the inner fire that I consider so important to me—nowadays even clearer than before.

LOTTO

Katrina Etholén:

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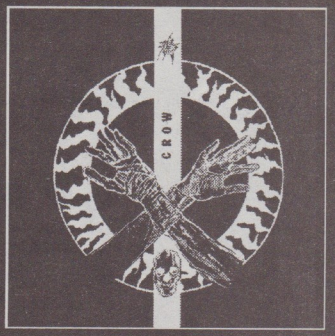

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Acephalix

The raw intense energy brought by San Francisco's mighty Acephalix *has left its mark on me since the very first time I witnessed them live at Annie's Social Club (R.I.P.) in early 2008, and I've been stalking them ever since. Unlike many bands that have gone through several line up changes, they just get more crushing with each evolution. They take what I love most about metal and punk, throw out what I hate about both, and alchemically combine them into a higher form, like maintaining the riff, and losing the ubiquitously douchy metalhead attitudes. The unusual and unsettling lyrical content provides a perfect synergy to the jaw-dropping axemanship. Beginning with their 7" debut on Prank Records in 2009, the label claimed it to be "the heaviest thing Prank has released in almost fifty releases," which I do not doubt in the slightest. Their new full length* Aporia, *also on Prank, has them firing on all cylinders with five of the most relentlessly talented musicians San Francisco has to offer.*

Interview by Leila Abdul-Rauf, Photos by Taylor Keahey.

MRR: Acephalix has undergone many line-up changes since the first time I've seen you live. How has this affected your sound and the band's overall vision?
Kyle: More metal. More better.
Dan: The band has gotten tighter as membership changed. Different people bring different ideas and approaches, drawing inspiration from lots of different bands. mostly dark and deathly stuff, whether it's death rock or death metal or the darker side of punk. And plenty of Motorhead.

I think the vision of the band is pretty well contained in the name. Acephalic means headless. The head is the center, the focal point of one's identity. To lose my head is to lose my self, my egoic, social self. This is the self always engaged in struggles for power, the self of everyday life, the "I," "me," "mine." So the band, more or less gathered around this acephalic ideal, is sort of a performance of "self-shattering," a performance where the self-sufficient "I" fails to grasp the intensity of the moment and is, as a consequence, relegated to the status of an after-thought. This extemporaneousness is an abdication of my social self, of my head, but only an abdication to the extent that I'm willing to let it go. If I have an agenda, i.e. political or otherwise, I'm stuck in my social self. With Acephalix I'm trying to let all that shit go and give way to the violence and beauty of reality, of this essentially lawless moment.
Luca: It did for sure, they used to play punk, now we're more on a crust/death vibe. The lineup changing has to do with that.
Gabe: I think the sound and vision has stayed the same. Everything louder than everything else. Full speed ahead. Onward and upward.

MRR: Prank Records has often described your sound as "punk metal fusion." Would you say this is an accurate description?
Kyle: Fusion sounds like jazz. I don't like jazz. Before man found his way out of the cave he knew how to play good. We want to go back to the cave.
Dan: Yeah, I think it's accurate in relation to the sound of the band. But the band as an entity is about the dissolution of identity, of self, about the failure of recognition, the failure of any successful fusion. For me playing music is about getting lost in the failure of identity, the failure of social equations like: punk self plus metal self plus penis equals metal punk male self; where the stable sense of self slips away, and I'm no longer some "metal punk dude" as much as I am a fucking animal, naked, uncontrolled, sovereign.
Luca: It's not accurate, but at least is something to start with.
Dave: Punk crossed with metal is pretty accurate. I've personally been listening to both for close to 30 years so the lines have blurred. When I joined Acephalix they were more of a punk band; having two guitars, down tuning, Luca's tight picking, double-kick drumming and a focus on precision has led to a natural heaviness.
Gabe: Apocalyptic, blackened doom hardcore, death, crust, thrash industrial crossover D-beat noise, tenderloin ghetto noise. Punk slash metal yes. Fusion no.

MRR: Your influences seem to have strayed from the original metallic crust vibe to something much less describable. Are there bands that play a bigger influential role now more than before?
Kyle: I'm definitely drawing more from death metal bands like Grave, Cianide, Abhorrence [Finland], and Hellhammer which make us more Neanderthal. The record that's about to come out was recorded almost a year ago so we've already written a lot of new songs.
Luca: Maybe.

MRR: Anatomy and psychoanalysis are re-occurring themes in your lyrics. What attracted you to writing about these ideas?
Dan: I like gory lyrics and horror flicks, but sometimes they get too cheesy, which can be great in a film, but in the lyric department these themes can be reminiscent of a dumb party thrash vibe and just not seem that dark. I take myself too seriously for that shit, even though I fucking love bands like Impetigo, Dr. Shrinker, Autopsy, Necrony, etc. Anatomy via metapsychology and social philosophy is a way I can kind of still write about that stuff, but in a more serious manner.

What attracted me to these ideas is being sick with my self, sick with my social identity and the story behind it. I've historically been pretty obsessed with understanding the etiology or cause of this sickness. Spent a lot of time misguidedly looking at my trauma history. This search and the story constructed around it became the subterfuge of the self; so the self then appears to be merely a consequence of trauma rather than its locus.

I suppose the relation to anatomy is through the disciplining of the body. What I mean by disciplining here is in reference to disciplines of science, and the social self being mapped onto the body through these disciplines, especially through the gendering and sexing of the body.

While lots of other bands sing about war, about violence "over there," I'd rather look at my mind and body as sites of war and colonization. In my view, this isn't political quietism as much as it is a different form of engagement, one that turns the violence of war inward toward the self through practices of self-examination, prayer, meditation, etc, but also through everyday, "mundane" acts of eating, fucking, shitting, basically all practices that lead to loss, excretion, void; that vainly signify the limit of experience, not-knowing, of sovereign powerlessness, of uselessness, of nothing. Although I don't see us as politically quietist, I simultaneously do not consider us a political band—like we have a choice in the matter. Our bodies are politicized whether we like it or not. If people and bands really don't want to be political they should turn on themselves, they should turn on their metal punk dude egos.
Kyle: Death is a stripping away of all that is not you. The secret of life is to die before you die and find that there is no death.
Luca: Loose your head.
Gabe: Dan and Dave love anatomy and psychoanalyzing things.

MRR: You guys seem to ride that fine line of playing an equal amount of punk and metal shows. Is that intentional?
Kyle: In the cave, they just played to the cave people and didn't worry about metal punk posers. Too busy fighting, fucking and finding food.
Luca: We can play with punk bands or metal bands, it doesn't really matter. Someone wrote that we're too punk for metal and too metal for punk. So I guess we're both or either of them. I personally like to play metal shows better.
Gabe: It's not intentional. We play with whoever wants to play with us.

MRR: How do you reconcile the often-conflicting value systems of punk rock and metal when working in the band, e.g. the DIY punk ethic versus the slicker, professional approach of a metal band?
Dan: I don't really reconcile the two. I see us as punks playing metal. There are values I lean toward in both scenes, but to think I have to reconcile the two or even juggle them is to put good faith in the social identities of metal and punk. Identity keeps me in denial. Keeps me thinking I'm more than animal.
Kyle: I don't. In the end there is no difference. It's just about what game you want to play.
Luca: We get from both what we need.
Dave: Even when I was a teenager in the '80s, the punk plus metal sound was everywhere, so the need for a distinction only exists in circles where the goal is to keep something or someone out.
Gabe: By any means necessary to get the mission accomplished.

MRR: Your songwriting covers a wider range of genres, especially in the newer material. How is it decided within the band which direction a particular song takes? What defines a good song?

Kyle: I write a song and sometimes some one has an idea of a different approach and I usually fight it and then find a compromise. If I like it, it's a good song.

Dan: As much as I want to be in control and sometimes struggle to be—and sometimes foolishly think I am—the band is headless. The body decides.

Luca: It's hard to explain. We spend lots of time in the studio playing, writing, and talking. The direction of our music is something that we have control of only for part of it. We are five different musicians with different backgrounds and all of us live music on a really deep level.

We give a direction to our music, for sure. The rest happens kind on a magic level. Sometimes songs keep changing even after we play them live. They're like seeking for a shape in time, then when they find it all of us can see it. Sometimes songs take some time before they find the meeting point between all of us and get the right shape, sometimes they just come and they sound right at the first strike. Each of us has his own picture of a song in his mind in his personal way, then when it gets shared, we start to play it is a mix of five sick music minds and the Acephalix sound comes. Everything is out of control, but under control. We push the limits, we experiment, we change our sound, and we are free to express ourselves, as we want, with no limits. This is not a punk band, a death metal band, a crust band. This is the expression of our deepest insanity.

Gabe: Every player has their say. Majority rules.

MRR: The current line up of Acephalix is perhaps the strongest one yet, featuring previous members of an impressive list of bands. What are some of your members' previous and current bands?

Kyle: Poison Idea and Deathcharge are the most relevant to this band.

Me, Luca, and Dan are in a death metal band called Vastum. We are going to record in August with Jeff Leppard at Lennon studios, the same person who recorded our album.

Dan: Gabe and Dave were—or are, I guess, in Gabe's case—in Depressor and another band shrouded in mystery that had a record on SST. I play in a death metal band with Kyle and Luca called Vastum.

Luca: I'm the last one who got in the band a year and a half ago, and these guys are the best musicians I have ever played with. My main band I had before I moved to the States is called Pistons. We're still playing, actually. It is a two piece "at distance" project with me and Lore [Noia, Murk] who lives in Italy. I play for Vastum too here in the city, a fresh new death metal band that involves a few members from Acephalix. We're just keeping ourselves busy with music because music wants us to. Serve music and music will serve you, giving you the way to do things that you cannot even imagine, that's what I think.

MRR: What role does sexuality or sexual orientation play in the band's identity and/or lyrics, if any?

Kyle: I bring a much-needed feminine touch to the band.

Dan: Eroticism plays a bigger role than sexuality. Sexuality is tethered to identity. Eroticism is a practice, like prayer and meditation, that's oriented more toward self-sacrifice than self-stabilization via identity. Unlike sexuality, eroticism isn't based on the scientific classification of bodies and acts. It is a more vast availability to the world, an increased openness to pleasure from a multitude of sources. In psychoanalytic terms eroticism could be thought of as closer to a state of polymorphous perversity. Though I identify as gay, this identity is more of a social convenience in the sense that's it's easier to say "I'm gay" or "queer" than "I'm practicing polymorphous perversity." I write about this shit all the time in our lyrics. I *am* a fucking pervert. And by pervert I'm not just referring to kink. Claiming my perversion means much more than that. It means I'm owning the potential for my hands to do the most horrific violence imaginable.

Luca: Get lost in the pleasure. No rules. No head. Isn't it the same when you fuck?

What's in store for Acephalix in the near future?

Dan: The LP is out. Maybe we'll tour soon. We have a five-song demo *Interminable Night* in the works. It'll be self-released. Sounds different than the other stuff. More like crusty death metal punk with an ethereal undercurrent.

Luca: We just got back from tour and I can't wait to leave again. Mix the new songs we recorded with Jeff Leppard. Write new stuff. I can't wait to do what we do.

Gabe: World domination. Spreading the Gospel of the Headless. More shows, tours, and recordings. To explore the unknown.

Kyle: The future is Godless.

Negative Lifestyle

Negative Lifestyle play bloodstained back to basics hardcore that's straight outta Sweden. Anders, Daniel and Magnus were interviewed by Gabriel

MRR: Why did you form "Negative Lifestyle" and when did you start? How come that you sound the way you do?

Anders: Hm, we have been together as Negative Lifestyle for a little more than a year. Back then we didn't know what we would sound like—everything was open. I make straight pop songs and when we got together to rehearse it just came out like this. It's kind of HC or Punk rock I guess. I have always wanted to be in a power trio as well, bass, guitars and drums that's the best line up. Magnus: We like the heavy pounding murmur of fast raw music so it came natural for us. Daniel: We just met and got in to the rehearsal room and played. And what came out of it is what you hear on the record. No more, no less. I guess that's why we formed Negative Lifestyle, to do something simple and direct

MRR: You are a young enough band, though you have already released some stuff, an EP and a split tape with the School Jerks. The EP came out on the American label Bat Shit records, why did you choose a label based in the United States and not in Sweden? Why did you release a tape? It's kind of seen as a dead media?

Anders: Well, tapes and tape trading has been something that we have grown up with. And we have seen a revival of this. They're cheap to make and easy to ship to other countries. The tape is doing really, really well, it is sold out and a new pressing is on its way. We released the EP in the States just because we got a great deal with Bat Shit records. From the beginning we had an idea of releasing it ourselves, but he had the same ideas as we did when it comes to limited editions etc. It is only pressed in 300 copies (We are all record collectors to the extreme). If anybody knows where to press flyers then contact us, since that's another thing we really want to do. Magnus: I think that Swedish record labels are not ready for this kind of fist punch! The Americans have an ear and like this kind of music more than the Swedish. Tapes are a way to spread music to poor countries with no record players or CD players. Daniel: America was quicker to talk to us. Tapes are like a good wine; it just gets better over the years. When people have listened to their cassettes in ten years it will probably sound like noisy crap. And that's great.

MRR: Having listened to your music there are certain influences from the first hardcore/punk American bands, it is a premeditated sound? Or is it simply your natural way to play? Anders: We do love the first wave of American HC and punk bands, I love the sound of bands like the Fix, the Germs or early Husker Dü. There's something interesting in that sound—low mixed vocals, subdued drums, high thrashy guitars and an intense bass. Magnus: It is definitely our way to play! There are so many old hardcore tunes in the back of our heads. Daniel: We are into early hardcore both American and from other places. Hopefully we spice it up a little bit to our own thing, in some way.

MRR: When it comes to your lyrics, what are they about?

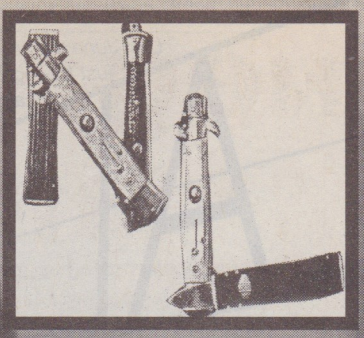
Anders: Everything around us, small town anxiety, work and school. Things we do to make the day pass. It is really difficult to write lyrics that do not become clichés, but the clichés are sometimes justified. Magnus: The lyrics are about happiness, like standing in a line and waiting for your turn.

MRR: On your MySpace you have some photos, but in all of them you conceal your faces, why is this? Anders: It is our music that should matter not the way we look. This was not something we planned, it just happened and we keep hiding our faces from the world. If you come to our gigs you will see how we look like. Magnus: That day we took the pictures Mr. Daniel (bass player) had no moustache so we decide not to show our faces. Daniel: We are just three ugly boys playing punk. It looks better this way.

MRR: I believe that you are working on new tracks? When are you releasing them? Anders: We are constantly working on new stuff, we have just recorded twelve new songs that hopefully will be released as a 12" or 7". It is our best material so far for sure. Raw and intense, and we are

very happy with the way it came out. I only use equipment from the sixties to create a noisy and warm sound, always fun and you will never know in what direction the amps or speakers will take you. Magnus: Twelve new hits that will make children cry and grannies go to sleep for a very long time. Late 2010 or early 2011. Daniel: We had a weekend at Mr. Magnus sea castle! So it will sound a bit royal!

MRR: Have you much contact with other bands from Sweden? How is the scene in your area? Anders: Sweden is a good place for trade and gigs etc. The HC scene here is ok, with some decent bands. Many of them are unfortunately stuck with this macho HC attitude. I find it kind of lame and just don't want to be a part of it. Magnus: We have attempted to contact other bands here in Sweden without result. I think that's because we are better and more good looking. Daniel: We have some great bands in Sweden. We know about them but they don't know about us.



MRR: You have played some shows or have plans to do someone soon?

Anders: Now we have released some material we are going to plan some touring. So anyone who reads this, please contact us for gigs, we are up for almost everything. Playing in living rooms or small rehearsal spots or clubs is the most fun. Magnus: When we have like 63 songs, then we´ll hit the roads. No, just contact us and we will play.

MRR: Some final words? Anders: Buy our first EP from Bat Shit records. And contact us for gigs etc. If anyone out there sits on some extra cash, then feel free to contact us about releasing our 12" 45 rpm. hrmm.. Magnus: Christine Collins, please stop calling me!

Andymongoloid@yahoo.se
www.myspace.com/negativelifestyle77

LA LA VASQUEZ

Last June my band toured the UK with three girls in a band called La La Vasquez (LLV). I would have been completely satisfied with just having them in the van for relentless jokes and immature innuendos to fill the hours between shows, but the icing on the cake was that I saw them play every night. A guaranteed swirl of stumbling pop hooks à la Dolly Mixture delivered with a Delta 5-thump became my evening ritual. I felt re-energized after every set, watching their sound connect with a long lineage of girls hearing music that wasn't being played yet—fumbling in the dark for a staked out space in the unknown. There is no way to describe their songs beyond using a language of '70s/'80s girl-DIY references, but let that language speak to a feeling of dancing by yourself at night—pure fun through abandonment and noise.

The following interview was chatted online between myself and Merida (Bass / Vocals), Freya (Guitar / Vocals), and Rachael (Drums / Vocals) at an Internet café in Brighton. Interview and photos by the band and Jess Scott.

MRR:
So I'm going to maybe ask you stuff that I already know but everyone else wants to know...

Freya: Yeah, *everyone* wants to know...

MRR: What are your new release plans?

Freya: Well, the M'lady's 7" should be out in a couple of months and then we have 7" on [Brighton's] Sex Is Disgusting records, which we have just recorded and are mega excited about as it's all our newer stuff and I think it shows our progression. By the time it actually comes out we will probs be over the tracks though.

MRR: Is it weird to be a band in London / Brighton where there is immediately a lot attention? In other words, you don't get to fiddle around with your sound for a year in a small town and then present a more developed idea? What are the pros and cons?

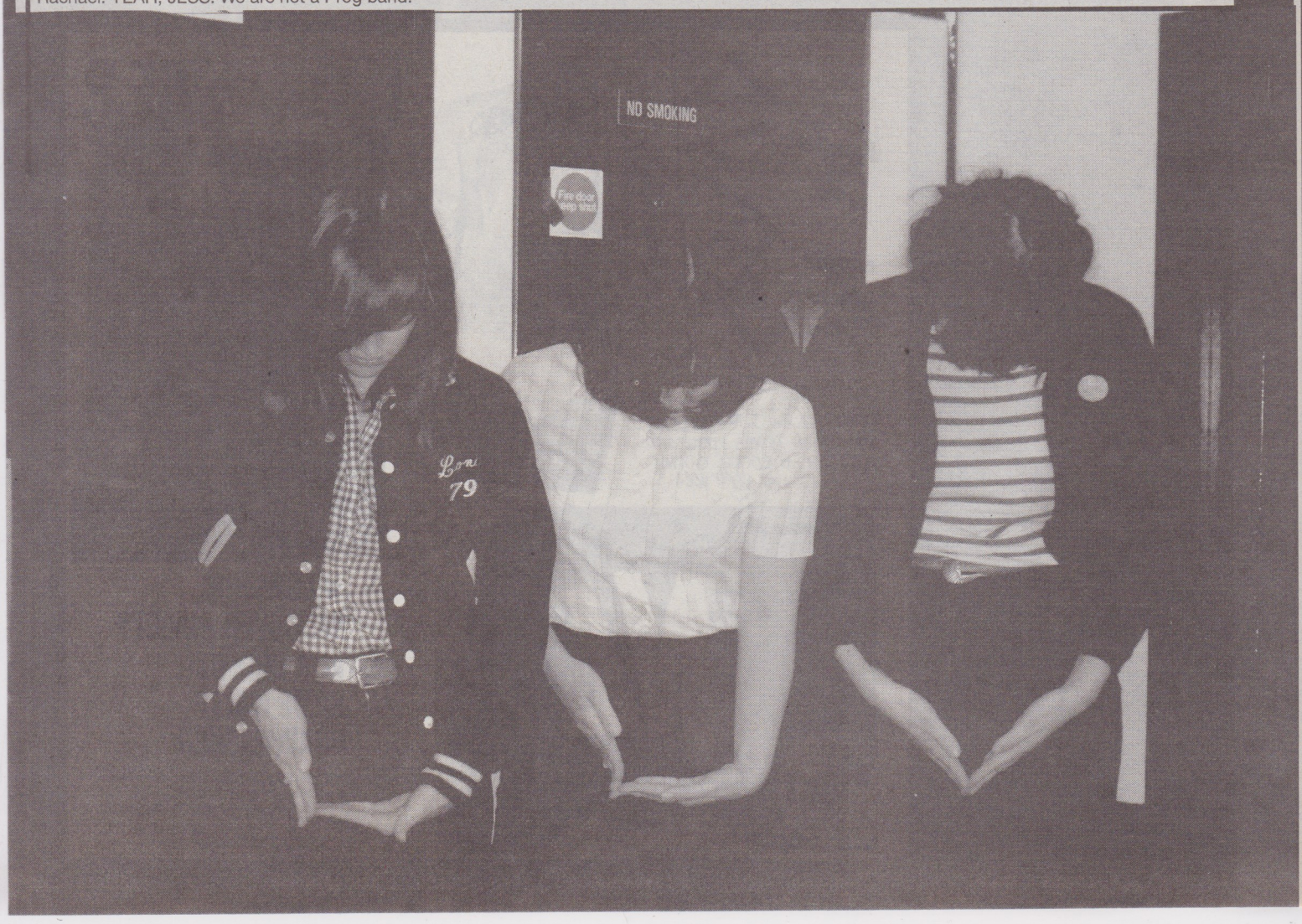
Merida: I guess the people get to see our progression, which is not necessarily a good thing as we started playing shows *really* early on and it wasn't great.

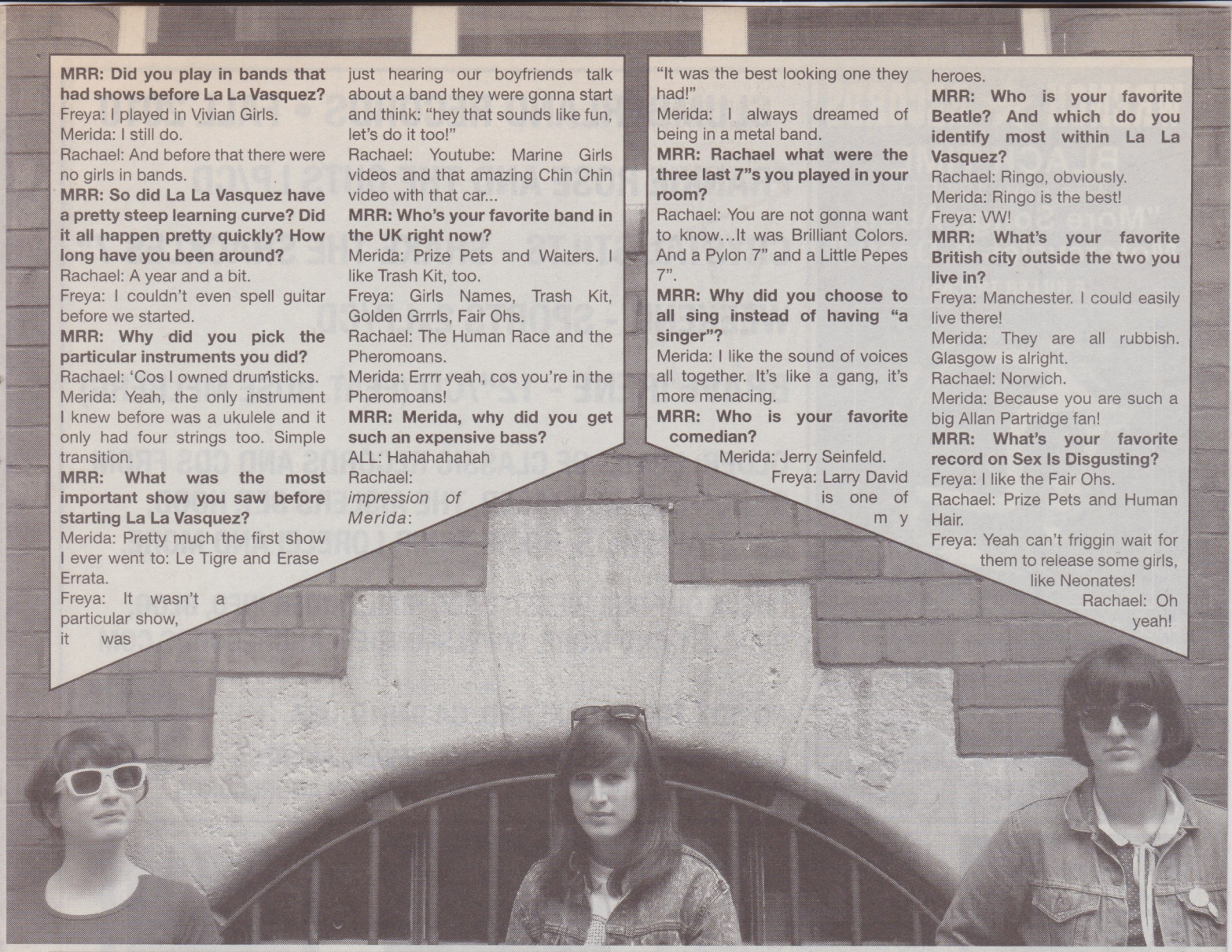
Rachael: It *was* great, a different kind of great.

Freya: At our first show we were surprised that we couldn't hear ourselves like we could in the practice room. We were so naïve.

Merida: We are not a Prog band.

Rachael: YEAH, JESS! We are not a Prog band.





MRR: Did you play in bands that had shows before La La Vasquez?
Freya: I played in Vivian Girls.
Merida: I still do.
Rachael: And before that there were no girls in bands.
MRR: So did La La Vasquez have a pretty steep learning curve? Did it all happen pretty quickly? How long have you been around?
Rachael: A year and a bit.
Freya: I couldn't even spell guitar before we started.
MRR: Why did you pick the particular instruments you did?
Rachael: 'Cos I owned drumsticks.
Merida: Yeah, the only instrument I knew before was a ukulele and it only had four strings too. Simple transition.
MRR: What was the most important show you saw before starting La La Vasquez?
Merida: Pretty much the first show I ever went to: Le Tigre and Erase Errata.
Freya: It wasn't a particular show, it was just hearing our boyfriends talk about a band they were gonna start and think: "hey that sounds like fun, let's do it too!"
Rachael: Youtube: Marine Girls videos and that amazing Chin Chin video with that car...
MRR: Who's your favorite band in the UK right now?
Merida: Prize Pets and Waiters. I like Trash Kit, too.
Freya: Girls Names, Trash Kit, Golden Grrrls, Fair Ohs.
Rachael: The Human Race and the Pheromoans.
Merida: Errrr yeah, cos you're in the Pheromoans!
MRR: Merida, why did you get such an expensive bass?
ALL: Hahahahahah
Rachael: *impression of Merida*: "It was the best looking one they had!"
Merida: I always dreamed of being in a metal band.
MRR: Rachael what were the three last 7"s you played in your room?
Rachael: You are not gonna want to know...It was Brilliant Colors. And a Pylon 7" and a Little Pepes 7".
MRR: Why did you choose to all sing instead of having "a singer"?
Merida: I like the sound of voices all together. It's like a gang, it's more menacing.
MRR: Who is your favorite comedian?
Merida: Jerry Seinfeld.
Freya: Larry David is one of my heroes.
MRR: Who is your favorite Beatle? And which do you identify most within La La Vasquez?
Rachael: Ringo, obviously.
Merida: Ringo is the best!
Freya: VW!
MRR: What's your favorite British city outside the two you live in?
Freya: Manchester. I could easily live there!
Merida: They are all rubbish. Glasgow is alright.
Rachael: Norwich.
Merida: Because you are such a big Allan Partridge fan!
MRR: What's your favorite record on Sex Is Disgusting?
Freya: I like the Fair Ohs.
Rachael: Prize Pets and Human Hair.
Freya: Yeah can't friggin wait for them to release some girls, like Neonates!
Rachael: Oh yeah!

Merida: I'm stoked on Neonates, too.
Freya: Stop copying me!
MRR: Who's your favorite band to play a show with?
Merida: I like playing shows with Cold Pumas.
Freya: I like playing shows with friend's bands. Our worst show was when we played with Dum Dum Girls and Yuck. My tuner pedal broke. I thought I was out of tune the whole show and some doofus yelled "yeah! you are a bit out of tune." There was nothing I could do. NO FRIENDS.
MRR: What's the story behind "Clare Savage"?
Merida: Oh my God!
Rachael: No comment.
Freya: Hi Clare!
MRR: She's your BFF right? Or is it a metaphor for Thatcherism?
Merida: It's about consumer culture and the meterosexual.
MRR: What's up with your new Prime Minister, Cameron? Does it feel like things are getting more conservative over there?
Merida: There is still hope with Nick Clegg. Come on Cleggers!
Freya: I hate Cameron's smug face.
Merida: They're cutting the arts funding.
Rachael: Again...! And to make way for the Olympics.
Freya: Maybe we will play the opening ceremony!
Rachael: I'm gonna throw a shot-put in [Cameron's] face.
Freya: He better be standing 30 cm from you then!
MRR: When I toured over there, I kept wondering: Why are British kids so obsessed with California?
Merida: Because it's sunny...all it does here is rain. People can pull off shorts there. Bermuda shorts envy.
MRR: Merida, how long have you and Rachael been dating?
Freya: God, sometimes I feel like such a third wheel.
Merida: I gave her my jacket at the game and since then we have been inseparable.
MRR: You guys have to hide it, like Lennon and his first wife right? So people will still pin up La La Vasquez posters on their bedroom walls?
Merida: Yeah it's tough, I feel like Dusty Springfield.
MRR: You're drunk?
Merida: Haha!
Freya: Drunk from looooveeee.
MRR: What was the bill for your first show and where was it?
Freya: It was Dude Fest. Oh no, wait it was Yes Way Festival.
MRR: See, why the "dude"? What if we had Bloke Fest? Wait, that's a really great idea actually...
Freya: You bloody played Dude Fest.
MRR: Yeah, I thought we were the honorary live *Dude* ambassadors, right?
Freya: I think it's more of a reference to surf-culture, than men.
MRR: What are you future plans besides the M'Lady and Sex Is Disgusting singles?
Freya: Just sorting a mini French tour in October.
Merida: Keep writing songs.
Rachael: Keep bonking.
MRR: I have been laughing out loud for most of this interview by the way.
Freya: We are crying with laughter.
MRR: I love how Rachael hasn't spoken in like 10 minutes and she just comes in to say, "keep bonking." What the fuck? What is your most hated band in the whole world?
Merida: I don't like Led Zepplin.
Rachael: Simply Red...Simply Rubbish!
MRR: OK, cereal box question! If you could be in a time machine and play with any bands, which would they be?
Freya: Shop Assistants.
Merida: Pink Section and the Urinals.
Rachael: Inflatable Boy Clams and Kleenex.
Merida: And Neo Boys.
Rachael: Oooh yeah!
MRR: I'm totally taking that time machine with you guys! Does it feel like more girls are playing music in England right now?
Merida: Urgh no way!
Rachael: It's a shame!
Merida: There are some good girl bands like Trash Kit and Wet Dog!
Freya: BUT NOT ENOUGH!

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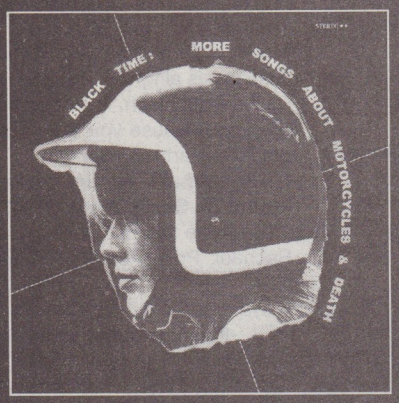

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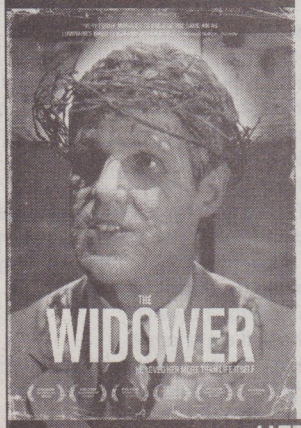

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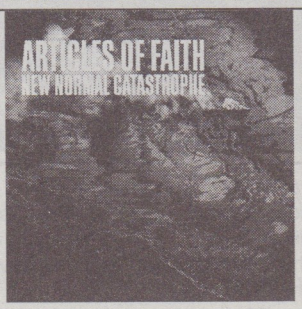

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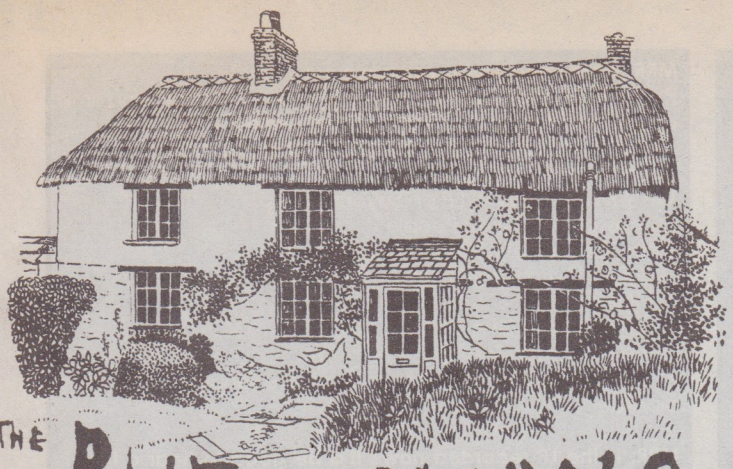


THE PHEROMOANS

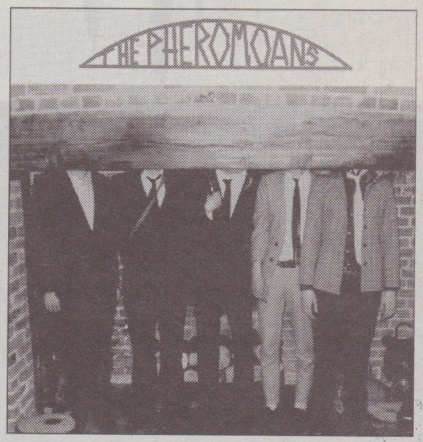
I have no idea how to describe the Pheromoans. Post punk? Garage punk? The Fall with surf riffs? There's a bit of all that and more in what they do. I remember picking up their first 7" for a song called "Penis Envy 96" because of the Crass reference, and it's a garage stormer. The flip confused me with its spoken word rant over a Slates era Fall-like dirge, they had me pretty much hooked and I've been grabbing the steady stream of tapes of 7"s they have been knocking out since. I included them on a comp my label put out and stayed in touch. This was originally going to be an interview with just their singer Russell after getting a solo tape he self released, but turned into a full band interview.
Interview by Carl Clandestine.

MRR: Who's who and does what in the band?
James T: Guitar duties.
Octogram: Bass, guitar, drums, synthesiser, and singing.
Alex G: I swap between rhythm guitar and bass. Russell has banned me from dancing.
James H: I'm the primary percussionist and my favorite beer is George Gale's Festival.R: I sing and I played guitar on "Cover Blown."

MRR: How did the P'Moans come together?
James T: I went to a gig about seven years ago and saw Russell reading from some tattered notes and wearing not much other than a green wig, shorts, and some cryptic scrawling on his chest. I thought, "this could work with some oddball music to accompany it." I approached Russell and Alex, and then James Hines got involved and later Christian.
R: I was dressed as a gap year student!
Alex: The band first started as comedy punk duo called Left Wing Scum with myself and a guy called Gareth. I asked Russell if he'd like to join as he supposedly had a keyboard. Gareth almost immediately moved to Cardiff, and Russell still had many ideas he wanted to pursue with this.
R: I did have a keyboard. I don't remember being present at any comedy punk happenings, but I thought I'd still like to do something with Alex, because he seemed completely oblivious to music. I knew of James T from the front row at the Country Teasers, but I don't remember how he got involved. But we started going to each other's flats and banging cardboard boxes and reading poetry or jokes. I think it's important that we didn't all swagger into a room with guitars strapped to our backs. We played live in January 2006 and coincidentally the next day I moved to London. I was a bit disillusioned with music for a while and just decided to write short stories. I didn't like the constant rejection of being in a band, but after a while I got used to it.
Octogram: I'd already left Brighton by this point so I originally wasn't a Pheromoan, but I saw their one gig and was really impressed by the sheer weirdness of it. And I don't mean "weird" in an arty way either—I mean, "baffling." It was a genuinely baffling thing to behold. In London, Russell started making motions to restart the band, this time with Alex and me. I think the Jameses were invited, but didn't show much interest because of the train fare, so we persevered as the world's most pathetic power-trio until those two decided they could actually be bothered to turn up. At one memorable early gig James [the drummer] didn't even bother to reply to our texts, we had no idea if he was coming or not. He didn't! It was a rather loose affair.

MRR: What releases do you have out so far?
R: Our first album is coming out this autumn. It was a long time coming but I think it will be worth the wait.
James T: *Between The Wine Shop and The Lido* CD
Revamper 7" on Convulsive
The Savoury Days 7" EP on Savoury Days
S/T cassette on Night People
Open For Business 7" on Yakisikana
Midnight Watchdog 7" EP` on Sweet Rot
For the future:
An LP on Convulsive
Lathe on Scotch Tapes
A 10" on Aural Pleasures and maybe another LP in the pipeline

MRR: Is the LP recorded now? It'd be good to hear a full LP from you guys. What's with the Aural pleasures thing—a comp of out of print stuff?
James T: The LP is done, just waiting for it to be pressed by the lovely people at Convulsive. The 10" will be all shiny like one of those laser discs and framed in an aluminium frame with a photo of us with fake tans. The material will be the creamier offerings from our earlier output, plus some brand new stuff.
R: We've finished the album, yes, then after that a compilation of old unreleased things, some of our first CD-R, and some bonus tracks that are new.



MRR: What would you say inspires you most to make music?
James H: We just get together maybe once a month—if we're lucky—and something magical happens. I'm being totally serious.
James T: Presenting something unpolished, beyond the hype.
Octogram: I find the Pheromoans very tolerant people to be around.

MRR: To me there seems to be two sides to the P'Moans music: skewed garage punk songs and more art damaged sound collages with a spoken word element. How would you describe the Pheromoans?
R: I think that's probably right. I think the next single was meant to sound like "John, I'm Only Dancing" but it doesn't sound like it because you get fed up. I don't ever want to record anything more than twice, so they're not always played to perfection. I wouldn't want to be in a band where someone was always shouting "From the top!" and things like that. But yes, there's a desire to make garage/pop songs, which made it hard to fit in to any sort of scene.

When we started, we would accept any gig going, so when we were asked to play rockabilly/garage nights because the promoter might listen to a song on our MySpace page, and people expected surf riffs and line dancing and things, but we were actually trying to tell stories or create an effect through the words and this awful noise. The sound engineer would always turn me down thinking it was unwise to talk about things when people wanted to let loose and do the conga. It was a bit like an Austin Powers film! It was a strange time for us personally. We weren't really in a position to turn down shows because without any records coming out the band would have been nonexistent. I think things started getting a bit better when we put on our own shows.

Octogram: I'm personally a bit dubious about drawing a distinction between the spoken word "art things" and the "proper songs," as I think all of our stuff more or less functions within the pop sphere, even if it's not always catchy. I'd say we're a pop band.
James H: Anti-music art-terrorists.
James T: O would describe us as not rock music, but there are some new ditties that have hints of the Doors' "Roadhouse Blues." Maybe "jam band" would fit, or even better "ham band," as we are often hamming things up generally—though I'm the only vegetarian.

MRR: There seems to be a big literary influence on your lyrics with The P'Moans and in your side projects too. Would you say this is true?
R: I suppose you can sort of put as much or as little as you want into writing lyrics. I like music with no lyrics or just repetitive lyrics, but on the basis that I can't play an instrument and don't sing particularly well it would be a bit weird if I didn't put a lot of effort into the writing.

MRR: Who are your favorite writers?
R: I like James Baldwin a lot but, I don't know if novels affect me in terms of writing lyrics. Poetry maybe. Poetry-wise I like Tom Pickard, though I have only got two early works, *Guttersnipe* and *High on the Walls*. Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, but I can only read poetry when I'm drunk for some reason.
James H: Eric Hill and Dean Koontz.
Octogram: Franz Kafka is my favourite, and I love Magnus Mills and John Kennedy Toole. I've recently discovered an author called Christopher Hood who writes these very funny stories about bureaucracy in the Welsh arts community. I also read a lot of Golden Age science fiction writers, like A.E. Van Vogt.

MRR: I get a real feel of Englishness with the band, especially in the lyrics. The surreal side to our culture that Syd Barrett, Robert Wyatt, and Mark E Smith seem to tap into so well or maybe the way they highlight the surrealness of everyday stuff. Would you say that's an influence at all, or something you try and tap into yourself?
R: I don't try to do that to be honest. I wanted to write a whole album around one theme, but they told me they did that in the seventies! Probably the biggest influence of the above is Robert Wyatt, and

from there I got into Kevin Ayers and Ivor Cutler and things. Soft Machine always sound more European to me than English though. Amélie from Convulsive told me about the Wilde Flowers, who are really great. I feel quite surreal as a person, not in a comical way, but I feel like things around me are always really strange. It's a really bad cliché but I think the world is very strange. So putting that into a song isn't surreal. It might seem surreal because we don't sing about *Saved by the Bell* or the ninja turtles!

Octogram: I've been thinking about this thing about Englishness, because someone else said something similar. I think it's partly down to the way Russell sings, which is obviously not exactly Anthony Kiedis. If Russell ever started singing in some sort of American accent, I would honestly have to run a mile, it'd just be too appalling a thing to behold. I'm amazed how many seemingly sane people go in for all that rock posturing as soon as they've got a microphone or a guitar in their hands. I find it embarrassing, like seeing someone walking about with their knob out. I would say that a lot of the imagery Russell uses and a lot of the things he refers to are very English. Crap sitcoms and suburban hard shoulder and things like that. But I think that's a case of observing minutiae and mundanity. It comes out as very English because we're English, but I think that's incidental. That we're not trying to push some sort of voguish provincialism is, I suppose, what I'm saying.

R: I don't think the sitcoms are crap though. That's the problem!

Alex: Not being English/British, I really couldn't say. Being an Australian, I don't feel there is any emphasis on Englishness. I certainly don't contribute to it. Saying that a lot of Russell references are superficially recognisable to someone who lives in England, and being I recognise these means I've probably lived here for too long, and am now more English than I like to think.

MRR: Do you enjoy playing live? What do you get out of a live show?

R: Well, we're still not really a fixture in *Time Out*. I'd say a lot of shows we do are a means to an end and not the end itself. We're not hobbyists in that sense, in that I don't look at it as a fun evening out. It ruins my evening, if anything, but I think if you enjoy it, you shouldn't be doing it, like golf. They say Tiger Woods doesn't like golf, which is why he took solace in the company of other women. We have done some terrible shows. People would just laugh at us—not with us—because we were wearing the wrong outfits. We stayed on stage though, singing our hearts out. It was either that or completely stagnate.

James H: I enjoy it, and it's always nice to get your travel money back and a few beers.

Octogram: I personally love playing live. Obviously the busy gigs where people really like it are the best, but I also like the really weird ones, where you know you're in front of the wrong people. It's a very strange feeling. I imagine those ones are harder for Russell as front man and not having an instrument to hide behind, but I do find a perverse sort of pleasure in these peculiar, hostile situations.

James T: I enjoy it as we are quite obtuse and maybe annoying. Some people are impatient to see the "proper" band. This sometimes makes the situation quite edgy.

R: We're just naturally very groovy.

Alex: When it's a bad gig, I'm more concerned about the wasted train fare, but when it's good, it beats any other thing I've done.

MRR: There have been a few interesting side projects to the P'Moans that I've heard. The Teleporters, Old Hat, the solo tape Russell did—anything happening with these release wise? Any other collaborations/projects from band members we can look out for?

R: I'm not sure what Old Hat is. The Teleporters is me and Octogram. Whenever I go round his house we quickly find we have run out of things to talk about, so he plugs in. It's quite off the cuff tapes and experimental things. I hope Octogram continues with his solo stuff too, but not at the expense of our career.

Octogram: I believe there will be a Mad Headed Octogram album out some time this year.

Alex: Whatever you do, don't listen to Amateur Ninja Club

MRR: Oh yeah, it wasn't Old Hat. That was the name of the song I heard. The band was the Empty Shelves, I remember seeing a video on the S.I.D. blog and hearing some songs. Can't remember who was involved with it. Just brought them up because I was wondering if there were gonna be any releases by them. Someone needs to put it out anyway.

James H: That's James Sticks's side project with his girlfriend. I think they should do more, and James should make more videos too.

James T: The Empty Shelves are happy to play your nearest furniture outlet...and have their music released in some form.

MRR: I know James your drummer does some great collage art. Are there any artistic endeavours outside of music that you pursue?

R: I enjoy writing. I'm trying to improve at it though. I used to write these things where I'd deliberately pretend to myself I'd never read a book, so they would be all over the place. Now I realize that's only fun for so long, and to other people it's unreadable. So I'm trying to learn how people write books. I used to produce these booklets of my stories and poetry, it was quite strange. I'd take them to galleries and bookshops, but people weren't too enthused, so I would end up giving them away.

MRR: Who are your favorite visual artists?

James H: Gary Panter, John Stezaker, Raymond Pettibon, John

Baldessari, Kenneth Anger.

MRR: Do you really dream of work?
R: Yes, I do from time to time.
Alex: I work with/for schizophrenic old ladies. They make for very bad dreams.

MRR: If you could teleport anywhere anytime, where would you go?
James H: I would like to see the dinosaurs.
Octogram: Yes, it would be tremendous to teleport to the Natural History Museum.
James T: The mid '60s, to check out the US regional band scenes. That's my main area of interest for the last eight years in an incredibly geeky way.

MRR: What bands are you particularly enjoying listening to at the moment?
James T: I like The Scars' "All About You," and Gino Washington's "Out of This World" right now. La La Vasquez is my favourite live band right now.
R: I really like the things on the Jim Shepard blog. He was a big revelation to me recently. Dan Melchior recommended Ron House and Nudge Squidfish. They are both really good. And the Mike Rep reissue. I bought a Clifford Brown record from the market too, that's nice. Ashtray Navigations.
James H: Motards, Exploding Hearts, the Saints, Eno, Prize Pets, Diamond D.
Octogram: Human Race! Wanda Jackson. Tyvek. I'm very eager to hear Plug's album, their two singles were really brilliant. And Trash Kit has got their album out which I can't wait to hear. And Dinosaur Jr's last album, *Farm*, I really love.
R: Octogram likes the Farm.

MRR: That reminds me of that old baggy band the Farm. I hear there's a special place for fans of them—if Octogram was mistaken for a fan and was mysteriously gone one morning, would you A-Team up and save him, and who would draw the shortest straw and end up as the Face?
James T: We would hire Dads Army to find him.
James H: With my fear of flying and my love of milk and gold, I know who'd I'd be.
Alex G: The random stunt guy who gets thrown about about 15 minutes into the show.

MRR: Would you say it's a good time for British bands right now?
James H: I think there is a good level of support and cooperation at the moment. With interconnected bands and independent record labels it does feel like a community of like minded people are working and collaborating together, and I think it's pretty exciting. I also like that it's not just a London-centric thing.
R: The state of the British music scene isn't something that keeps me awake at night. I don't feel part of it, but there is no real point complaining. The people I really like tend to be the ones who just get on with their own thing.
Octogram: I think I only get a very localised idea of "things happening," but I remember when we started out we really did seem at odds with whatever else was going on in London. We were a million miles from "cool." I wouldn't say that we've become cool now, but there do seem to be a few bands about that we're friends with and that we've got a bit in common with.
James T: I think it could be a good time for bands here, but the focus of attention is very blurred. There are still many so-called punk bands that still take the bait in terms of what they see as "hip." If you are a musician—which we predominantly are not—it seems easy to be complacent within your chosen genre, and either do weak rip-offs of what has happened before or be pre-occupied with how you appear within your certain scene. Saying that people's exposure to music has gone through the roof...people are being

inspired to "have a go" and there are some pretty interesting results dotted around.

MRR: What can we expect next from Sex Is Disgusting and Savoury Days, two record labels part run by various P'Moans, in the future?
James H: Next up for Sex Is Disgusting will be the Rent Boys 7", and sophomore releases from Human Hair and Prize Pets. Later on in 2010 we'll be releasing Sauna Youth, who are a great garage-punk-whatever band in a similar vein to the Shitty Limits, and hopefully our first non-UK release will be from this amazing band called Neonates that have a really authentic early '80s post-punk sound. There are plenty more releases we have in the back of our minds too. There's a lot going on at the moment and it's an exciting time to be doing a label.
R: Savoury Days has a split single from Dan Melchior/Pheromoans, and a CD by Potato Chips. A record by La La Vasquez and then some books hopefully. James found some gospel music by a group called the Cold Cuts too that we hope to do.

MRR: Some interesting stuff on the way then. The last few releases came out pretty good. Stoked someone's putting out Neonates, just put out a split tape by them; Sauna Youth are pretty awesome too. What do you guys look for when you release something? For me it's always nice to hear a new spin on things and to get on with the band. Not necessarily genre or where they are from.
James H: Yeah that tape is great. We get to see a lot of bands in Brighton and London and it's pretty fertile ground at the moment. For the most part, the records we've released are by our friends and it just so happens that they're a real talented bunch. The Rent Boys 7" will be the first release from people we don't really know, but they all seem like very nice chaps indeed. They're a real rock and roll band with plenty of sass. I'd like to see more of that. Deciding who and what to put out is a very intuitive thing for me. I don't really analyze it.

MRR: Will the books on Savoury be zines?
R: I don't know what sort of books yet. Not necessarily music related.

MRR: If you could invite three persons living or dead from any time to a dinner who would they be and why?
James H: Bono, Chris Moyles, and Moby because they are my three most favorite celebrity humans ever.
R: I don't know. Bands probably usually say Jimi Hendrix don't they, or a glamour model. Someone like Bill Oddie will do. Or Chris Packham. One of the naturists, basically.
James T: Zippy, Dennis Hopper, and The Golden Girls getting stoned at the dinner table.
R: Sweep.

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For this writer, reading of dimly recalled acts such as The Dishes, Ugly, Scenics, Simple Saucer, The Curse, Poles, etc., as well as the original Diodes-run 1977 Crash 'n' Burn club - and the bands' CBGB trips I do recall - had me staying up nights for weeks.

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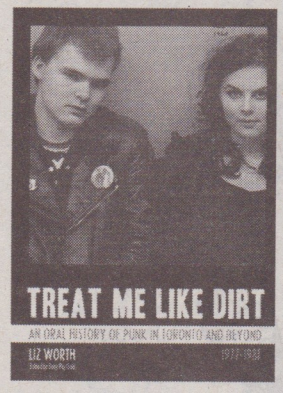

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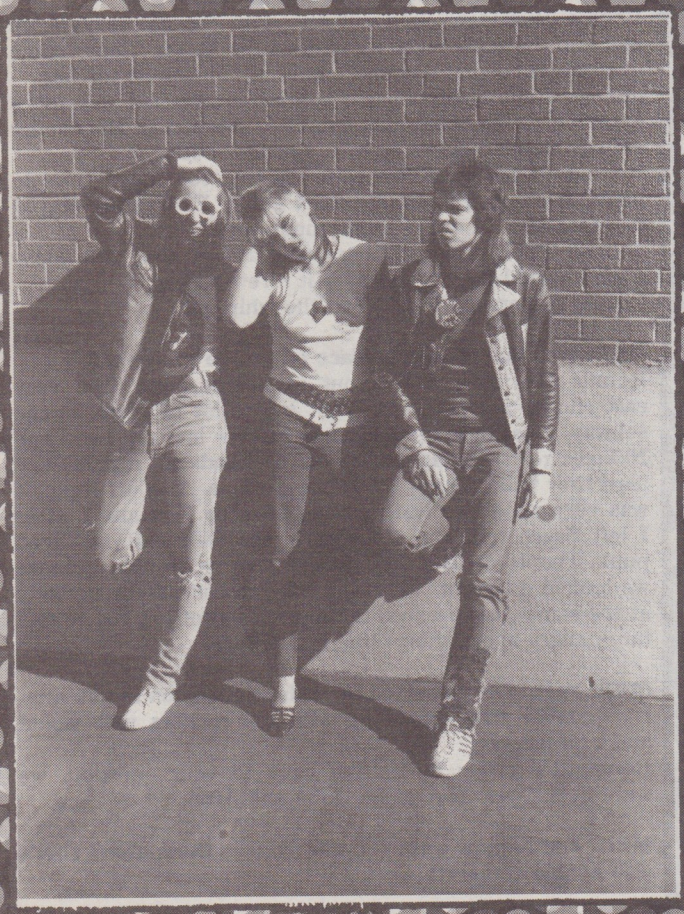
TYRANNA

Tyranna were a visually striking, lyrically provocative, second-wave punk band from Toronto. They did several studio recording sessions, but only "Back Off Baby," which appeared on the No Pedestrians comp, was released in 1980. Despite this, Tyranna had gained a loyal following and supported internationally renowned acts. Last fall a record label named Boppa Do Down released a five song EP and Tyranna did a reunion show to support the release. We had a chance to talk with them shortly after. Interview by Stephen Perry, edits by Johnny Bubblegum and photos by Don Pyle.



MRR: Introduce yourselves and tell us what you do in the band?
Cleave Anderson: I'm Cleave Anderson, drummer.
Johnny Bubblegum: I'm Johnny Bubblegum, bass player and last founding member involved.
Ronnie Partridge: Ronnie Partridge, guitar.

MRR: How did you guys get into punk?
Cleave Anderson: I had a subscription to *Rolling Stone* magazine. I remember reading about a bunch of bands playing at CBGBs, probably in '75. I always wanted to be part of something new so I took a trip down to Max's Kansas City, which was another hotbed. When I came back to Toronto I saw a poster for the Dishes that said "... about to be a household name." I saw them at the Beverley Tavern and kept watching for posters. Being a bit older, I'd already had a taste of the '60s garage rock thing and always felt like I never finished with that raw rock 'n' roll energy. Punk was almost a way of re-connecting and moving into the future with something that I thought had been neglected.
Johnny Bubblegum: I was a little later. CFNY, as it was known then, Edge 102FM, actually was good and played some early Sex Pistols. My brother worked in Hamilton and I sent him to Star Records to pick up a French pressing of "Anarchy in the UK". The Ramones down picking style had already affected my bass playing, but it was when I heard the Sex Pistols that I had to start a band. That was early '77. Luckily in the summer of '78 I got a call from John Zeigler to come to Toronto and join Tyranna.
Ronnie Partridge: I was the youngest guy in the band. Like Johnny, I listened to CFNY and heard the Sex Pistols. It just blew my mind because I didn't like anything else I was hearing. I couldn't understand it, so I was listening to stuff like old Led Zeppelin. The next thing I know I'm auditioning for the Viletones and going to Dead Boys shows. Vera put an ad in the paper, I replied and I got involved with Tyranna.

MRR: It seems a big step to go from listening to music to playing in a band.
Johnny Bubblegum: That was true for me. I got a bass in Grade nine and played to some records, but I hadn't played it seriously in several months when I got the call from Zeigler. When I got the call I put on Teenage Head's "Tearin' Me Apart" and got my fingers going again. Two rehearsals later Tyranna had a gig.

MRR: That's a bit of a whirlwind.
Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah, it was a real whirlwind. But I was out in Burlington in my teens. That put me closer to Hamilton so I got to see Teenage Head as my first live punk experience.

MRR: That is my next question. What were some of the shows that you saw when first getting into the scene?
Cleave Anderson: I'll go back to garage rock, seeing the Ugly Ducklings in Grade ten. I went to that first Ramones show the Gary's did at the New Yorker Theatre, September '76. That show was an introduction for me. Crash 'n Burn started after that, I was at a couple of those shows—the Dead Boys, Teenage Head and the Diodes.
Ronnie Partridge: I was younger and still in high school. I missed so much. It was the Horseshoe and then the Turning Point for me.
Cleave Anderson: The Beverley Tavern was going even before the Crash 'n Burn. That's where I saw the Dishes and Battered Wives, the original version of the band which I ended up joining.

MRR: How did the band actually form? How did Tyranna come together?
Johnny Bubblegum: I never really got the story about how Zeigler, the original guitarist, and Vera met up, but I imagine just at one of the clubs. They started doing some rehearsals and song writing in early '78 I believe.

MRR: And Vera was the singer?
Cleave Anderson: Yeah. "Rabies." She had a band called Queenie. Tony Brighton from the Ubly was in it. Vera and Zeigler got together and started writing. "Unfaithful / Divorce" and "Shockface" continued into the band.

MRR: How did they know you?
Johnny Bubblegum: Zeigler was a friend-of-a-friend in Burlington. We rehearsed once in some kid's basement. The whole afternoon was spent trying to do "Paranoid" and on the strength of that he called me up for Tyranna. I did two rehearsals with John and Vera, all of us singing and playing through one 12" amp. The third time, John met me at the subway and told me we had a new guitarist, a drummer and gigs Thursday, Friday and Saturday. This was a Sunday.

MRR: So Tyranna was actually a five piece at one point?
Johnny Bubblegum: For the first three gigs. Dave Porter, drumming. John Tucker on guitar. He had the clean Telecaster sound. Zeigler had his Les Paul gold top, which he dug out himself with a drill and a chisel to put in a third pick up, which gave it a very distinct, totally fuzzed out sound. It was as much the work he did on his guitar as the MXR pedal he used.

MRR: You mentioned that within two weeks you did a recording at a place called Wade Avenue Artist Collective. John Tucker had a four track studio?
Johnny Bubblegum: John had his, and it wasn't a Fostex. It was a high end four track which was rare. That was a whole artist collective. Robbie Rox lived there, photographers, painters. That's where the first and second demos were done. The 1979 demo was at Basement Studio in Hamilton that Mickey de Sadist introduced us to.

MRR: And Mickey played a part in this right?
Cleave Anderson: He was hanging out in the studio with us. He lived nearby. He joined in on the background vocals on "My Neighbour."

MRR: And there's a live recording from the Edge?
Johnny Bubblegum: Well I discovered a live tape last week from early 1979. We're smoking. We may try and get that to see the light of day. I don't think they had any idea what was going to hit them that night. I was just on fire about the whole thing. So we took Sunday off. I'd been wearing the same clothes all week and needed to go home and change. Monday we started recording the first demo. I guess Zeigler had it up his back about the other guitarist—even though the two guitar sound was very distinct. He recorded the original songs, went out for a coffee and never returned. So he doesn't play on "12XU" and "Where the Boys Are."

MRR: What date did Tyranna start?
Johnny Bubblegum: The Dents / Ugly gig was June '78.

MRR: You did your second Tyranna gig on August 18th and 19th with the Existers and the Curse.
Johnny Bubblegum: That was the original band in '78. The missing link here is when was the Dils gig? AH! It was on Thursday June 14th and it was Tyranna's first gig at The Edge.

MRR: And how long was Tyranna around?
Johnny Bubblegum: Tyranna played three or four nights with Jayne County at the Edge for New Year's Eve 1980. They were recording the live album. Those were the final gigs. So it was a year and a half from beginning to end.

MRR: Cleave, you mentioned something about Vera approaching you at a Horseshoe gig?
Cleave Anderson: That was the Last Pogo. December 1st and 2nd '78. I'd been in the Battered Wives and wasn't going to be doing that anymore. I'd seen Tyranna at the Turning Point and it was Johnny Bubblegum's bass playing that I thought "I like that. He's got the style down." Blues has certain characteristics and country and reggae, and punk rock was a new style emerging. I was looking for a band with those ingredients so I could be part of that. Tyranna was definitely identified as punk rock.
Johnny Bubblegum: Just to expand on that—we *did* play punk rock. We weren't just a bunch of old rockers toughening it up with different clothes and calling it punk rock. Vera had a very strong melody and vocal attack. And she was really confrontational with her ideas. Incredibly striking woman. Then you have the two guitars. Zeigler with his completely fuzzed-out, heavy metal, sound. Like old Black Sabbath. John Tucker was very angular. I had never heard of anybody playing alternate tunings before. The drummer was kind of loose and jazzy. There was this blend of elements that you wouldn't think to put together, really. I think that was very punk. I feel that Tyranna as a band was inventing something new. Maybe not globally, but in Toronto, we had a unique sound. That first gig, Mohammed from the Dents called us "Sophisto-punk," which I took as a great compliment.

MRR: When did Ronnie come into the band?
Ronnie Partridge: Vera put an ad in the newspaper. We met and the same night we wrote a few songs. Cleave came over the following day and I kind of auditioned for him.
Johnny Bubblegum: Cleave coming in...he had way more experience. His drumming solidified our sound. His energy gelled the band into a tighter, stronger outfit.
Ronnie Partridge: If we were wasting too much time in between songs he would get us going. Everything stayed together and we didn't waste much time.
Johnny Bubblegum: If there was a part that was loose Cleave would have us go over it a few times.
Cleave Anderson: Yeah, I had the whip out.

MRR: Was that rehearsal place out in the west end?
Ronnie Partridge: I was out in Scarborough. The very east end of Scarborough. I got into a lot of fights in the subway. I got beat up a lot, but I never lost my Les Paul. Nobody got that handle out of my hands no matter how hard they tried. That's the thing. To go a little off topic, it was very violent to walk around because Vera and I, after I left Scarborough and stayed in the west end, we lived punk. People on the TTC would give us trouble because we looked different. We didn't take any shit from anybody at the same time because the music kind of led you to feel more angry about things like intolerance.

MRR: Yeah. I'm sure it led to confrontations on the streets. I remember that happening with the rockers who would make us targets.
Ronnie Partridge: So getting back to your question, we were in the west end, at St. John and Jane.

MRR: And Johnny, were you still living in Burlington? That's also a huge commute.

Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah, and I didn't do it enough. I realize now I could have added a lot more to the band in that time. I could've been writing songs with Vera but I left it to her to get the band back together. I was just a lazy kid. I was still living in Burlington when we got the call from the Gary's to open for the Dils at the very last minute. When I realized how fast things could happen, that was my call to get into the city.

Cleave Anderson: It worked well that Ron and Rabies wrote songs together. There was a smattering of Johnny's songs and mine, too. It all blended in.

Johnny Bubblegum: "Test Tube Babies" was written for the second demo and Curse gigs. Vera wrote most of the song but said "I need something a little more poppy and high energy for this section," so she brought that to me. There was more interaction between Vera and I in the first band, before Ronnie came in. Then they were a really strong songwriting team.

Ronnie Partridge: I was living in the rehearsal house with Vera and her dad. I would just be banging away making noise and she would say "Play that one again," or "Keep that one." She'd get her little cassette and tape it. She did all the lyrics. She might ask me for a rhyme to a line, but all the lyrics were from Vera.

MRR: Where did the name Tyranna come from? At first I thought it was a bastardization of the name Toronto.

Johnny Bubblegum: Vera told me that she asked her mother or father what would be a good name for the band. And it's only since Google has been around and you put Tyranna in and see what you can find that I've realized that there's this mythical figure out of Russian tradition called Tyranna. Vera's parents were Russian, so that might be behind it as well.

Cleave Anderson: Vera wanted to be a dominant front person. She was a tall woman. She wanted to come across like leading a gang of guys. She wanted to sound tyrannical and feminine at the same time, hence Tyranna.

MRR: There were some shows with the Forgotten Rebels at the Turning Point and you were also playing at Larry's Hideaway with Johnny and the G Rays the same night. How did this end?

Cleave Anderson: We played with the G-Rays and then went over to the Turning Point. Forgotten Rebels opened for us, I am assuming.

Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah, we traded nights headlining.

Cleave Anderson: Sometimes. We were as big as Forgotten Rebels weren't we?

Johnny Bubblegum: In Toronto. That gig was when they put out their first EP. They got well known soon because the CRTC immediately banned three of the four songs.

MRR: There is a story that goes along with this about a gang.

Johnny Bubblegum: "Third Homosexual Murder" was on the EP. An alleged gang called the Spearheads called the club up and said if the band plays that song on Saturday night we're taking Mickey out. So Rabies called down the Blake Street Boys just to make sure things were okay. The Blake Street Boys, who were the Viletones entourage, showed up looking for a fight and of course the Spearheads never showed, and all hell ensued.

MRR: You were telling me something about chairs going into a pinball machine.

Johnny Bubblegum: Into the pinball machines, into the walls, all the tables... Chairs went into the PA. None of the tables ever stood properly after that night. Once that riot started that was it. Somebody was almost killed in front of me. A full beer bottle went into the guy's head and he went down onto the floor. Three or four guys went at him with boots and chairs and then the cops came in. The guy was lying there immobile for a long time. I never did hear what happened to him.

MRR: There was a place called Queen's City Second Stop. Where was that?

Cleave Anderson: Finch and Keele. It was just a bar in a little industrial plaza. I had played there with Jasper a full year before Tyranna and I don't know how. He must have known somebody. It was really a weird place for us to be playing. When Tyranna formed there weren't really very many places to play. We just had to hustle gigs. That is how we ended up in Tottenham.

Johnny Bubblegum: That same booker got us the Tottenham gig, got us the Piccadilly Tube - one of our very last gigs.

MRR: November 24th.

Johnny Bubblegum: This was significant because it was kind of unheard of for any of the punk bands to play the Piccadilly Tube. That was the Yonge Street strip. The home of Max Webster and Rush and the rock scene.

MRR: That was the enemy. That's very weird.

Johnny Bubblegum: It was just a completely different crowd and scene though I think we actually did okay at the Piccadilly Tube.

MRR: Someone was in a cast at this show?

Johnny Bubblegum: That was me.

MRR: What appendage was broken?

Johnny Bubblegum: The right leg. The knee still bothers me. I popped it at a rehearsal and was in a cast. That was the only gig at which I ever stood still.

MRR: Yeah you said that was uncomfortable because you couldn't move around.

Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah. I felt like a total lame ass. I thought you put on a show. That was your job.

MRR: You mentioned something about Tottenham. What was that show like? The place is like a redneck bastion. How did you survive that show?

Johnny Bubblegum: Cleave and I got out of Dodge right away and Ronnie and Vera hung around.

Ronnie Partridge: Well they offered us a room for the night.

It was pretty low end. These guys invited us to a party and so we went. Once we got to the party I could tell it was a mistake. These guys were really rough. I just wanted to get Vera and I out of there. They realized we were getting ready to take off. We got out to my old MG and it started but it was revving really fast. I backed out and later found that they had taken off a couple of spark plugs, but it got us out of there. We were so happy to see that room after all. It looked wonderful.
Cleave Anderson: And the gig itself was probably a mistake. I don't think there were a lot of people there. They didn't get it at all. It was uncomfortable.

Johnny Bubblegum: It was definitely hostile. Guys sitting there with their motorcycle helmets on their chair and directly baiting the band.

MRR: Tell us about the Iggy Pop gig. November 9th and 10th. How did that come about? Was it a Gary's show?
Cleave Anderson: Yeah. Iggy had a crackerjack band. Glenn Matlock from the Pistols on bass, Brain James from the Damned on guitar, who else?
Ronnie Partridge: Tangerine Dream on drums.
Johnny Bubblegum: It was either Tangerine Dream or Patti Smith's drummer.
Cleave Anderson: It was our finest moment. We played our best ever. It was a full house. Totally memorable night for us. Wilder Penfield III chose it as one of the top shows of the year.
Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah, he mentioned that the high rating was because of the opening acts. We totally rehearsed for that gig. When we were on stage it was like hearing a record of your band for the first time.
Ronnie Partridge: It was a huge stage. Probably the biggest one we have ever played on.
Johnny Bubblegum: And we worked it. Vera was leaning down talking to people in the crowd who were handing her Polaroids. We all did our part. The first night was kind of a damper because it was pouring rain and people were lined up in it. We were the first band on and they were soaked. The second night we came on and were very powerhouse and got a strong encore. They sent us back out there to do it, which just thrilled us of, course. Then the G-Rays came on and didn't get an encore, which thrilled us even more. We were back stage celebrating with our case of beer. Wow!

We got a case of beer and a dressing room. I remember we were up in the office at The Edge when the Garys asked us if we wanted to play it and my jaw hit the floor. I had been in a band for a year and a half and there I was talking to Glenn Matlock. We were both holding our basses side-stage and I was talking to the guy who had written "Anarchy in the UK," the song that started it all for me. I was losing it. Ron was sitting with Brian James down in the audience while we were doing sound check.
Ronnie Partridge: I got in trouble for "Revenge" the first night. I'd grab a beer and down it and then do a slide riff. Of course, I drank the beer and most of it went all over me. I did my slide thing and was told by the Edge staff "Mr. Pop likes a dry floor. You just made it all wet. He won't be able to slide in that area. Don't do that tomorrow night."
Johnny Bubblegum: Iggy said "hi" though.
Ronnie Partridge: He was very pleasant.

MRR: Okay tell us about ... there was a gig that you did at the Edge with Jane County.
Cleave Anderson: Well the Gary's had booked Jane County in for New Year's to record a live album.

MRR: Did you guys get an opportunity to record as well?
Ronnie Partridge: After we played the first night the record company offered to record us. But the night before we went to the Piccadilly Tube and I got beat up pretty bad. I could still play. My fingers were all fine, so we showed up, but it turned out that we were going on after Jane County. As she left, she took all the good recording microphones so the Edge used their own. Unfortunately they were just standard SM58's and they bled all over the place, so the recording was very poor and wasn't used.

MRR: The one song that did get released around that period was "Back Off Baby" on the *No Pedestrian* comp. How did the compilation come about?
Cleave Anderson: Well there was this guy named Tom Atom who had Cottingham Sound. There weren't many recording studios around at the time and he was street level and inexpensive. So he decided to choose one song from a bunch of different bands and put out a compilation. Tyranna gave him some demos. He chose "Back Off Baby."
Johnny Bubblegum: Cleave's song. As soon as I found out, that was it. I quit the band.

MRR: So that led to the break up?
Cleave Anderson: Yeah. I left soon after that. I was not very happy about Johnny not being on that. Screamin' Sam Ferrera, of the Ugly and Viletones was on that. I'd played a lot with Sam, he's a good buddy of mine now, but it wasn't the right thing to have him play on that song.
Ronnie Partridge: It wasn't his style either.
Johnny Bubblegum: No hard feelings against Sam.
Cleave Anderson: No. He's a sweetheart.
Johnny Bubblegum: It didn't represent the band well. We all agree. It wasn't the sound of the band.
Cleave Anderson: As a song writer, I wanted it to be a staid one chord for a long time thing. Simple and really accessible, but have a little twist on it. Stylistically, I had something in mind and Johnny was doing the job on that. The version that's on our EP, that's the one Johnny Bubblegum plays on. That's more indicative of the song and of Tyranna.

MRR: How did the EP come about?
Johnny Bubblegum: Just to finish with this, *Shades Magazine*, the journal put out by the Existers, when they reviewed *No Pedestrians*, they singled out Tyranna and ZRO4 as the best on the record, but said somebody should release the original

Tyranna demos. So thirty years go by and I'm hanging out at Mitzi's Sister. Fred Robinson from UIC introduces me to this guy Tim who is starting a label. Don Pyle said "Why don't you do Tyranna?" It took maybe a year, but it came out in 2008, the 30th year anniversary of Tyranna. Tim released a track from the very first, one-week-old band and tracks from the Hamilton demo. *Maximum Rocknroll* gave us a very strong review. Several editors singled it out as the top record that month. Then Dave Disaster over in England wrote me to get a signed copy and said you should get more of the stuff out there. He himself sent some songs to Rave Up in Italy and Pierre at Rave Up immediately said he wanted to do Tyranna. We'll have a full LP this December, with Don Pyle cover design and photographs. It'll be the complete studio recordings.

MRR: Amazing news. You did a song called "Johnny." Is there a story behind this song?
Johnny Bubblegum: Yes and no. The band was only several days old when we wrote "Johnny." We had two legitimate Johns, and I called myself Johnny, so we called Dave "Johnny" as well. Vera was into confronting the audience, being a provocateur. She was going tongue-in-cheek at the whole "Johnny" culture. The famously bored Toronto audiences don't respond. Vera was trying to get some action happening between the band and the crowd. It worked. The tune was mostly mine and Vera did the lyrics. "Shockface" was another confrontational song. Vera was looking at bums on the street and people going downhill and saying she wanted no part of that.

MRR: I think it ends something like "kill the human race."
Johnny Bubblegum: "Shock the race." Vera was an outstanding woman interested in the paranormal and alternative medicine. I had never heard of alternative healing, alternative food ideas... Vera was into all of this way before anybody I ever knew of. That kind of insight went into her lyrics.

I don't know where she came up with her lyrics. But the more she wrote, she started to sing about the environment and space. She started with very street level songs and by the end they were all about the future and space. She just changed direction.

MRR: Are those songs like "Test Tube Babies?"
Ronnie Partridge: No, that was an old one. A lot of songs weren't recorded, about cancer and what the environment is doing to us and things that are important nowadays. It weighed heavily on her mind. "Subway" used the subway as a metaphor for going between different states of consciousness. After Cleave and I left the band they did a couple of more gigs as Teranna. There was a UFO on the flyers. Her mind was going in that direction.
Johnny Bubblegum: But another important element with Vera is, if you look at "Johnny" there's that "Na na na na na na" and in "Divorce" she uses "Did not, did too." She could use these child world elements. Definitely not pigeon-holed into "this is punk," Vera was a tough, dominant woman who defined her own ideas.

MRR: You did a show last year with Zoe from the Bayonettes filling in.
Johnny Bubblegum: Yeah. The EP release.

MRR: But Vera was noticeably absent?
Johnny Bubblegum: Vera has some health issues, but she's alive, but she didn't want to take part in the live gig. She hasn't sung in a long time. She gave up on music after the Teranna band with Ron. She's very proud of the record, but she didn't want to go back.

MRR: Any other press from back in the day? I saw a Jonathon Gross write up with pictures and stuff.
Johnny Bubblegum: He was a *Toronto Sun* writer interested in the Toronto music scene. He did an article on musician's and their day jobs. He ran a picture of Cleave in his Postie outfit. That was the week of Nucci's Bar and Grill. I was crashing at Cleave's house which is why I was there. The New Music show on CityTV, began as a print journal that they mailed out. Steven Davies of the Dishes wrote a survey of the top bands and the new bands to watch out for. He mentioned Tyranna. That was it for press.

There were maybe two or three street level fanzines, very little press and no airplay. You didn't even have college radio. People say "Tyranna didn't even release anything?!" Well, we turned down an English contract because we were worried we'd get ripped off, and it was proved true that we would have gotten ripped off, though we would've had a single in England. With the Iggy Pop show we got reviewed, and managers starting coming around. We were holding out for a good release that hopefully would have taken us somewhere. It wasn't as if we couldn't get it together. Lots of bands somehow managed to put out a single. A lot of those singles don't stand up and don't hold up historically. I think the Tyranna recordings stand up for themselves. The fact that we didn't release something at the time doesn't matter. The recordings are still there.

MRR: There is a lot of punk rock archaeology going on where people are finding bands like Tyranna and it's had an impact.
Johnny Bubblegum: Rave Up has about 80 releases. Just like what Lenny Kaye did with the *Nuggets* collection. People are going back and pulling out old recordings of merit. With *Nuggets* they were actual records. If you survey all the recordings and look at who was playing the new punk rock and who was warming over rock 'n roll, I think Tyranna's place in Toronto's history will find it's right level.

There are still copies of the 7" available through Boppa Do Down care of Tim Hanna at 123 Ossington Avenue / Toronto, ON / M6J 2Z2 / Canada. Rave Up Records will release the TYRANNA LP this December. ECW PRESS will publish a book of Don Pyle's photographs, featuring TYRANNA, in April 2011.

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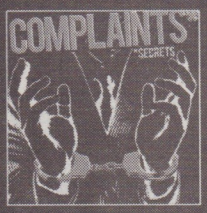

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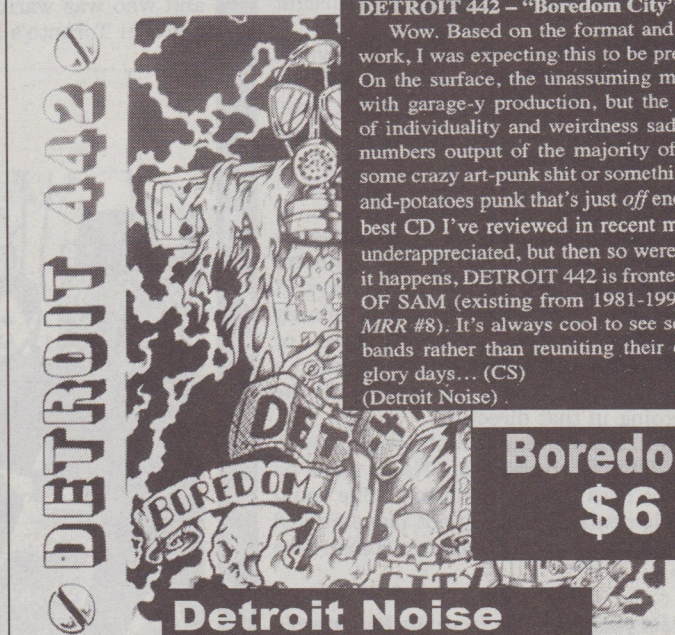

DETROIT 442 – "Boredom City" CD

Wow. Based on the format and sloppy, slightly pixilated artwork, I was expecting this to be pretty dismal. Instead, it's *great*. On the surface, the unassuming music is simple HC punk rock with garage-y production, but the simplicity belies a real sense of individuality and weirdness sadly absent in the paint-by-the-numbers output of the majority of punk bands. Not that this is some crazy art-punk shit or something—nope, it's just solid, meat-and-potatoes punk that's just *off* enough to make it stand out. The best CD I've reviewed in recent memory. This will probably be underappreciated, but then so were a lot of other good bands. As it happens, DETROIT 442 is fronted by the former singer of SON OF SAM (existing from 1981-1991, first reviewed way back in *MRR* #8). It's always cool to see scene vets playing in good *new* bands rather than reuniting their old ones to rehash long-gone glory days... (CS)
(Detroit Noise)

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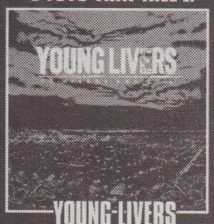

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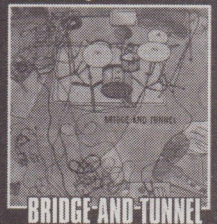

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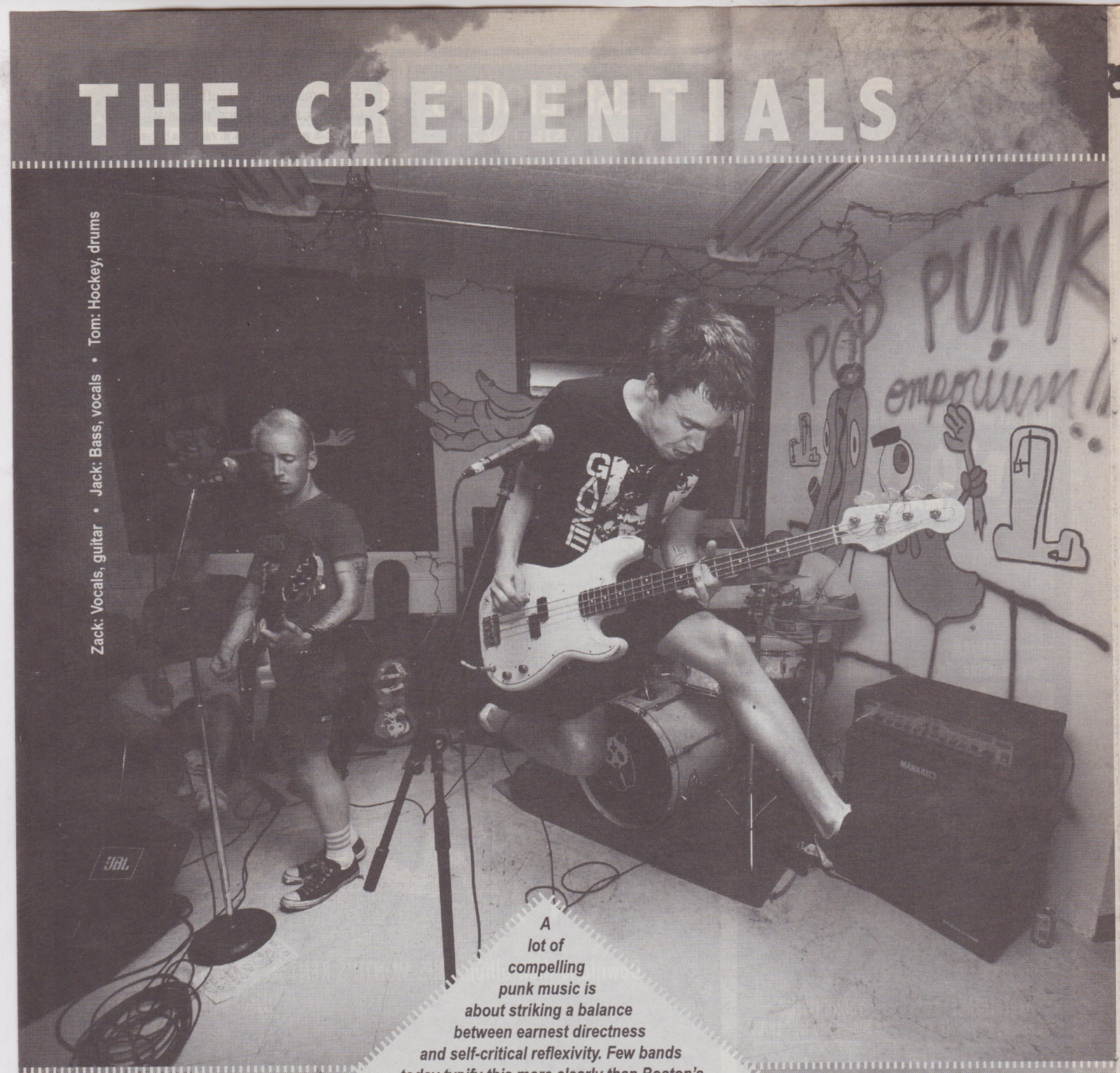


Zack: Vocals, guitar • Jack: Bass, vocals • Tom: Hockey, drums

A lot of compelling punk music is about striking a balance between earnest directness and self-critical reflexivity. Few bands today typify this more clearly than Boston's The Credentials. They embody the resurrection and reclamation of classic pop-punk sensibilities, using a vocabulary established by bands like Screeching Weasel and The Broadways to speak to their own peer group about pressing concerns. If anything, they know where they come from, but the question of where they're going permeates their already compelling, if presently small, body of work. This interview doesn't really make the question any less open-ended, but highlights the fact that the answers will come from some communal space. The Credentials have offered me endless apologies and profuse pronouncements (both herein and since the interview was conducted) that this was little more than a beer-fueled fiasco. Indeed, a lot of material ended up on the cutting room floor, but I wouldn't say that it paints an inaccurate portrait of the band, rather a slightly blurry one.

Interview by Dave Brainwreck and Brian Thompson

Photos by Kelly Englund, Erza Cohen and Ben Smart

MRR: Zack, this isn't your first appearance in *MRR*. Care to elaborate?
Zack: I don't know. That's a bad question.

MRR: You sent a letter…
Zack: Yeah, okay. We sent our demo there and it got a crummy review.
Tom: It's a dude that openly said he didn't like pop-punk. Why are you reviewing a pop-punk tape then?
Zack: So I got a little inebriated and wrote them a letter, and the rest is history Dave.

MRR: I thought you were sixteen when I read it.
Zack: The letter said, "the only things I care about are Crusty Tim and breakfast sausage. We're not ripping off New Found Glory, we're ripping off Screeching Weasel."
Jack: Also, we're not from fucking Amherst, fuck that shit!
Zack: It's an outrage, man, it's an injustice system.

MRR: You released a tape, a 7", and an LP all before you ever played outside of Boston. What the fuck? How did you do that?
Zack: I'd say it was one of the many really good ideas we've had; to release a ton of shit and make sure no one gets a chance to listen to it. The tape was really bad. I've never been in a band I actually gave a fuck about, so I had a lot of songs saved up. It was just a year of putting all the songs down.
Tom: Also, I really didn't want to do anything with a label until we were put in a position where a label could actually do something for us. It seems like DIY isn't an ethic thing, its just *smart*, because you wind up giving your rights away. Some dude has all your records and you can wind up not getting them, as I've had happen in the past. Dealing with a bunch of potentially really shady shit and giving away your music or art to some dude just for the sake of not being able to pull down two thousand dollars between three guys…
Jack: Let's be honest here, two guys. I didn't pay for shit.
Tom: It doesn't seem like a worthwhile idea. I'll fucking do a label if someone wants to send me somewhere that I can't fucking go myself, help me go to Japan or Europe or somewhere that I don't know people. Until then, it's not worth it to me to give up everything that I actually have.

MRR: How did self-releasing all this stuff within a year work fiscally?
Jack: I'm incredibly wealthy and I used my millions of dollars to pay for everything.
Tom: What else are you going do? You can spend your money on some bullshit possessions that aren't really going to make you happy, or you can put out a record where you get to say something you've been wanting to say to people.
Zack: Spend your money on embarrassing yourself!
Tom: Or go on tour or whatever.
Zack: There's a ton of great bands in Boston right now, and a lot of them are like "Whoa, you guys put out this record. How'd you do that?" Well, I fucking spent this money I earned at my shitty job and I put out my band's record. It's a logical progression for us, and I wish more people would follow that path.
Jack: I want a pony.

MRR: You often write about routines. It's the name of the album.
Zack: I don't know what band you're talking about, dude.

MRR: Does constantly writing about and analyzing your routines lead you to draw certain conclusions about yourself?
Zack: What do you mean, certain conclusions? What are you insinuating?

MRR: Focusing on your routines, does that make you see yourself in a different light?
Jack: Zack goes to work at the bike shop every day and then complains about it when he gets home. He's like "Ah, I don't want to talk about bikes, wah wah," but bikes are awesome so he should shut up.
Zack: Jack goes to work forty hours a week, so he knows what its like to go to a job and be miserable. No, that song ["Routines"] was one of the first songs we wrote, and I'd say it pretty much accurately sums up the vibe of that record. "Routines give us comfort / routines keep us down." It's harder to get more straightforward than that.

MRR: Would you say the band goes through certain routines as well?
Jack: I drink a lot. That's pretty routine.
Zack: Yeah, it's a big cycle of Jack drinking a lot.
Tom: Once a week I call all the hospitals to find out if Jack's in them.
Zack: Usually we show up to the practice space, these fucking dickhead queefers with thousands of Mac computers that sequence techno music are there and won't let us practice, so we never really practice until we play a show.
Jack: That's happened once!

MRR: What about routines in the larger continuity of punk? Do you see yourselves playing into that in any way?
Zack: I'm really sketched out by the idea of being like "We really transcend the genre of punk, man, and we see through all the routines." No, I know my place in it, which is this is the music I've listened to since I was a kid. All I know how to say is that this is what I do, this is what's upsetting to me, I can't seem to break out of this cycle. I'm not about to say I know how it is or I've got it all figured out. Clearly I don't. The record is about, these are my routines, this is what I do and it's really frustrating to me.
Tom: As far as routines like play a show, go on tour, record, release a record, kind of going through the motions of punk, I feel like we've done things when we've wanted to because they're fun and had that as our guiding force behind everything. We haven't been trying to follow the formula or anything like that. In that sense we stayed away from it, but not because we're trying not to fall into the trap of it. We're just doing what seems like a good or fun idea at the time and we're having fun because of it.

MRR: What were the shittiest name ideas before you settled on The Credentials?
Zack: We were going to call it Rex Manning Day, like the Empire Records movie, but it would be kinda crummy to have a band named after a shitty movie.
Tom: I wanted to call it Juggalo Biafra, but these guys didn't want to do it, so I started another band called Juggalo Biafra.
Zack: There was also Thee Jack Haley Ensemble Experience 2k97.

MRR: Zack, it seems like your time in the straight edge hardcore scene left you with a bad taste in your mouth.
Zack: I just can't relate at all to 99% of the people in that scene and the things they talk about, or more so the things they don't talk about; how substance-less their songs are, the way that scene treats gay people and women. It's a very masculine scene that doesn't leave

much room for any kind of differentiation or viewing gender dynamics in a different light than what the mainstream offers. In that way it wasn't really an underground anymore, it wasn't a subsect of punk anymore, just a Nike ad. I felt like I couldn't contribute anything to it anymore and it didn't have anything for me.
Tom: Like girls being coat racks and shit.
Zack: And that music was important to me because I felt alienated from mainstream society so I sat in my room listening to records, then when I went to shows it just felt like more of the same bullshit that I was trying to escape. But clearly you're asking me about the song "Slowly Going The Way Of The Juggalo." It's about a fine young gentleman who used to perform in a Connecticut act whose name will not be repeated. It's basically about never feeling like you fit in with any crowd of people and then having to fucking deal with them giving you a bunch of shit about not wanting to hang out with them anymore when you tell them to their face that they suck wicked bad.

MRR: What's the punkest thing you've ever done? We'll take this one at a time or collectively if there's something that encompasses all three of you.
Tom: Wasted your time with this interview. We dragged you nice people in here and got you prepared to do a real interview and then got fucking way too drunk to respond to any questions.
Zack: I think the punkest thing I've ever done is go to work. Or make a home-cooked meal and go to bed at a reasonable hour.
Jack: For me it was getting dragged out of bed by Zack after I slept with a random girl that I met. I didn't remember her name the next day, and I think I pissed my pants. I almost fought Zack that night. That's not actually that punk, but I just wanted everyone across the country to know that I'm not a virgin.
Tom: I think the punkest thing I ever did was stop trying to think about punk, and be like "I like hockey, and I own a car."
Zack: "I'm a dickhead."
Tom: A lot of punk is about thinking for yourself and trying to figure shit out, so when I go to some punk hippie house and someone's trying to sell me their pronouns to address them by... I'm not buying it, not because I'm against you doing whatever you want to do or because I'm homophobic, but because I think they're doing it to get a reaction out of me. If you actually care about an issue, and you just go ahead and try to go as far as you can to the left or right, or in any direction, that's such a fucked up approach. That's why I like our song "Mike Graffito-Tagged Somerville"

MRR: Do you ever think it's the kids more so than the ideas you're having a negative reaction to?
Tom: That's absolutely the case. You can do whatever. If someone's like "I don't feel comfortable being termed as a man or a woman", who am I to say anything against that? I'll call you whatever you want to be called. If you're trying to make that argument to the world, talking to the everyday John and Jane Q Public, eliminating common ground is a bad way to start.
Zack: I'd say the punkest thing I ever did was listen to the Paul Westerberg solo records and admit that I like them.

MRR: The *Open Season* soundtrack?
Zack: Yeah, so bad!

MRR: The idea of existing in a pop-punk band in Boston that pretty much only plays locally goes against pretty much every impression I have of Boston. Do people come out for local bands there? Do they care?
Jack: They do. I mean, they're all our stupid friends that we love.
Zack: I would say it's more, and it's not necessarily a bad thing, but people come out to stuff as a social gathering which is really nice. It's really nice to have a community of people that will just come out to see what's going on and see what their friends are doing regardless of whether they're into it or not. On the flip side, I'd say it is maybe frustrating sometimes to write songs that are really depressing that you give a giant fuck about and have people just come out to drink beer and not necessarily notice what you're doing. At the same time I don't want to sound ungrateful to my friends that come out to shows.
Jack: It's really funny playing a song about your ex-girlfriend who is also your biggest fan and knows all the words to it.
Tom: You're not going to develop an actual fan base or anything in Boston; you're going to have your friends go see you. But who's trying to develop a fan base anyways? If we were trying to do that, we would've done a whole bunch of other shit differently. That's not why we play shows or go on tour; it's just to have fun. We want to write songs because that's what we do. I guess it doesn't matter whether you play in Boston or somewhere else. We're going somewhere else on tour because we're going on vacation and some kids in some other towns are going to pay for it.
Zack: And we call those kids "suckers".

MRR: Zack, what compelled you to write "Nightsweats"?
Zack: That's one of my favorite songs. I read a book called *The Life And Times of Harvey Milk*; it's in the insert to that record [*Consolation Prizes* 7"]. It's a biography of Harvey Milk. We think that people are repressed now, but people lived in these small towns and they didn't have any freedoms at all and they heard of this place called San Francisco where they could go be themselves and love people that they actually loved and feel things that they felt. As soon as they moved there and started to live this open lifestyle they contracted this disease that bore down on San Francisco right when they flocked there. Basically everyone got AIDS, and it was really difficult to admit that their freedom lead to this life threatening disease that killed off all their friends. So it's about breaking free of the constraints of your small town and leading the life you want to and being killed for it. They had to keep their dignity within the context of contracting AIDS, and it was a situation that no one could be prepared for. How do you reconcile getting this disease that you know is going to kill you and at the same time telling people that your lifestyle is acceptable?

MRR: That was a time with a lot of fear surrounding it, because no one knew what AIDS was at all.

Zack: No one knew how they got it. A lot of people thought maybe they got it through drugs at the clubs.

Tom: The "God Hates Fags"/"AIDS Cures Fags" mentality coming about—it was really convenient for people that were homophobic to be like "This disease is coming about and killing people, and no one knows how anyone's getting it. Gay dudes are getting it, so it must be God's way of showing people that being homosexual isn't alright." With that context, its makes it a really difficult thing to stand up for your lifestyle when people are pegging it with something as absolute that you're dying because God's angry with the way you've chosen to be.

Zack: People are out there getting the shit kicked out of them by police officers for the way they want to be. Why would you ever say that that's your own fault?

MRR: Do you feel any compulsion to politicize your audience?

Zack: I don't want to ever be the type of band that comes off as condescending or comes off like they know something someone else doesn't, but at the same time you start a band to talk about things you care about or let people know about issues you've learned about. I do think it's important for bands to have substance. I know that being a kid, and even now, going to see a band and having them stop to talk for a second about an issue that's important to them, that really affected me in getting into punk and wanting to learn about different social issues. It's definitely important to me, as well as having a really good time, to stop and talk about things that are on your mind, 'cause why else are you screaming into a microphone if it's not about anything.

Tom: I feel like it's more of a responsibility to yourself to not be a vapid human being and talk about things that matter to you. I don't think it's my responsibility to tell other people how to think. It seems really condescending and patronizing to say "listen, man, I'm going to tell you about the issues and explain to you politics via a three minute jam that I wrote in my room while drunk." That's not the way to go about it. If it does serve the purpose of getting people engaged and thinking about stuff, that's totally cool. I know that punk has done that for me and probably all of us, but having interesting songs or songs about "issues" has a lot more to do with us wanting to talk about them because talking about girls in every other song is probably more than enough anyways.

Zack: At the same time, we have a lot of songs about gender issues. I definitely am often conflicted about that whole setup of white dude in punk band gets up to talk about how women aren't respected in punk, and there's a whole bunch of dudes looking at you like you're just talking about female issues because you just want to be perceived as a caring person who cares about females. It's weird to be in that position, knowing that you're suspect but you do actually care about these issues a lot. I haven't talked to Jack or Tom about this yet, but I've had this idea going for a while of doing a concept record, although I would hesitate to call it that.

MRR: American Idiot?

Zack: I don't know what it would be called yet, maybe "Women," just about sexism and more so just figuring out your place as a man in society and everything we've been taught to believe about ourselves and trying to figure that out through the context of punk music. It's a really strained issue, trying to reconcile your own sexual desires with what you believe about feminism.

Tom: This is probably the best medium to throw some shit against the wall and see what sticks with us!

Zack: In case you guys didn't know, we're doing this new double LP called *You Guys Suck!*

Jack: Straight to betamax.

MRR: It seems like you guys are not so self-conscious about wearing your influences on your sleeve, and maybe take a little bit of ownership of them. I'm talking the cut-up Crimpshrine letters spelling out your band name, references to that kind of stuff.

Jack: No dude, we're brilliant artists who have created original works of genius that the world has never even experienced before.

MRR: Is there any pressure or desire to transcend these influences, or is being an excellent band in a long-established vein enough?

Zack: That's an excellent question. I don't feel like we're doing anything different than any other pop-punk band. I would say that we care a lot about what we're doing, and I try to write lyrics about issues people haven't thought about. We certainly have our share of relationship songs or complaining about people not liking us.

MRR: Tom, what's "Detroit Rats" about?

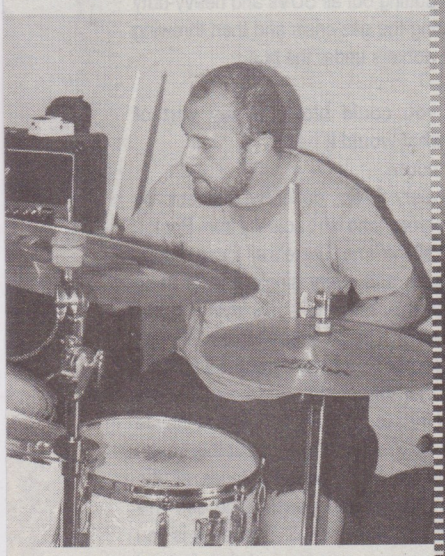
Tom: Basically it's a song about the automobile industry and the corporate greed that went along with the economic collapse a few years ago where executives were saying the reason they couldn't compete was labor conditions in Japan being a lot cheaper, because they have to pay a heftier salary and deal with the unions and pay benefits out here. Having executives that have failed so miserably to put out a competitive product on something that's *that* expensive when the cars suck *that* bad—when Ford was putting out all SUVs and heavy-duty trucks during the gas crisis and then throwing their own workers under the bus.

MRR: If you could blow up any part of Boston, what would it be?

Zack: My house.

Jack: Newbury Street, definitely. It's basically where everyone who isn't actually from Boston hangs out all the time. There's all these crappy yuppie stores and every single one of them propagates this image of... it's trying to sell this rich person's life to poor people. It's trying to convince people of how great it would be if you had all this money and could have a sailboat. It tries to convince people that they're rich when they're not. It tries to put this image of extreme wealth in people's faces all the time, and most of the people who see this don't have any money at all. The result is you spend all your money on fancy clothes instead of trying to actually improve your life.

Tom: Newbury Street is like every other rich street in every rich city, but that said, my fucking sister lives there so I don't want it to blow up.



Jack: Alright, your sister can come stay with me while I blow it up.
Tom: Well, I don't think that's what's actually going on. The concept of commercialism is to sell people things that they don't need, whether they can afford it or not. Newbury Street sucks because it's a bunch of elitist dickheads who walk around with their purse and their little dog that they treat as an accessory instead of a living thing. I think the people that get caught up in it are far more the problem than the people that are trying to sell it.

MRR: What would you blow up in Boston?
Tom: I don't know, I'm from New Hampshire and I came down to Boston when I was playing in a different band.
Jack: What band was that?
Tom: Witches With Dicks.
Zack: Oh, I didn't know you were in that band.
Tom: Fuck you. If I could blow up any part of Boston, it would be the police stations. [laughter]

MRR: FBI file on Tom!
Zack: 617 PICKLE 3, dude!
Tom: Yeah, 617 PICKLE 3 is the FBI phone number in Boston.
Jack: We prank call the FBI sometimes. It's just a hobby we have.
Tom: Especially when anything's in the paper about the city needing to cut its budget and potential cop layoffs, all of a sudden the cops become really, really dutiful and start fucking with everyone over everything; cracking down on shows, parties, going to Fenway to hassle stupid dickheads about weed at a Dave Matthews concert.
Jack: You should talk about Evacuate, that whole situation.
Tom: Oh yeah, the FBI showing up to steal Social Circkle's LPs and t-shirts before they went on tour.
Zack: I prank called them the next day and asked them "how much for the new Social Circkle LP" after they confiscated them all.
Jack: Also, when the cops came to that show, everyone was dressed the same but they singled out Zack for some reason. "Are you from the '70s?"
Tom: "Mr. Trapped-In-The-'70s over here!"

MRR: Zack, on the subject of breaking out of typical pop-punk lyric patterns, can you talk about the song "Korean Porn Dumpster" and whether writing, recording, and repeatedly playing that song has altered your relationship with porn in any way?
Zack: To be honest, which I hate to be, I haven't had a computer in a while. I bought one and then I sold it to my friend to make rent. I haven't looked at porn since I haven't had a computer, which was about a year ago. Up the Larry Flynt punx and fuck anyone who says that you shouldn't watch pornography, but mainstream heteronormative pornography had a negative impact on my relationships with women. I began to view them as less than what they were, and I was ashamed of that. I think it's absolutely wrong to be puritanical about it and say that we shouldn't be interested in sex. I read this book called *Getting Off: Pornography and the End of Masculinity*, which was definitely a questionable book and had some holes in it and had some eye rolling moments, but on a whole... I support pornography, but at the same time I feel like it harmed me. I would like to say "Fuck Tipper Gore and hell yeah to pornography!" but I honestly think that since I've stopped being into porn, I've had a more level head and been more able to treat people in a way I'm more proud of.

MRR: I'm interested in if not having a computer affected your relationship with porn, or if playing the song and talking about when you play a show it played a bigger role; kind of a note to self.
Zack: I forget everything all the time. I never live up to my word. Having that is definitely a reminder to me about the issue. I'm reading this book right now called *When Everything Changed: The Amazing Journey of American Women From 1960 to the Present*, and there's this one passage from the sixties that says, "Men need to be reminded that women exist." It's kind of a painful thing to say and to think about, but I think even in 2010, I need to write a song to remind myself that consuming massive amounts of upsetting, emotionally charged, woman-hating porn can be hurtful. What was the question again?
Jack: Some of our closest friends in the world need to be reminded of that. People that I would trust with my life need to be reminded that women are actual people.
Zack: I'm definitely as guilty as the next, but I'd be the first to say that that song hurts to listen to and hurts to play and that's why we need to play it. As much as we'd like to say that we're this politically correct, open-minded RVIVR-ass band that knows all the issues and is on top of their game and knows the right pronouns to call everyone and shit like that, I do have fucked up sexual desires. It's definitely painful, so that's why I wrote a song about it. I don't want to whitewash it.
Tom: I feel like even regular porn that isn't necessarily woman hating lends itself to the depersonalization of it because you're not there. It's just happening there for your consumption, and you forget that they're putting on an act for you as part of their business and you can't treat people like that because everyone has feelings and their own needs. If you get too caught up in just thinking about sex as something to be consumed for your use as opposed to an experience you go through with someone that should gratify both of you, you're going down the wrong road.
Zack: In that sense, I feel like pornography wraps up sexuality into the kind of bullshit capitalist cycles that we have to deal with anyway.

The Credentials are planning split 7"s with New Creases and Dead Uncles and have a split 7" with the Transgressions from Madison, WI coming out October 1st on Traffic Street records.

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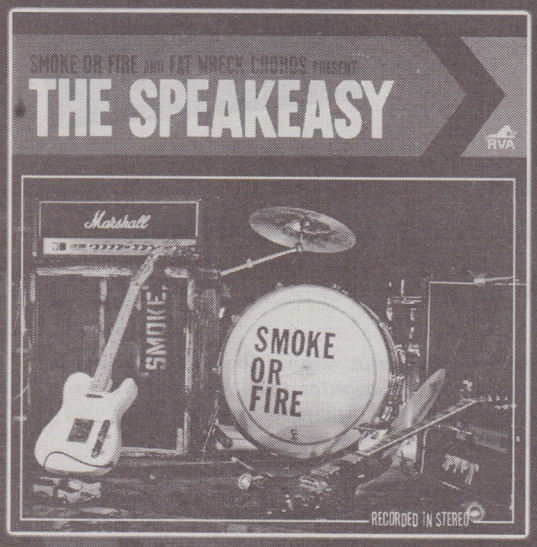

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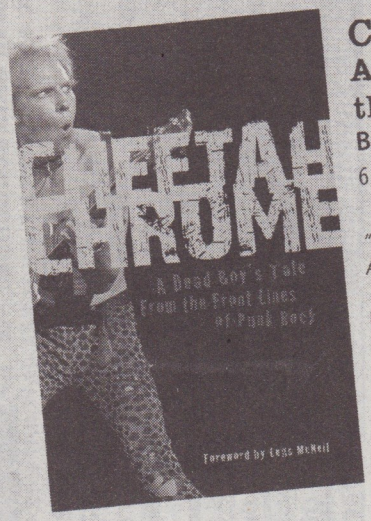


Cheetah Chrome
A Dead Boy's Tale From the Front Lines of Punk Rock
By Cheetah Chrome, Foreword by Legs McNeil
6 x 9, 368 pages, 45 b/w photos, $24.00

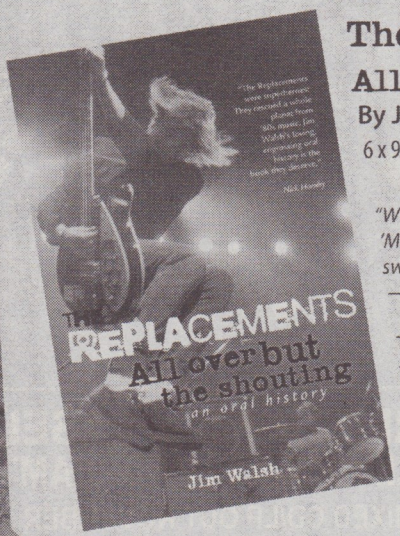
"Cheetah Chrome is one of the true icons of rock and roll. And the sooner more people get that through their fucking heads the better." —**Slash**

Here is the no-holds-barred autobiography of **Cheetah Chrome**, lead guitarist of the Dead Boys, one of the greatest punk bands ever. It's a tale of success and excess—amazing music, legendary antics, epic drug use, and eventual resurrection—that only a true rock and roller could deliver.

Never mind the Sex Pistols, here's Cheetah Chrome.

Hüsker Dü:
The Story of the Noise-Pop Pioneers Who Launched Modern Rock
By Andrew Earles
6 x 9, 304 pages, 20 color, 20 b/w photos, $24.00

In the twenty-plus years since Bob Mould, Grant Hart, and Greg Norton dissolved **Hüsker Dü**, critics, musicians, and fans have constantly cited the trio as one of the most influential rock bands of the 1980s.. In this long-overdue band bio, author Andrew Earles interviews Hart and Norton, along with numerous players in that decade's underground, charting the band as they rise above their "loud fast rules" peers and become sonic trailblazers welding pop melodies to ear-shattering volume.



The Replacements
All Over But the Shouting: An Oral History
By Jim Walsh
6 x 9, 304 pages, 81 b/w photos, $14.00

"Whether you were there when it all went down or just wish you'd been, this account of the 'Mats' enduring chokehold on music history is as ragged as a punk's pedicure, as bittersweet as an illicit pot brownie, and so pure it floats to the top of the rock-lit heap
—**Diablo Cody**, author of Candy Girl: A Year In The Life of an Unlikely Stripper and the film Juno

This is the story of **The Replacements**, a band in three acts: from its founding through its ascension from the club scene to the national indie circuit and a major label deal in 1985, to its slow and painful implosion. Longtime Twin Cities music journalist Jim Walsh tells the story of the band that began in a basement and was eventually celebrated by *The Village Voice* and *Rolling Stone*.

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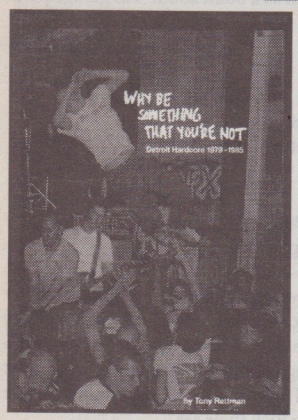


Why Be Something That You're Not: Detroit Hardcore 1979-1985
Tony Rettman
256 pages • $13.00
Revelation Records Publishing
Revhq.com

When I was assigned to review this book, I have to admit I was a bit scared. I think most of us are familiar with what a *bad* history of hardcore book looks like by now. I lived in Ann Arbor for a few years, so I felt a bit of a personal stake in how the information was presented, and seeing that Revelation Records logo on the back definitely had me concerned that the book's content might be steered towards hype, revisionism and moving units. I went into this prepared for the worst, hoping deep down this book was as good as I wanted it to be. After all, this is likely the only book Detroit hardcore is gonna get.

First, let's talk about the object. The book is basically two parts: the "book", and an extended "gallery" appendix of Detroit shows/dates/clubs/bands and tons of flyers/photos. It was actually surprising how much of the book is appendix, roughly 1/3, especially since the main book already has tons of images throughout. As a book, there is a lot of white space. The white seems more pronounced due to the way the text was formatted on the page, with a large margin going around the outside/top of the page. It almost seems like the page layout is reversed since the inside gutter is very small making it difficult to read inside text, and many large photos have a wide outer white margin, but bleed into the binding. Nitpicking I guess, but the combination of these nuances make for a somewhat disorganized jumble of information. I wish a bit more time was spent organizing the visuals, since it's not quite the user friendly reference book I was hoping for, more just something I'll read a couple times and forget.

But as a read, it's pretty damn entertaining. I wish Tesco's introduction was a bit longer, but he definitely sets the stage for all the antics using his typical brand of shameless self-promotion. It's amazing to think Detroit's early rise to hardcore infamy mostly came as a result of Tesco and his unseen cohorts' worldwide media assault via *Touch & Go* magazine and label. Without these go getters constant barrage of showboating and shit smearing, it's likely the Necros or Negative Approach would be just another obscure Midwest hardcore band, and I doubt anyone outside of Lansing would've ever heard the Fix.

The book is in typical punk history format, assembling brief snippets and sound bites from interviews with major players. Topics/events are broken up into small chapters, and the editor went to great lengths to organize the book into chronological order, using plenty of corresponding images/photos to further illustrate the events. I found this to be more enjoyable as a whole, unlike other books, which jump around across topics and time. In addition to the interview material, the editor interspersed his own narration as needed to help tell the story and give background info. He used a relatively gentle touch, keeping commentary objective and to the point, only using it when truly needed.

It's funny how these punk history books have revealed certain now obvious social patterns that were once hard to see. This is definitely the case here with the typical "old kids got bored as young kids stole the scene" story, and it starts out with a similar patronizing tone by those who lived through it. I was actually a little worried it would devolve into the tired "Punk died in 1984" mantra. But things get pretty real as the book progresses, and by the end I'd forgotten about the egos, and was able to really soak up the experience. It helped that most of the characters involved are able to poke fun at themselves more than most. The Chicago punk doc *You Weren't There* kept popping up as an obvious point of reference, but in that one the events and history played second fiddle to the egotistical ramblings of self-important blowhards like the singers from Effigies, Articles Of Faith, etc. I'm not sure how this book would pan out in documentary format, but on paper the players here seem more interested in remembering the fun and hi-jinks. Of course the editor may have just decided to spare us some of the pain.

The book covers lots of stories I've always wondered about, dispelling a few myths along the way. We get to hear the saga of *Touch & Go* as it morphed from magazine to record label, and Detroit HC's affair with LA, DC and *Saturday Night Live*. Who knew the rift between the Fix vs. Necros plus Negative Approach was such major drama? Then there's US Hardcore's first major public access television series *Why Be Something That You're Not* and suburban kids move to the big bad city (Really).

For me, the most compelling aspect dealt with the downfall of the original hardcore scene as it devolved into the mid '80s. The other history books out there seem to pick a cut off date and blame the end of punk on the new dumb kids. Here things don't sound so simple or arbitrary. Detroit has always had its problems with dodgy politics and right wing reactionaries, but at some point those kids started to become the regulars, violence became the focus meanwhile the quality of bands started to taper off. I must admit that I feel for the punk diehards who stuck it out through the dark ages of the late '80s when violent thuggery was at its worst, it's no wonder why so many OG punks moved on.

One of the more telling events involved Corey Rusk of Necros and Touch & Go label honcho. John Brannon of Negative Approach recalls on page 147, "I remember we played this gig at The Greystone and these kids beat up Corey Rusk and broke his jaw. This was the guy who started this label and started putting on these shows to make this whole thing go on here in Detroit and these kids were fucking him up." A harsh toke for sure, it's no surprise everybody decided to move along. Of course, one could easily argue that John Brannon or Corey Rusk were basically the same violent kids when they first came on the scene in 1979/1980, and they have no qualms laughing and bragging about their own beatdowns earlier in the book. The "fun" vs. violence dichotomy seems to be a central theme, and one that remains unresolved circa 2010.

In all, I'd say this book is pretty rad. Admittedly my interest here is mainly entertainment value, which it definitely delivers on. I suspect with a deeper reading and more in depth analysis, much of the shine would come off of these characters. I wish it was a little bit longer, and I wish they could have done a bit more with the layout / reference aspect of it. In a perfect world, the book will sell really well, and they'll do a revised expanded 2nd edition. Whatever the case, they definitely raised the bar for a hardcore history book, both in terms of objectivity and sheer enjoyment. Kudos to that.

—Graham Booth

We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001
Eric Davidson
323 pages • $19.99
Backbeat Books
www.backbeatbooks.com

My friend Marisa once astutely explained my aversion to mainstream culture. We were talking about movies, but it could also apply to music. She commented that because I expose myself to such a diverse selection of films, I couldn't simply watch a mainstream film without the knowledge that there are better films out there to be seen. It is hard to be satisfied with something mediocre when I am aware of what else I could be watching. It is the same for me with music.

That is probably one of the reasons why I got so involved in the '90s garage punk scene. There were lots of other things going on. I tried them out, but that was where I belonged. It was what I liked, what I still like, what I'll always like. I would like to assume the same was true for Eric Davidson. His new memoir *We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001* purports to be a history of that scene. Davidson is the singer of the New Bomb Turks so his recollections are slanted toward the people and places that helped his band through their career. His book is more of a memoir than an actual history.

We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001 starts with a strange, convoluted reasoning for why he calls it "gunk punk undergut." He needed to give it a name so he did. Fine. Move on. The band Davidson starts his story with is Death Of Samantha. An odd choice, but I'd be willing to see where his reasoning leads. As with most of the bands featured in *We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001* it doesn't really go anywhere. Davidson is so quick to switch to the next thing that he leaves the reader hanging. He quickly jumps from topics in a seem-

ingly nonsensical fashion. In one chapter he starts with Johan Kugelberg moves on to the Pits club in Belgium and ends with the Candy Snatchers. No connection is made between them. Fortunately, most of the bands, labels, clubs, and hangers-on are barely mentioned so there is no reader investment made. There are few bands that get an almost full treatment, including an interview, but even those get cut off before things really start to get interesting.

The people he does interview more in-depth such as Billy Childish, Blag Dahlia, Trent Ruane all seem to have interesting stories, but Davidson is more interested in the gossip and in-fighting, not too mention those illusive brushes with mainstream success as well as inserting his own band into the dialogue. I'd agree that these bands were better than the '90s Top 40, but he disparages that assertion with his obsession with being successful. This is most notable in his interest in Jack White and the White Stripes. White may be the asshole everyone in the book seems to say he is, but why talk about him so much? The book should be talking about all the great bands that never got that much fame, but still made cool music. Instead the whining comes across as if it was from an internet message board. I know it was unfair that pop punk and grunge had all the success, but I really don't care about it. I don't remember caring about it back then either. I'd rather hear about the Oblivians and not just about that time on tour when they saw the Country Teasers harass the Chesterfield Kings. It's a cute story, but why waste the few pages allotted to as great a band as the Oblivians with such trivial nonsense. Never mind all the discussion of Dead Moon and the Mummies lack of being able to do laundry on tour.

Davidson never manages to get the reader to the point where she/he would want to further explore this scene. He does not do justice to the music or the bands. Instead, he resorts to ridiculous metaphors and hyperbole. "Ass-shake rock'n'roll was about to be washed into history's moldy basement." "...The Mummies nonetheless became the rickety axle of one of the two wheels of the '90s garage punk motorcycle." Others border on plain lazy. When discussing the first show of Death Of Samantha at the Ground Round restaurant in Parma, Ohio on chicken wing night, Davidson in the next paragraph comments that performance "was the first of many subversive pranks Death Of Samantha doled out like chicken wings at a suburban family restaurant". He is not even trying.

As I have learned from the musical histories of every genre, things don't really start in one place. They are similarly happening in different locales. When the word starts spreading, the records get heard and the bands start touring some kind of synchronicity is built up and suddenly there's a scene. I am in the San Francisco Bay Area so that's where I saw it beginning. Davidson is in Ohio so that's where he sees it. The difference between us is that Davidson is convinced Ohio is the place where everything happened and he tries unsuccessfully to argue the point. He hates San Francisco so all those bands didn't matter. He likes some zine that put out ten issues so that zine was more important than a zine that is still around on issue 330.

Of course the zine I am talking about is *Maximum Rock N Roll*. Some of the people interviewed in the book acknowledge *MRR*'s contributions. Johan Kugelberg recalls reading Tesco Vee's 1984 article about collecting rare American punk. Greg Lowery remembers his bands Supercharger and Rip Offs getting glowing reviews. Shane White of the Fingers, Rip Offs, et al wrote for this magazine. Tim Yohannon was a fan of these bands. I have been writing in these pages since 1991. Davidson dismisses *MRR* with the same old tired cliché of being the punk bible that only points out band's misogyny. I always laugh when I read this because I immediately think that one of two things has happened to the writer. Either his/her band got a bad review or he/she has never actually read the mag, but that is what he/she has heard others saying so that becomes his/her opinion. In Davidson's case I think it is probably the former.

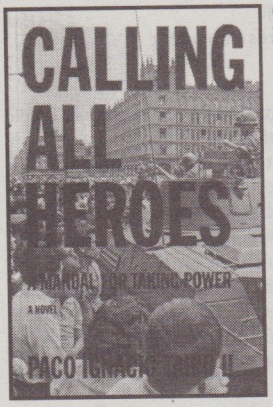
Of course, it is easy to complain about who got left out and who was erroneously included. I could overlook some of those things if the author managed to properly capture the time. For someone so seemingly vested in the perceived importance of the era, Davidson doesn't manage to sell it. He also has a strange disdain for California bands. He never saw the Mummies until 2009 so he dismisses them as a novelty. There is only one brief mention of the legendary Purple Onion. Missing an interview opportunity with Michael Lucas, Russell Quan, Tina Lucchesi or Tom Guido is a shame. The only mentioned person who declines to be interviewed is Estrus Records' Dave Crider. He does so graciously, but that doesn't stop Davidson from repeatedly putting down his label.

One of the disadvantages (advantages?) of being so involved in this scene is that the mistakes in the book really stand out to me. I know Steve Turner is not the bass player for Mudhoney. He is the guitar player. I know that Leather Uppers were around before the Spaceshits and other mundane things. The funniest mistake in the book is when Trent Ruane of The Mummies is quoted as saying the band played a lot in the "South Bay and Santa Bay". I immediately wondered where the hell Santa Bay is until I read the next sentence, which mentioned the club Marsugi's which I knew was in San Jose. Then I thought Santa Bay rhymes with San Jose so Davidson must have misheard that during his transcriptions. It makes me wonder how many more inaccuracies I don't know about.

The book Davidson should have written and probably wanted to write was the New Bomb Turks story. It is the direction he is going toward. Every band, person, reminiscence and historical placement in *We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001* somehow seems to come back to the New Bomb Turks. Every time a list of bands exemplifying some aspect of the scene is written the New Bomb Turks are included. It's classic lead singer egomania. Why hold back? He should have just gone all out and wrote the story he obviously wanted to tell.

The book I would have preferred to read would be the history of Ohio music. Davidson insinuates a lot of importance to the Ohio scene. I like a lot of the bands and there are obviously many wild characters involved. Plus the life story of Mike Rep who is only briefly mentioned in *We Never Learn: The Gunk Punk Undergut, 1988-2001* is probably a lot more fun than hearing about the Supersuckers. Hopefully, someone else will step up to write that book. As well as a book about '90s garage punk that really gets it.

—Carolyn Keddy



Calling All Heroes: A Manual for Taking Power
Paco Ignacio Taibo II
118 pages • $12.00
PM Press
PO Box 23912
Oakland, CA 94263
www.pmpress.org

Calling All Heroes: A Manual for Taking Power sounds like nonfiction, a primer. Don't be put off by the title. What we have here instead is an adventure story about getting back at the cops, the government & the military: "I'm going to get everyone together and we're going to kick their ass."

The backstory is important. The author, Paco Ignacio Taibo II, is a prolific Mexico City novelist, most famous for his mystery stories. Taibo was part of the 1968 student uprising that was violently quelled. The protestors had 123 days of "hope for the future fulfillment" before the defeat, forcing them to "take refuge inside ourselves and in a bleak militancy." Further, Taibo explains: "Under these deplorable conditions, this shortest of novels, was created. Brewed in the midst of a premature divorce following a premature marriage, of a political crisis, of an era of hunger and unemployment, the novel became a pretext, a vendetta, dealing with Power by other means."

Taibo then shrewdly waited and re-wrote the novel three times over the intervening twelve years. The ghost of what could have been haunts us still. But a compelling backstory is not always enough to make a worthwhile book. Taibo's patience here is the reader's gain, and the symbols he uses resonate even in translation. A young journalist is stabbed while on the trail of a prostitute killer in Mexico City. His memory is hazy about the incident and he writes his friends to ask what happened.

The crime and brutality may sound slightly like the murders of women evoked in Roberto Bolano's *2666* but the tone is very different. This book's structure is a chorus of voices, the construct being letters and memories back to the author about just what happened between January 14 and 26, 1970. Our narrator then gets the idea to appeal in letters to all the valorous heroes of his youth. His list is global, all male and a mix of different time periods – the Mau Maus, Sherlock Holmes, Doc Holliday, the Tigers of Malaysia, the Four Musketeers, Yanez de Gomera and the Light Brigade. Plus a few others that you may find exhilarating or absurd.

Were these heroes willing to come to Mexico's aid? "'They were ready and waiting.' There couldn't be so much disillusionment, so much defeat. If it could be understood, it could be explained..." They do come. You can imagine the incandescent fantasy of what happens next: A dead pig thrown at the foot of the United States Embassy and an insurrection relived, successfully this time. A young man's fever dream while prostrate in a hospital bed. Given the list of heroes, you might ask if it's like the Rancid song "Sidekick," where Lint runs through the streets with Wolverine from the X-Men. Yes, it's like that. In the good ways.

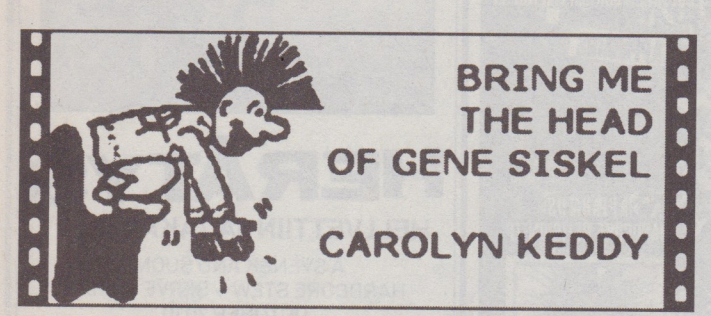
What I found more haunting though were the responses from the friends, particularly those lacerating Paco Ignacio: "I don't know about you but I was a sad guy of twenty who wrote fotonovelas for a living (which sometimes paid nothing), roamed a city that had been ours and we had lost, rented a room in the Condesa district, had a record player, read Faulkner, Rodolfo Walsh, Italo Calvino, and Dos Passos, and watched it rain."

This book isn't an alternate history the way that Philip Dick's *Man in the High Castle* retold World War II. This is a retelling by a crushed participant who spent the subsequent years wrestling with the rubble: "Everyone is gone but no one has finished going. Everyone has guilt but no way of explaining it. Something will have to happen." As you may have already surmised, there's an acute lack of female voices, and the characters are full of a "ragged sarcasm." I trust you as a reader to know if that's something that the rousing plot overcomes. Who wouldn't like to revisit the past armed with a cinematic army and tempered the critiques of our friends?

The novel is part of PM Press's *Found in Translation* series. And John Yates is to be again commended for the design of the book cover.

—Travis Fristoe.

MOVIES



"I always wanted to be in the background." – Phil Spector

To put it mildly Phil Spector is an interesting character. I am sure most will agree that the music he has produced still sounds great today. His wall of sound intrigued many musicians so that they seemed to put up with his antics just to work with him. But those same antics make it hard for an average person to be able to relate to him.

The Agony and the Ecstasy of Phil Spector takes a different approach to Spector's life story. The main construct is an interview Spector gives during his trial for the 2003 murder of actress Lana Clarkson. The first trial ended in mistrial. The second one finds him convicted of the murder. The interview takes place between the two. Spector is relatively calm considering what the possible outcome could be. He even jokes that if he is convicted he will simply accept his role as boyfriend of one of the other convicts. He is amazingly honest even if he is completely full of himself. He compares himself to Galileo and Da Vinci numerous times, and has a seemingly out of nowhere contempt for Tony Bennett.

Interspersed with the interview are songs Spector produced and scenes from the courtroom. Music is what Spector is famous for so its inclusion in **The Agony and The Ecstasy of Phil Spector** makes sense. The filmmaker Vikram Jayanti shows on screen criticisms of Spector's production techniques while the songs play. In a more standard biography this would be expected. In this context it seems out of place. I keep wondering what speculation of guilt or innocence is being made. Does his musical production from the '60s hold any bearing on this case? The first song discussed is "He Hit Me (And It Felt Like A Kiss)" which would be rather obvious, if Spector had written the song. He didn't. Gerry Goffin and Carole King did. He produced the Crystals performance of it. Although Spector makes it sound rather pretty, I have a hard time seeing any relevance.

Spector never speaks in any of the courtroom scenes. Instead, he looks on solemnly while the lawyers argue the case. There is an occasional smile, but never one that seems over confident or antagonistic. Apart from his infamous wild curly hairdo that has been seen in so many pictures, Spector mostly looks normal and rather humble. He quietly listens to testimony. Fortunately, in the interview Jayanti asks about the hair. I was kind of surprised by Spector's answer.

The Agony and The Ecstasy of Phil Spector asserts that Spector was found guilty due to his arrogance. It is probably true. He is unlikable, cocky and delusional in the interviews. He makes preposterous statements like because he was able to hang out with both John Lennon and George Harrison he must be better than both of them. The evidence against him was flimsy, but it could be his image that led the jurors to their decision.

A friend asked me if **The Agony and The Ecstasy of Phil Spector** was a "good film." I had to really think about it, but I am not able to say it is. It is compelling. I did walk out the theater believing that Spector probably didn't murder Clarkson. Perhaps that was the point.

I adhere to a lot of the romantic visions of DIY culture. I know things can be (and should be) done outside of the mainstream. It bums me out to see my friends shilling for Scion, no matter how easily it is all justified. **Todd P Goes To Austin** follows a DIY show promoter Todd Parker as he puts on a few days of free shows at Ms. Bea's during the South By Southwest festival in Austin, TX. Although SXSW usually gives the impression of being a big industry schmooze fest others manage to take advantage of the chaos and put on their own shows outside of the official festival. Todd P is based in Brooklyn, but takes his organizational skills to Austin.

Todd P Goes To Austin starts off with Parker in his own neighborhood, putting on a show, dealing with lost keys, talking to the cops. He starts off by saying that an artist's main focus is to not be boring. I wonder if any artist good or bad actually thinks that way. Well, maybe the bad ones. Of course, the good ones are the ones who aren't boring, who break away from the pack and do something creative. But I personally can't see someone starting out saying I must not be boring. I usually think that an artist just does things her/his way and then if it ends up being "not boring" they are successful.

Todd P and a few bands, Matt and Kim, the Deathset and Mika Miko, are all shown on their treks to Austin. There are shows along the way and of course the usual van troubles. At one point one band runs out of gas. Another gets a flat tire. Watching these events is annoying because although it could happen to anyone, you really wish bands would be more prepared when they go on tour. Having a spare tire, but no jack is just silly. Not knowing how to operate a gas canister is embarrassing.

When everyone finally makes it to Austin, the shows are a success. Such a success that Todd P is asked to do an "official" show for the festival. He agrees, but on his terms. I guess this is where **Todd P Goes To Austin** should have gone into some discussion about DIY versus the establishment or something like that. It doesn't come up. Both shows seem equally successful so I am left wondering why Parker felt the need to go in the direction. Perhaps it was to see if he could. Hopefully, now that he knows he'll stick with his old ways.

It is interesting to see a documentary focus on a promoter. Usually such behind-the-scenes people are largely ignored in the overall scheme even though we all know they are needed. The musicians are the glamorous ones and probably easier to make the subject of a documentary. Bands would probably rather concentrate on making the music and leave the logistics to others. Promoters especially seem to always get the short end of the stick. Because they are the ones collecting the money and paying the bands, inevitably someone always assumes they're getting ripped off.

From a purely DIY perspective I find it incredibly humorous that one of the quotes used on the back of the **Todd P Goes To Austin** DVD is from Urban Outfitters. Ahh, the irony. (www.toddpgoestoaustin.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

SIX TWO FIVE

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(XV) XYosefX

50 WAYS TO KILL ME – "Gnarly Deth Wish" CD

After listening for 15 minutes, I'm more confused than anything else. Aesthetically, it's a third-rate glam metal disc, but the music is short bursts of adolescent cartoon punk with lyrics addressing different humorous ways to die ("Frame Me for Murder So That I'm Forced to Sit in an Electric Chair That Will Make Me into a Black Skeleton With Spiky Hair" as an example.) 50 WAYS TO KILL ME is the brainchild of one dude, and he clearly has an odd brain. A very disturbing trend: this is the second ANDREW WK comparison I'm making this month—this time combined with YOUR MOTHER. I'm not sure if this is a band and I am the audience, or an art project and I am the mark. (WN)
(Scene Destroyer)

TALBOT ADAMS – "Life Is Good When Cinematic" EP

Take that, ears—you ain't heard this before, and now glad I bloody have. Peddling the same canoe as one of my faves KURT VILE, whilst tandem-biking with partners in crime CHEAP TIME. Shying away from the good ol' reverb-soaking typical of the style, it lets the tunes sparkle and jump without hiding. At times a little of the later SMALL FACES in their mellower moments with—dare I say it?—a touch of ELLIOT SMITH. Straight to my top ten. Excellenta presidenta. (SD)
(Douchmaster)

A-FRAMES – "333" 3xLP

A massive triple-LP compilation consisting mostly of demo recordings mixed with single and compilation tracks, all recorded between 2000 and 2007. The tracks on here are vehemently robotic, both musically and vocally; the vocals deep and monotonous; the guitars abrasive and shredding; the drums pound away rhythmically, emphasizing the industrial landscape the songs lay down. This much A-FRAMES may be too overwhelming for most, but if you are among the remaining few, there is lots to enjoy. Beautifully packaged in a triple-gatefold sleeve, too. (CK)
(S-S)

ANTIDOTE – "Though Shalt Not Kill" CD EP

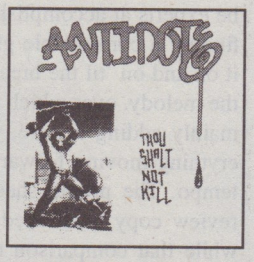
CD reissue of one of the catchiest, best-produced and most all-around awesome hardcore EPs of all time. It's been a couple years since I've listened to this, but it's such a stone-cold classic I don't even have to put it on to remind myself—these songs are in my blood. If you even vaguely like hardcore and haven't heard it, drop everything and get this immediately. It's the real deal. (JH)
(Bridge 9)

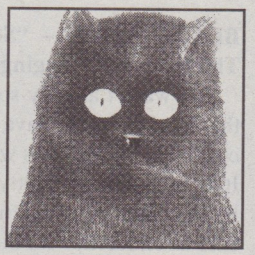
AOKIGAHARA – "Jukai" EP

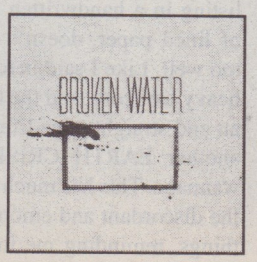
This is *weird*. Seeing a Finnish punk record covered in kanji, I assumed they'd be like a reverse CONCLUDE, but this isn't so easy to pigeonhole. Certainly the bestial vocals and full-on metal solos recall the rougher parts of ZOUO and/or GISM, but there are some serious breaks with that style. The four songs on the A-side approach near-grind tempos and have a more modern mosh chug that's definitely their own. The B-side tracks consist of one mid-tempo pub-punker and a totally epic fist-pumper that seems to draw from the WARHEAD/FORWARD school. This doesn't strike me as something that I'd necessarily throw on the turntable a bunch, but it's so goddamn quirky that I'd definitely be interested in listening to it again and hearing more from this band. (AU)
(self-released)

AUTISTIC YOUTH – "Idle Minds" LP

An absolute treasure! I've really been digging this band for the last couple of years since they do the moody punk thing so well without trying to copy the WIPERS (like so many others can't seem to help but do). AUTISTIC YOUTH are a bit faster and snottier than some other Northwest bands, yet they toss an infectious melody into the mix that makes their songs so listenable and memorable. NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS comes to mind as having a similar type of approach. And now this new album seriously steps it up a notch and I can say without hesitation that this is way better than the excellent *Landmine Beach* LP. *Idle Minds* finds the band perfecting melody but still retaining punk attitude and cool lyrics. There's a bit of an early DAG NASTY sound at times, and at others the catchiness of a band like the OBSERVERS. Excuse me while I flip this over for the third time… (BG)
(Dirtnap)







AYBAT HALLAR – "God Hates" CD

A Russian punk band (from Ufa, they sez) with an apparently American singer (his English sounds authentically American and he sings about being in Ohio, but who knows?). Not bad, not great, but 25 tracks with only six of them under two minutes (and two of them over four minutes) is way too much. (DD)
(OSK)

BANQUE ALLEMANDE – "Eins, Zwei" LP

Here's another great release on S-S Records of some band I've never heard before. *Eins, Zwei* collects material from 2006 and 2008 recording sessions; I'm not sure whether or not any of it has been previously released (but I'm guessing no). These Germans appear to be experts at accomplishing a lot with a little, finding a comfortable groove and then riding it on and on 'til the break of dawn. Bass leads the melody, over which guitar scratches away, mainly adding texture, while drums keep everything moving forward at a brisk, hypnotic tempo. The promo sheet that came with the review copy mentioned the GORDONS, and while that comparison might not have otherwise occurred to me, it makes a lot of sense now that I think about it. This band deserves recognition, and hopefully this release will get it for them. Highly recommended. (CS)
(S-S)

BIG KIDS – "Hoop Dreams" LP

I imagine this is what happens when some hardcore kids who know how to play their instruments start a pop-punk band. Lots of riffing, lots of melodic instrumental parts between vocals and four-to-five-minute songs. This is the kind of stuff that translates better to a live show than it does to vinyl. I don't know, maybe I just don't have the attention span to stay interested in theses songs for more than a couple minutes at a time. (BD)
(Top Shelf / Protagonist Music)

BLACK KITES – "Songs Written While Things Were Changing" LP

If I wasn't already somewhat familiar with this band, I would have taken one look at the cover and thought this was some emo garbage. It is in fact some pretty fine heavy hardcore, but a collection of pictures of the band members as children, with the album title and song listing in a handwritten scrawl on torn pieces of lined paper, doesn't exactly advertise that too well. Like I said before, this is some pretty heavy hardcore, and the band supports the vegan and straight edge lifestyles, but they're not another EARTH CRISIS or CHOKEHOLD wannabe. This has much more in common with the discordant and emotionally fraught side of things, reminding me in places of everything from KISS IT GOODBYE to COALESCE to THREE STUDIES FOR A CRUCIFIXION. I hate falling back on those sorts of descriptions, but I'm really at a loss otherwise to describe this. It's really not my thing, but the band is definitely good at what they do. (VX)
(Protagonist Music)

BLOODTYPE / INJ/SYS – split EP

I picked up a BLOODTYPE demo tape at a show last year from the fine folks in SICK FIX when they were on tour with COKE BUST. It came highly recommended, but I thought it was pretty generic. Their side of this split, however, kicked my ass. This is some fucking negative straight edge hardcore, youth-crew-influenced without any of the unity and positivity bullshit, and the lyrics are pretty smart to boot. On the flipside is the awkwardly named INJ/SYS. They play straightforward hardcore that wouldn't have sounded out of place in the mid-'80s. Good stuff, but not as good as BLOODTYPE on this release. Pick it up quick, there are only 200 on red and 100 on clear and that's it. (VX)
(No Reprieve)

BOILERMAN – "Bright Young Things" EP

I haven't been reviewing for very long, however, I usually get (at least) one release a month that demonstrates a lustful yearning for the 1990s. I wonder why that is?! Maybe these bands miss the frivolity of being fifteen or so years younger than they are now—because looking back, I remember what crap I used to listen to and am thankful how my taste has broadened, developed and matured somewhat! Anyhow, here she is for this month—the '90s boner. Undeniable riffs borrowed from the heyday of PROPAGANDHI and early DILLINGER FOUR (though that shit really still *is* genius). I'm hearing a Floridian RADON-flavored sound and, oddly enough, a band I thought I'd forgotten about (who I've only ever heard on the *Short Music for Short People* compilation, and not this side of 1999)—UNDECLINABLE AMBUSCADE. I've said this before and I'm sure I'll say it again: This might've changed the world fifteen years ago, but it sounds a touch dated now. Get it if you fancy a little nostalgia kick, or if you too want to be reminded of the band you didn't even know you remembered, UNDECLINABLE AMBUSCADE. (GG)
(Hip Kid)

BOOM BOOM KID – "Gatiho Preto Maulla 33 Faixas De Pelo Largo" CD

Ever since his days as the singer of FUN PEOPLE, Argentina's BOOM BOOM KID has had a knack for writing the catchiest pop-punk songs on the planet. From the first listen, every song mines a vein in your skull that makes you think you've heard it before on some AM radio in a lost memory of a dream. The energetic live shows invariably include back-flips, push-ups, and guitar-case hang-ten crowd surfing. He's achieved NOFX-level status in his home country and elsewhere in Latin America, yet is happy enough to play to soap-dodging spangers in flea-ridden punk-house living rooms the length and breadth of the United States. Bless him. I hope he keeps coming back. This CD has 33 infectious pop-punk songs and doesn't get old. (AM)
(Läjä)

BROKEN WATER – "Normal Never Happened/Faux King Vogue"

This band's first 7" was one of my favorite of last year, and while their LP wasn't so much my thing, I'm a fan of this new record. "Normal Never Happened" channels *Goo*-era SONIC YOUTH via the dreary Northwest, with Jon's vocals a dead ringer for Thurston Moore without sounding like an imitation. The chorus, bridge and ending are instrumental and played a bit heavier in an alterna-shoegaze jam-out way, but with the same tempered vibe as the rest of the song. "Faux King Vogue" starts out similarly but slightly more aggressively, and continues reminiscent of "Boyfriend Hole" off their first 7", incorporating Kanoko's dreamlike vocals and the liquid-like guitar sound that characterized that song. I'm sure this record will be on regular rotation as the weather gets shittier, and I'm interested to see what they'll do next. (DG)
(Fan Death)

CALEB LIONHART – "Climbing Up a Mountain, Just for the View" CD EP

Cute title for starters. This New York band falls in between TAKING BACK SUNDAY and A WILHELM SCREAM sound-wise. Lots of melody and lots of guitar heroics. Only four songs and a little light on the production, still this is a decent release for fans of tight melodic hardcore. (RL)
(Barrett)

CALIFORNIA LOVE – "Post Mortem Emanations" EP

I gotta admit, CALI LOVE are pretty hit-or-miss with me. I don't know that I managed to get through the entire LP from start to finish once, but damn if this EP isn't hitting the spot. The recording is fantastic—really well balanced, and the filthy bass tone really makes it for me. As for the tunes…it's CALI LOVE, you know what they're about. Hectic grind with one-and-a-half feet planted in the old school Earache tradition and a bit of power-violence in the sludgy breaks to freshen up the sound. I suppose I gotta go back and give these dudes another listen. (AU)
(self-released)

CASTEVET – "The Echo and the Light" LP

Imagine the PROMISE RING has just released *Thirty Degrees Everywhere*, add ten or so years, and here we are! Yep, this sounds like a band who heart that era and sound endlessly. The vocals have that impassioned Davey von Bohlen style delivery mashed up with a little (very little) Midwestern DILLINGER FOUR gravel. The guitars have the patented PROMISE RING bright, springy rabbit-tail quality, though there is a noodle-y math-like feel there, too. The songs are well constructed, the record has a warm sound, they successfully captured the atmosphere they are aiming for, I think—last days of summer, weird nostalgia, sweater-vests and make-out sessions. I lived through the first wave of this when I was a teenager, but if you are nostalgic for a time you missed out on, this record might salve that urge. Probably most of the people reading this either already experienced the highs and lows of mid-'90s emo, or just aren't inclined that way, which is probably why you are reading this magazine right now. (LG)
(Tiny Engines)

CHANNELS 3 AND 4 – "Christianity" LP

Featuring members of SHEARING PINX and TWIN CRYSTALS, CHANNELS 3 AND 4 were at the forefront of the Vancouver, Canada noise explosion. Sarah reeks with I-don't-give-a-fuckness, sounding exhausted but still ragingly angry; the drums pummel fast and racing, repetitive synths sound so fucking good. It stays on a pretty straightforward synth-punk bent, collapsing onto itself into chaos and noise here and there. The closest thing is if the VANISHING stopped listening to CHRISTIAN DEATH and started listening to the DAMNED (who they totally cover). This band has existed for ages and have finally come out with a record and I am so fucking jazzed. (MM)
(Gilgongo)

CHEAP TIME – " Fantastic Explanations (And Similar Situations)" LP

CHEAP TIME rule. I could just leave it there, but that would be keeping a lot of you CHEAP TIME dirty heathens in the dark. Take the lovely, lazy vocal delivery of the SOFT BOYS, add the intelligent pop of those mild-manner Brits the KINKS, throw in some of that Barrett-era FLOYD and crank up the volume to a healthy and unrespectable punk rock level. Tripped-out indie-pop by a bunch of punks who don't listen anything recorded after 1973 is what imagine when soaking up the sweet vibes of CHEAP TIME, but then again I once imagined I was being pissed on by PRINCE whilst sniffing a dirty big bag of glue. Fave record of the month, with its eyes firmly set on the yearly top ten. My girlfriend will love this. Move over KURT VILE. (SD)
(In the Red)

LAS CHICAS DEL BOMBÓN – LP

Wherein the Bonbon Girls get the surf instro thing right, making the most of the trio format to show that while lack of a rhythm guitar can be a hindrance in surf music, it needn't be if you're doing the right kind of melodies and you have a nice pinch of sonic scuzz to fill in any cracks in the sound. And did you know that many popular melodies come from the great masters, as the guy said on the ad shilling the *Greatest Hits of Classical Music*-type album? "Duck Pond (Swan Lake)" proves it. A couple of nice vocal numbers too—sweet and a little trashy. (DD)
(45 RPM)

CHUCK DAMAGE / SHORT FUSE – split EP

I'm stoked to see anything new by SHORT FUSE since these cats know how to throw down the pure hardcore jams with faultlessness; their *Fruitless Efforts* EP is a must-have if you dig untainted raw hardcore in the same vein as 86 MENTALITY or OUT COLD. Actually, all of their albums are worthy. For this split they offer up three new tracks of total punch-in-the-face core that will leave you stunned afterwards. CHUCK DAMAGE, another German band but one I'm not too familiar with, demonstrate that they are absolutely credible contenders and their three blistering tracks ensure that no side of this split will be deemed better than the other. Both bands deliver the goods with raw power and ugliness and negativity. Just the thing I need right now. (BG)
(Hardware)

C.I.A. – "God, Guts, Guns…and More" LP

Sweet lawd above, this is so perfect. I fucking love the C.I.A. EP—it has that perfect early-'80s melodic hardcore sound that bands like CH3 and *How Can Hell Be Any Worse*-era BAD RELIGION captured so flawlessly. I'm going to just give you the benefit of the doubt and assume you already know that C.I.A. rules and just get to what else comes on this album, the *…and More* part. OK, we'll start with the 1983 session outtakes from the *God, Guts, Guns* EP. How do five unreleased songs of killer sound quality sound? Yes, I'm serious. And then on the flipside are seven more studio tracks from a few demos and rehearsals, and they sound pretty damn good, too. And trust me, I can't stand shitty filler demo tracks like some of the Rave Up releases have. Most of these demo tracks are unreleased as well, including an impressive cover of the STONES' "As Tears Go By." Ironically, the demo tracks, which came out in 1982—a year before the EP—sound more like 76% UNCERTAIN, which C.I.A. essentially morphed into after their demise. This is the first release for what promises to be a killer label/project specializing in making some high quality hardcore reissues. Awesome. (BG)
(More Than a Witness Product)

COLA FREAKS – "Mig Mig Mig" EP

Denmark's COLA FREAKS return with three hyperspastic tracks of peppy new-wave-influenced punk. Scratchy, propulsive guitar with a slightly unsettling discordant quality drives the sound. Affected vocals (and an almost circus-like melody on the first track on the B-side) tempers their power-pop with a quirky, DEVO-on-two-liters-of-Jolt strain. Herky-jerky, kinetic and caffeinated enough to get even the most cough-syrup-addicted couch-warmers up and pogo-ing about the place. Good on them. (AM)
(Rob's House)

PAUL COLLINS – "King of Power Pop!" CD

This is a brand new solo recording from one of the members of seminal early power-pop California band

the NERVES!! For those of you not familiar, the NERVES wrote the hugely successful and amazing song "Hanging on the Telephone" that was made famous by BLONDIE, so you know that PAUL COLLINS can write a catchy song!! It is always with skepticism that I approach any new material by a classic artist because I am always scared that the new songs will bastardize the their legacy. Happily, on this CD of new material, COLLINS does not disappoint. There are of course a couple not-so-stellar songs, but overall it is a great listen from start to finish with a range of material that covers the poppier sounds of his previous bands like the NERVES, the BREAKAWAYS or the BEAT (not to be confused with the "ENGLISH" BEAT). *King of Power Pop!* is a fitting title for this album as it captures a very retro '70s sound, even reaching further at times to an almost '60s sound, like the BYRDS or something ... (ML)
(Alive)

CONCENTRATION SUMMER CAMPS – "Amour et Sourires" LP

Hailing from Spain, this snotty, garage punk band has a tinge of surfy guitar. It's trashy and upbeat in the Rip-Off vein. The vocals are raspy yet high with a slight drawl, sort of reminding me of Duane Peters, but not cartoonish; the lyrics are predominantly in English with a song in Spanish. *Amour et Sourires* is not really groundbreaking in its entirety, but there are definitely great moments—the song "Coffee and Coke" is almost meditative with its long droning and more aggressive vocals. The first song, "Discharge Were Right," is a fucking jam. No trace of the celebrated DISCHARGE, but a fitting twangy ode, nonetheless, with haunting vocals. If this is your genre, this record is definitely worth checking out. (MB)
(Trabuc)

TODD CONGELLIERE – "Clown Sounds" LP

A much softer and more introspective release than the other musical ventures associated with Recess Records svengali TODD C. It'd be wrong to say it didn't bare obvious similarities—most notably to the percussion-laden elements of UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND and lo-fi qualities of STONED AT HEART—yet, it would be equally as wrong to only compare this to them. A *Tim*-era REPLACEMENTS sound, pretty yet solidly tuneful, with layers of hand-claps, melodica and what could either be a banjo or some toy piano (whatever it is, I like it) make for a record that crosses over from the clever punk rock you know the most from this guy (FYP and TOYS THAT KILL) into almost bluesy, cute, candied folk and jangle-pop territory. In a vein not wholly dissimilar to labelmates FEVER B. "Running All Around Me" is a clear standout track, and it'd be quite something to hear NEKO CASE covering "Pain on Parade." Favorite of the month. (GG)
(Burger / Small Pool)

CONTEMPT / RAM-MAN – split LP

Damn! This is totally old-school UK punk rock—a completely DIY, self-released album with nineteen tracks from two bands that have been around for quite some time (since 2001 for RAM-MAN and 1984 for CONTEMPT!!) and it shows in the music that they're cranking out. Both are super tight and play a fast, aggressive style of punk with just enough melody to be catchy. And both are similar enough that this makes for a good partnership on a split album since most people that are into one will likely dig the other!! With many politically-minded songs, at times both these bands remind me of classic '80s UK punk bands like the EXPOITED, DISCHARGE or CHAOS UK... (ML)
(self-released)

CRAZY SPIRIT – "Burning Churches" EP

It's no secret that I *love* these guys. So when I'm feeling like a low-down piece of shit it's nice to have the new CRAZY SPIRIT to give that extra push over the edge. Way bigger sound than on their amazing demo tape. Full-on sludged-out intro and they've gotten even more out there. The best new punk rock singer with rabid weasel vocals fronting primal, angst-ridden tunes. Like RUDIMENTARY PENI but darker, and these are kids! *Get it now*, shoot some Drano and kill your whole family. (RO)
(Toxic State)

CRISIS – "Hymns of Faith" 12"

The UK's best Spanish-run punk label does it again with a legit reissue of the debut mini-LP by CRISIS, the lefty punk band who made "music to march to." CRISIS had a reputation as communists who would play at Rock Against Racism and Anti-Nazi League demonstrations, yet the main songwriters went on to form the gay-fronted neo-folk act DEATH IN JUNE, who to this day are plagued with accusations of racism and fascism. It don't really add up, does it? Musically, CRISIS played progressive, experimental punk that shared some similarities with the likes of CRASS or SOUTHERN DEATH CULT. The CRISIS discography has surfaced from time to time on CD over the years, but now's your chance: pick up this interesting artifact on vinyl and take yourself back to the bleak era of chasing down National Front paper-sellers on Cable Street. (AM)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

CROW – "Vertigo/ Occupied Japan"

Not sure where this fits with the clutch of CROW records that have surfaced this year, but the 2010 recording means it's up there with the new gear. As always, this band manages to put down in grooves what a lot of bands fail to do—harnessing the live energy into two tracks. Searing, crushing riffs with gravelly, echoed vocals that bring to mind the best of Japanese hardcore like DEATHSIDE and ZOUO. The band has been around since the '80s and has somehow kept their sounds moving forward. Not as crushing as the 12"...but what is? (TB)
(Prank)

CUM STAIN – "Bachelor's Life" EP

Cute and catchy punkish bubblegum (with one sensitive acoustic number, "Tonight You Can Cum Inside Me"). All-too-obvious point of reference (but I'll make it anyway) is HUNX AND HIS PUNX. So what's not to like? (DD)
(Florida's Dying)

DEPORTATION / PEACE OR ANNIHILATION – split EP

Sure, D-beat has been done to death, and tweaking the high end and adding reverb doesn't make the shit sound new...but this record *fukking rules*!!! DEPORTATION are from all over Europe, and deliver the goods all raw and brutal, with a super blown recording and vocals more akin to lo-fi black metal four-track recordings—crusty D-beat perfuckingfection. Last year's EP from PEACE OR ANNIHILATION was one of my faves, and now with a different drummer (the original is temporarily in California and playing with war crusters M.O.A.B.) Jakarta's finest raw punk warriors are more raw, more distorted, and more fukkn punk. Four killer tunes, insanely blown out and awkward guitar-lead punch-ins, total distort on everything—a complete lo-fi crust assault. Great split; ignore the incredibly pixilated artwork and get yourself a copy. (WN)
(Radical HC)

THE DESTRUCTORS – "Dead Beat to White Heat" CD

Overproduced and uninspiring street-punk rammed full of clichéd, obvious political statements and attempts at anthemic Oi choruses. The inlay is good for a giggle though—especially the depiction of the word "Terror" in which a turban-wearing piranha has spewed blood over the heads of Gordon Brown, Mother Theresa, Nelson Mandela, John Lennon, Angelina Jolie and Barack Obama. I think it's time for these British old-timers to tie the laces of their orthopedic-insole-lined Docs together, toss them over a telephone wire and claim their territory for baring relevance at some point in the past, but not any more. (GG)
(Rowdy Farrago)

DETERMINATION – "Leave It All Behind" LP

If your town has an *Edge of Quarrel*-style

divide between, say, UK82-loving drunk punk teenagers and youth crew kids (who at least prefer *Kings of Punk* to *Bringing It Down*), conning both groups into seeing this band would be a fitting first step towards peace talks. DETERMINATION alternates between speedy punk riffs and a great drum sound with breakdowns and huge gang vocal choruses that will get both sides circle-pitting in no time. The quality of songs is good and consistent over the course of the record, but listens more like a collection of songs than a cohesive album, and like a lot of hardcore LPs, this would've made a better 7" if they'd picked their best songs for a focused attack. Still not bad though. (DG)
(Seewinkel)

DFC / MERDA – "O Ludo De Sata" split CD

A split-CD by two now-venerable bands from Brazil. MERDA delivers six new tracks of high-energy, old-style, stripped-down '80s hardcore driven by sharp vocals and fast drumming that pauses for odd funk break, jazzy part or intro. Classic in the amped-up, experimental sound of current Brazilian hardcore like I SHOT CYRUS or MUKEKA DI RATO. DFC delivers nine tracks with a lot more crossover riffage, breakdowns, heaviness and vocals that growl out a bit more, but it all retains the same high-energy overdrive. They end with a covers of BESTHOVEN and KARNE KRUA. The CD booklet folds out into a cartoon board game that looks totally insane! Great! (KS)
(Läjä)

THE DICTAPHONE – LP

It's always easier when a band's name is equal with their sound. The DICTAPHONE's music is industrial-esque noise with a predominant beat and barely decipherable vocals. If you were trying to transcribe the lyrics, it would be almost impossible. The songs are monotonous and mesmerizing. It's kind of like that reoccurring dream. You'd rather not have it, but while it's happening you don't mind so much. (CK)
(Kill Shaman)

DI KJIPE – "Kor E Du No?" LP

Apparently it takes six labels to put out one LP featuring nineteen songs that all sound the same. I'm sure these Norwegians tried hard and gave it their all, and obviously at least six people like it, but this is mediocre poppy hardcore with annoying vocals and, again, I can't tell any one song from the others. Maybe they can learn a second drum-beat, that might help. (VX)
(Lukket Avdeling / Fysisk Format / Drittprofitt / Plata / Trang I Hjelmen / Ute av Balanse)

DISPARO – "No Quiero Ser Como Tú" EP

Sometimes it's a fine line that separates the generic from the worthwhile, but DISPARO is on the right side of that line. They play hardcore that's energetic but slightly melancholy, with just the right amount of melody to emphasize everything without getting into cheeseball territory. The first track has maybe a TOTAL FURY quality to it, but the rest are more mid-paced with what sound like dual vocals a lot of the time and all the "whoa-ohs" and gang vocals you can shake a stick at. The songs are sung in Spanish, but include a lyric sheet in both Spanish and English. (DG)
(Stomp / Trabuc)

DIZZY QUEEN – CD

Sounds like AC/DC—exactly like AC/DC. Except mediocre. Except minus the big studio sound. It's called putting reverb on the vocals, people. Imagine the saddest dive bar ever, completely vacant, with a shitty AC/DC cover band, featuring a lead singer who takes himself really seriously but can't sing and lacks personality. Possibly one of the blandest things ever. (MM)
(Läja)

DOGFLESH – "Revival of the Species" CD

Pretty sure I've reviewed this lot before and I think this release is better than the last. Older UK punks playing burly metallic hardcore—like metal-era ENGLISH DOGS or mid-period BROKEN BONES with Cronos from VENOM on vocals. Not the most original sound, but it's thick and heavy enough for me to dig it. (TB)
(self-released)

DOUBLE NEGATIVE – "Daydreamnation" LP

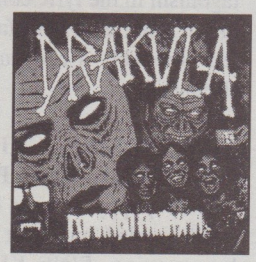
Yup—another fantastic release from North Carolina's DOUBLE NEGATIVE. And yup—that's what they decided to call it. My first impression of the cover art, a simple pink logo printed on a reflective silver sleeve, was "damn, that's an ugly LP," but while that may be true, it eventually dawned on me how truly great the artwork is at the same time. It's striking, memorable and looks nothing like *any* other record I own. The music is seemingly straightforward HC with subtle twists and unexpected turns; often fast and streamlined, it maintains heaviness in the abrupt tempo changes and Ginn-meets-Weatherman (yeah, had to make that comparison) guitar. The vocals, frequently double-tracked and distorted, deliver obscure, paranoid, disgruntled lyrics. Altogether, *Daydreamnation* is a bundle of contradictory notions—ugly/beautiful, simple/complex, familiar/new—that together make for a compelling LP. Top notch. (CS)
(Sorry State)

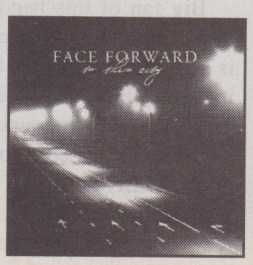
DRÁKULA – "Comando Fantasma" CD

This CD starts off as some regular psychobilly stuff played faster than most and with more of a punk attitude. There are surfy bits and stupid lyrics about Bela Lugosi, drugs, drinkin', the dark side, etc. *but* then there's track seven "Medo De Psiquiatra" which is an amazing, faster, nastier song with a vocalist who sounds so unlike the singer(s) of the other songs. His voice is rough, screechy and deep. The music itself is fast, straight-up punk that uses a bit of Theremin to make a cool UFO sound-effect. It's really catchy, different sounding and very rockin'. This track is so great. It starts to make the rest of the songs sound better. Then the same singer sings the next, "Comando Fantasma," which is a bit slower with a longer guitar solo, but still sounds pretty good too. DRÁKULA should let him sing all the time. This CD is worth getting for "Medo De Psiquiatra" alone. It is just that good of a song. (CK)
(Läjä)

DREADEYE / SU19B – split EP

A split-EP with three tracks each between two Japanese bands. The SU19B side is like creeping under a bridge with a troll and listening to it growl as it sucks the marrow out of human bones. Slow, deep-end, plod-





ding thud-core with gurgling vocals akin to an old spooky Halloween sound-effects LP with tracks like "The Goblin's Basement" or "Frankenstein's Monster at the Dinner Table" cooked up by various artists once associated with Slap-A-Ham. Dark, crushing, ultimately trying. DREADEYE is has some of the same bong-sucking gurgle vocals and pace, but throws it over a chassis of throttling hardcore with screaming vocals. For fans of this type of musical deconstruction and creepy plod. (KS)
(RSR)

EINE KLEINE CHINMUZIK / UH-OH – split EP

These two bands share the mutual hometown of Milwaukee, and this record serves as a good snapshot of what's currently happening with pop-punk in the beer-drinking capital of America. UH-OH goes in a slightly different direction then their previous EP. The first song plays like a noisy lo-fi garage tune, while the second is a grungy, REPLACEMENTS-influenced song. The latter is what will win you over. Leaves you wanting more, but unfortunately the UH-OH train ends there. Flip it over and EINE KLEINE CHINMUZIK takes over. The crudely drawn picture of a dude shotgunning a beer on the center label serves as a good indication of what you can expect—sloppy and fun pop-punk about inner turmoil. There is definitely a heavy dose of the "man vs. himself" antagonism in the lyric content, but it's all meant to put a smile on your face and a pogo in your feet. Probably a beer in your hand, too. (FS)
(Repulsion)

EINE KLEINE CHINMUZIK / YOUR PEST BAND – split EP

Two poppy, sloppy bands here that share similar styles, but don't sound enough alike to be annoying. EINE KLEINE CHINMUZIK, from Milwaukee, sounds in the vein of citymates CHINESE TELEPHONES and UH-OH, but not quite as proficient. Japan's YOUR PEST BAND, on the other hand, has an amateurish, bluesy quality and maybe even a little REPLACEMENTS feel. I was gonna say that this could be a release on Snuffy Smiles, then I saw that it is a Snuffy Smiles release in Japan. Good, but not great. (JF)
(Repulsion / Snuffy Smiles)

ESTRANGED – "The Subliminal Man" LP

Big fan of this band, stoked to see a new disc. Continuing where the last left off, this is a tremendous slab of reverb-y guitar, driving bass-lines and Greg Sage-esque vocals. The WIPERS influence is undeniable, but also there's an edge of early UK goth like SCREAMING DEAD, SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, NEW MODEL ARMY, etc....maybe it's the super clean, shimmery guitars? In fact I think this record has more of that than their earlier efforts and I dig it. Fantastic stuff. (TB)
(Dirtnap)

OS ESTUDANTES – "Album" CD

Wow, this totally rips! I was thinking it would be garage punk for some reason, judging by the name I guess, but it's actually first-rate hardcore punk resembling Brazilian classics like early RATOS DE PORÃO mixed with BATTALION OF SAINTS and *Wild in the Streets*-era CIRCLE JERKS. Fuck yeah! The guitar work is solid with distorted power chords, and the singer's snotty deliver is just right, but I have no idea what they're freakin' singing about. The drawing of a lizard man figure with his hands cut off and a few daggers stuck in him makes me curious about the Portuguese lyrics. It seems that this was recorded around 2006 or so, so I'm not sure if this is a reissue or what, but I'm psyched it's available either way. (BG)
(Läjä)

EUTHANASIE – "Prison Pain, Demo and Live 1988/89" LP

West Germany's EUTHANASIE started in the early '80s and continued through the end of the decade. They might have fit better musically (and perhaps politically) with the UK anarcho scene than the traditional Deutsch-punk sound, but these songs (culled from their 1988 demo and two live recordings) are bordering on brilliant documents from a band that never made it to wax (aside from compilations) until 20 years after their demise. There is a definite goth vibe to many of the tracks (the keyboards help give that impression), and the two (sometimes three) female vocals in unison are a total winner. Certain songwriting elements might sound a little dated, but when a band can make me think of the CURE, DEAD KENNEDYS and HAWKWIND all in the same song, chances are really good that I am going to like it. This is a very worthwhile reissue; I don't put reissues in my Top Ten, but if I did... (WN)
(Loony Tunes)

EX-HUMANS – LP

This Brooklyn three-piece instantly reminds me of the CARBONAS. These guys, along with other Hotlanta offerings BEAT BEAT BEAT, totally have that buzzsaw, modern-day-KIDS-esque, Douchemaster staple of a sound. Good stuff. The above comparisons are not really surprising as upon a little research I find that EX-HUMANS, the aforementioned CARBONAS and BEAT BEAT BEAT all share a guitar player. If you're up front, shaking yer mullet at the Mess-Around or Goner Fest, you'll love this shit. Though you probably already knew this, the Terminal Boredom message board will have surely told you so by now? (GG)
(Rob's House)

THE EXPERIMENTS – "What Kind of Animal?" CD

This CD reminds me of going to punk shows in the '90s and accidentally stumbling across a band of longhairs who got their inspiration from a mixture of later DEAD MILKMEN and "zany" rock bands. It's not great and it's not terrible, but it is kind of dumb. (GH)
(self-released)

FAST FORWARD – "To This City" CD

The first time I threw this on I was straight and alert or whatever, having just come home from working all day, and was sort of thinking this sounded like another moshy youth crew thing for the set that wears MOUTHPIECE shirts, which left me only mildly impressed. However, the next night (tonight), I had a few glasses of cheap wine with some friends and also smoked some weed before coming home and throwing this on. Oh yes, much better to my ears now. I think the only time I can tolerate posse-core is when I'm doing exactly the opposite of what they want—altering the state of consciousness. Now the songs, which play by the numbers, sound a tad better to my jaded ears, with the obligatory chugga-chugga parts, naturally, some impressive lead guitar moments on occasion, and lyrics dealing with personal struggle. Oh yeah, and the youth crew shouted choruses. Can't forget that, can we? There are times when this kicks in and I start digging it more, like the choppy power-chords and solid drumming, but still I'm not floored or anything. The coolest aspect of this release is that these dudes are from Russia, which gives me a bit more tolerance for them sounding otherwise predictable, but I'm still left wondering how people really get into this sort of thing... with or without mind alteration. (BG)
(OSK)

FED UP – "Read Between the Lines" EP

This is the first EP from Los Angeles' FED UP, not to be confused with the New York band with the same name. These kids bring nine songs of fast, heavy hardcore. They got a thick, great recording with a crucial guitar sound and powerviolence parts to break up the savagery. The lyrics are kind of ordinary, about hating people and society, "fed up with the fools, fed up with the rules." They didn't really test themselves in this regard. Still, this record beats on you in a pretty satisfying manner. (JM)
(Hard Press / World Won't Listen)

FED UP – "The Truth Will Set Us Free" EP

When I first dropped the needle I was met with a familiar sound. Straightforward modern hardcore with roots in late-'80s/early-'90s HC and straight edge. This does sound fresh yet there is the familiar, and I immediately wanted to throw my fist in the air as if I was seeing one

of my favorite hardcore bands in the late '80s. From Los Angeles but with a bit of an East Coast/NYC early-'90s hardcore sound. The only negative for me was that these lyrics are boring. (MH)
(Heart in Hand / Cali Uber Alles / Reckless Minds Collective)

FIYA – "Magic Words" LP

FIYA!! Where have you been for all these years? Oh yeah…their drummer was out here in California, but then he moved back to Gainesville, Florida, where this band is based. FIYA could easily fall into that trap of sore-throat pop that Gainesville is known for, but they manage to sidestep the clichés with wild abandon and smart lyrics. The songs are full of death, fear and loneliness, but evoke a feeling of hope deep within. Handclaps! There are handclaps and they are not cheesy! It's like a little bit of LEATHERFACE, a little bit of TINY HAWKS and a whole lot of heart. (GH)
(No Idea)

THE FLIPS – "I Just Don't Know Where I Stand" EP

I repeat: I am a total sucker for female-fronted pop music. Sometimes, I think it doesn't even have to be that good. Lucky for you, this one isn't just good, it's excellent. The sound here is very much like the BABY SHAKES or SUZY Y LOS QUATTRO, with that sort of '50s ballad thing. Excellent. (KK)
(HoZac)

FORGETTERS – "Vampire Lessons" 2x7"

OK, this band includes Blake Schwarzenbach (JAWBREAKER, JETS TO BRAZIL), Kevin Mahon, who played drums in the early days of AGAINST ME!, and Caroline Paquita, who was in BITCHIN' and did the cover art for *MRR* #284. So I'm assuming interest may be high based on the popularity of those previous projects. It's four tracks over two 7"s. I didn't like the first song, "Vampire Lessons," at first, but it has grown on me. It's got a bit of a cowboy rhythm, but it's catchy enough that I found it stuck in my head days later. The second song is "Too Small to Fail," and now we're talking. This is a slower, moody number that reminds me of days of yore. "Not Funny" is a herky-jerky song that just doesn't work for me. The final track, "The Night Accelerates," is another winner that builds wonderfully. On a scale of JAWBREAKER to JETS TO BRAZIL, I'd say this is much closer to the JAWBREAKER end, and an excellent first release. (MD)
(Too Small to Fail)

THE FRESH AND ONLYS – "Play It Strange" LP

The FRESH AND ONLYS, along with THEE OH SEES and TY SEGALL, have blazed a garage revolution in San Francisco, a city strangely devoid of much worth in this genre. And I thank them. The ONLYS take a gentler approach for sensitive people to the '60s rival sound, the reverb not as heavy as their aforementioned brothers, but still in slight effect. A nice LOVE-meets-the-ZOMBIES-meets-the-ASSOCIATION vibe done with half a foot planted in the year 2010. It's got that atmospheric, dreamy feel that I usually associate with the latter half of the '60s and a lot of contemporary indie bands that peddle that sound nowadays—the FLEET FOXES and WOODS (and I mean that in the best possible way). This is a beautiful record that seems way too big to be in the small pages of *MRR*. If these boys haven't packed in their day jobs and are not doing this full-time in the next half year, then the music industry truly sucks. Great. (SD)
(In The Red)

FUMBLE – "Caballitos" CD

OK, I'm a wee bit confused by this one. It would appear to be a one-track CD. Nice packaging, too. Do folks release one-track CDs in gatefold packaging? According to the liner notes, this Finnish quartet on tour in Spain (you still with me here?) records a mighty two tracks in this Spanish recording studio. And, er, decide to release one of them (I guess?) on a one-track CD. The liner notes are all about how the band drinks to overcome the adversity of touring. Lyrically, the one track showcased here is like a modern version of "Freebird"—a "no woman is going to tie me down, 'cos I don't live life that way" kind of tired rock'n'roll cliché. Musically, it's a not bad rocker, in that later-period SOCIAL DISTORTION countryfied rock punk style. Can't see anyone purchasing a one-track CD, but there you go. Mebbe that's how the rockers roll in Finland these days? (RK)
(Walkalone)

GENIUS PARTY – "Uncomplicated Songs About Complicated Issues" CD

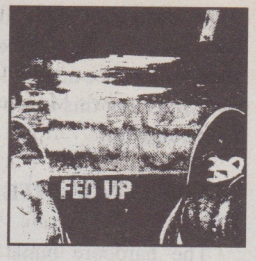
Extra poppy pop-punk from Fort Worth, TX. These gentlemen play the SCREECHING WEASEL brand of punk, with the snottiness (at times) but not the attitude. All the songs focus on personal issues—loss of idealism, the town they're living in, feeling grumpy in the morning, that sort of stuff. It borders on wholesome, and the lyrics read like a diary, but the music is pretty solid. This stuff probably holds most of its appeal for the under-18 crowd and would repulse ye olden punks. (FS)
(self-released)

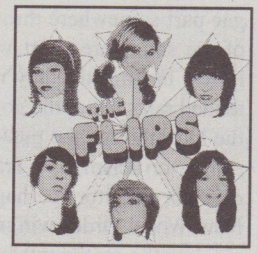
GENTLEMAN JESSE – "She's a Trap/I Won't Say Goodbye"

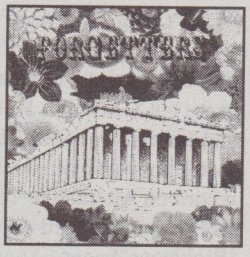
I want to say some sort of slogan akin to "if you're not part of the solution you're part of the problem" or something like that about this band. How about, "if you're not hip to fuggin' GENTLEMAN JESSE you're just not hip," or "if you don't have at least the GENTLEMAN JESSE debut LP then your record collection is pathetic and weak (and so are you)"? This group is just so fantastic with their perfect blend of power-pop and '78-style punk that I feel like one of those screaming teenage girls in old BEATLES footage whenever I listen to their records. And now the fine folks at Douchemaster have released this two-track teaser to keep us satisfied until the new full-length comes out. "She's a Trap" is a total power-pop rocker full of melody and guitar twang like you'd expect from these boys, while "I Won't Say Goodbye" slows it down a bit and sounds like something off the first JOE JACKSON record. I'm not sure if these tunes will be on the upcoming LP or not, but this single is a must-have! (BG)
(Douchemaster)

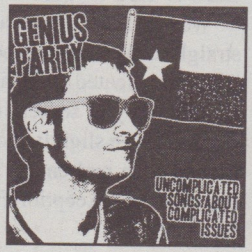
THE GIVE-UPS – "Gentlemen's Club" CD

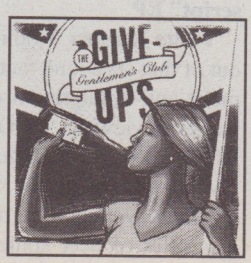
Simple, snotty bar punk, not unlike DWARVES or a











more stripped-down NEW BOMB TURKS. Modern DONNAS-styled power riffing suits the in-your-face attack. It's a little too clean for my tastes, but this is top-quality punk. (WN)
(self-released)

GLOBAL PARASITE – "Memento Mori" CD

The hardcore punk this heavily political UK band peddles is the straightforward variety with metallic flourishes and the inevitable reggae part somewhere throughout the CD. Some of the songs are short with simple, repetitive lyrics, but mostly they're the vehicle for extended rants about the government, society and the like (though the punk scene itself does not escape criticism). Several approach conspiracy-theory territory perhaps best left to paranoid New World Order wingnuts, but I greatly appreciate the sentiments in the track "Realised": "Every fucking thing we say / Every fucking claim we make / Don't believe a word of it / Don't dismiss a word of it / Research it for yourself." For a lot of bands like this, I feel like the music is a distant second to the message, but GLOBAL PARASITE holds up that end better than most. This is the kind of thing that Jello would hear and then put out their next record on Alternative Tentacles. One song features a spoken word part by Dick Lucas. (CS)
(Righteous Anger / Angry Scenes / Pumpkin)

GLOW KIT – "Television Too" EP

Wow, this is really amazing—basic, straightforward power-pop that is as good as it is uncomplicated. The fact that it is on P. Trash should tell you something. That this is a duo makes it even slightly more impressive. It is delivered with real energy, which almost always separates the exception from the average. (KK)
(P. Trash)

GOD$ DICK – "Shitlife" EP

It seems like the stupid band name competition is still in full force these days. Beyond the crappy name, this Florida three-piece refers to themselves as grindcore, but their tempo rarely gets fast enough for them to really qualify. They also have a lot of slow stoner-ish parts and some boring guitar noodling. Lyrics are barely worth mentioning. This just doesn't pass muster. (VX)
(Tooth Rez)

GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS – "Postscript" EP

I hate Arizona. Nothing really good comes out of that state, and that was before the whole racist anti-immigration debacle. That is what makes reviewing GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS so surprisingly hard, because it wrecks my Arizona perception. Straight-up poppy, not too clean, yet not too gruff punk that probably gets a lot of beer spilled in the Fest type of way. GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS sounds like they would be perfectly at home on a show with TILTWHEEL, RADON and the THUMBS. Hmm, I guess that GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS proves that there really is an exception to every rule. (JF)
(Tortilla Chip)

GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS – "SMO3" 10"

There are times where one band bites the style of another *so* hard, you're left wondering where their intentions lie. For example, I'm left wondering if GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS merely worship GREEN DAY or if they are actively trying to rip them off? It's everything, right down to singer bearing a sometimes blatant resemblance to Billy Joe Armstrong. It has to be on purpose! Listen to the song "Warpigs" and tell me who you think is singing that dang song. But I will give them credit that they do pick really awesome GREEN DAY songs to copy. And they pull it off really well. Perhaps it was a thesis project to figure out what aspects of Lookout-era GREEN DAY resonated with people. Then GOOD MEN DIE LIKE DOGS took that information and crafted a band around that knowledge. Well, regardless of their intentions, at least they did a good job rehashing a well-worn style. (FS)
(Tortilla Chip)

THE GOZERIANS – "Squatter" CD EP

A five-song EP from this St. Louis band, this is a mix of NOFX and BLINK 182 without the chops. This is OK at best. They started in 2009—bands still form to sound like this? (RL)
(self-released)

GRABASS CHARLESTONS / TOYS THAT KILL – split LP

So, unless you've been living under a rock for the last ten or so years, I'm sure you all know about TOYS THAT KILL. It's been several years since they've made any new records, as they've (mostly) all been busy playing in the UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND and STONED AT HEART. I have always liked seeing TOYS THAT KILL live, but their records usually only had a couple songs I really liked. Maybe it's just because this one only has five songs, but goddamn, it's pretty good so far. This time around we get four originals and one JOY DIVISION cover. GRABASS CHARLESTONS have been around for quite some time now, but I don't really know too much about them (maybe *I'm* the one living under a rock?). I got one of their EPs a while back and didn't really think much about it. Since then, I've tried to go see these guys a few times, but it never worked out. But hey, everyone says they're really good live. Musically, I'd put them somewhere in between LEATHERFACE and later-era BILLY BRAGG. I'm sure fans will dig this batch of songs (one of which is an ONION FLAVORED RINGS cover); they sound pretty good to me on first listen. (BD)
(No Idea)

GRASS WIDOW – "Pass Time" LP

This record is totally amazing. I've long now been supremely enthusiastic about nearly everything GRASS WIDOW has created, perhaps even calling them "the most musically talented band in the Bay Area" in my 2009 Year-End Top Ten. I love it when you have high expectations for a record, and it turns out to be as good as you expecting, maybe better. And that's exactly what happened with this record. Right from the start you're hooked. GRASS WIDOW is like the RAINCOATS with a surf-guitar influence and wispy, three-part vocal harmonies. It's music with no jagged edges—just smooth and beautiful, but agonizingly catchy. These ladies' voices will be echoing in your head for days. This is now their second full-length, and it's every bit as good as anything they've done so far. Maybe this is punk, maybe it's not, but either way, it's some of the best rock'n'roll on the planet right now! (FS)
(Kill Rock Stars)

THE GREAT EXPLAINER – "The Way Things Swell" 10"

Regardless of whether or not I like this music, a one-sided ten-inch just seems like a waste of money and vinyl to me. I mean, come on—there aren't even any etchings on the backside, just blank vinyl. Why not just do a 7"? Anyway, these guy play '90s-style emo with lots of melodic guitar parts, breakdowns and the occasional youth-crew-style chanted backups. There are two vocalists; one of them sounds like what you'd get if Blake Schwarzenbach and Jeff Ott tried to out-gruff each other. The other guy sounds like the guy from ANTI-FLAG. Sound like something you'd be into? (BD)
(Chunksaah)

GROWN-UPS – "Not Friends" EP

You know how lots of bands seem to celebrate their low-life status? Like how they sing about being poor and dirty and fucked-up and not really going anywhere, yet they are fully content with it? Whoever wrote the lyrics to these songs fits in that ilk, but is totally unhappy about it. Here we get four songs—one about hating someone they know, one about being poor but wanting to get rich quick, one about growing up to "be a man" (whatever *that* means) and failing, and one about being an insomniac. All in all, the music is good—it's got that shitty recording quality that I like so dearly and it's kinda catchy—but they lyrics kill it for me. Sorry, guys. (BD)
(self-released)

HAIRSPRAY BLUES – "Lost Negatives" EP

I assign CDs here at *MRR* headquarters so I can only assume this piece of crap is payback for some crappy CD I assigned our vinyl assigners. How else can I describe why I got this horrible EP of garage with hints of rockabilly? HAIRSPRAY BLUES tries to occupy the land of FLAT DUO JETS or BANTAM ROOSTER, but unfortunately fall way short. As in—those aforementioned bands are good, while HAIRSPRAY BLUES is not. (JF)
(self-released)

THE HAMBURGLARS – "Hamburglars' Theme" EP

Jezus. First things first: Looking at the cover, these are some ugly motherfuckers and the Lone-Ranger style eye-masks aren't doing enough to cover that up. Lucky for these guys (and so many like them), rock'n'roll isn't a beauty contest. Lucky for us, these guys know what they're doing when it comes to rock'n'roll. This is lo-fi robble-rock. It's deliberate. It's swampy. It's even a little surfy. Most importantly, it's good. OK, so the Hamburglar thing was good for an EP. What's next? (KK)
(self-released)

HEADS HELD HIGH – "Dogs and Cats, Living Together" CD

Trawling through the liner notes, as this conscientious reviewer does—y'know, reading the lyrics, ensuring the band doesn't thank God, that sort of thing—I was struck by the rather stark fact that I'd never even heard of any of the bands they thank. And there are a couple of dozen of 'em. I guess not only am I getting any younger, but have never been much into that screamo hardcore side of things. I bet these guys have beards, would've loved BOY SETS FIRE a decade ago and are more than slightly jealous of AGAINST ME! They do explicitly reference a slew of cool novelists, and films, in the lyrics, which isn't as pretentious as it sounds. And musically, 'tis not so bad. (RK)
(Fail Safe)

I FAIL – 10"

I FAIL plays modern hardcore that reminds me of RUINER or BANE prior to *Give Blood*, which I don't think is always a bad thing, but these five songs on a 10" at 33 RPM go nowhere for entirely too goddamn long, recycling the same riffs, and I really could do without the equally extended quiet interludes. This record could've been decent, as the production wasn't too slick and the first song had me interested before it started dragging, and if I FAIL can figure out how to keep their songs to the point, maybe I'll be into their next effort. (DG)
(Sacred Plague)

IN DEFENCE / MOTHER SPEED – split EP

Whoa. Featuring tough-guy hardcore and thrash with some youth crew breakdowns, chant choruses and blastbeats, Twin Cities IN DEFENCE is all over the place yet cohesive. This is tough as shit with mean, gravely vocals, and the recording quality is straight-up perfect for this type of stuff, with the guitar in the forefront and the drums pummeling. The sound is old school without being some shitty rip-off. The lyrics are hilarious—my favorite song is about couchsurfing, freeloading wastoids. If you have ever lived in a punk house or been to the Midwest (in particular Minneapolis, which is one big punk house), you know what's up. The MOTHER SPEED side is some well-done crossover thrash with its metallic leanings just right. They have a song called "Dudeside Assistance," man. But they also have a song about conservation (my word for it, not theirs). "The Bong Remains the Same" is an introspective number about growing old. Sounds like SUICIDAL TENDENCIES with good quick, yet fitting tempo changes. The vocal stylings are similar to Mike Muir, though the riffage is far wankier than SUICIDAL ever was. Make sense as these guys are from Dudemanistan, California. Both bands are different enough to stand on their own. Great songs? Not exactly. But catchy, fun and worth a live show while consuming various substances. Definitely punk as fuck. (MB)
(Here's Your Warning / Party Time / World Won't Listen / Mullet Death)

THE INTELLIGENCE – "Males" LP

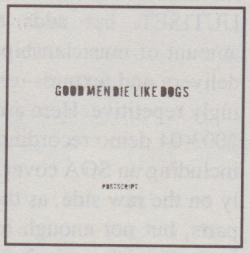
FALL-inflected garage punk that'll make the kids all sweaty. This is way cleaner and less arch than anything I have heard from this lot—I mean, it's shockingly un-lo-fi. This is clean! No tape hiss, no distortion… *Sssstudio*. I guess this is with a full band rather than just Lars playing everything, and by full band we are talkin' former members of MAYYORS, FM KNIVES and EAT SKULL. The songs are really catchy and have a wry, Californian detached take on *Live at the Witch Trials* or something. Actually, this reminds me of a less shambolic, less indie-rocked-out PAVEMENT. Really. It sounds great, but I miss the grit. (LG)
(In the Red)

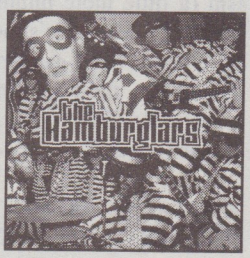
INTRO5PECT – "Realpolitik" LP

Southern California dance punks. It's a weird mix, but imagine ANDREW WK doing a record of '90s East Bay punk hits, adding in anarchist "we can fight the system… *and win*!" lyrics and CHOKING-VICTIM-worshipping fist-in-the-air sing-alongs, and making the whole record danceable as shit. The punks might hate this, and it might be too in-your-face for the kids at the punk club, but the bizarre mix of styles that INTRO5PECT turns into their own sound are well played and catchy as hell. It's teenager punk for sure, but we were all teenagers once, and that's the part of me that this appeals to. This is their second record, released on CD a few years back and now given the vinyl treatment for your turntable's pleasure. (WN)
(Looney Tunes)

KAIBOUSHITSU – "Wickedness" LP

Taking their name (which translates to "Autopsy Suite") from a STALIN song, it's not surprising there's a heavy STALIN influence on this Tokyo band's releases. On their second full-length (and first vinyl LP), the influence treads deeper into the dark, slower material of STALIN's *Mushi* and beyond—here, one song takes almost an entire LP's side, and the others largely have a post-hardcore impact, where mid-tempo, hardcore-flavored song structure (as opposed to quick blasting) builds to the impact, though there's catchy, energetic tracks throughout. The vocals alternate like Machiro Endo's, with full





growls turning to quivering scowls. Rumored to feature members of the band CROW; there's a similar moody heaviness and dark edge. Powerful. (KS)
(H:G Fact)

KAIVOSURMA – "Porttiteoria" EP

Killer!! This third EP—and first since 2001—by the Finnish studio project duo might be their best yet. Retains the total simple Finnish hardcore jackhammering à la KANSAN UUTISET, but adds the precisely perfect amount of musicianship to the severity of the delivery and texture—enough not to be numbingly repetitive. Here are six tracks taken from 2003-04 demo recordings completed last year, including an SOA cover. The vocals are slightly on the raw side, as there is still shrieking at parts, but not enough to spoil the party. Lyrics in Finnish, a pinch of Japanese and a spare "Klaatu Barada Nikto" thrown in the middle, in case Gort the Robot from *Day the Earth Stood Still* manages to get his silver mitts on this limited-to-300 copies EP. (KS)
(Hardware)

KILLERLADY – "Minneapolis/Fashion Pig"

The singer from EA 80, the Weissenohe of German punk bands, offers up a couple of sides that sound kinda like FAD GADGET with a little more drama and a little more minimalism (a little more minimalism—kinda funny, no? No?). Maybe it's more like that BOWIE/ENO crap, but I can't really recall what that sounds like and I don't miss it. Not my cup of tea, clearly. (DD)
(Beau Travail)

KILMAINE SAINTS – "The Good, the Plaid and the Ugly" CD

Bit of a schizophrenic release. It's called "Tartan" in Scotland, not "plaid"—though these self-styled "Celtic Rockers" seem quite happy to fly the Irish, Scottish, Italian, and Puerto Rican flags. Which is fine, I guess. Anyways, twelve tracks (seven originals, five souped-up covers of the likes of "Whiskey in the Jar," "Leaving of Liverpool" and "Amazing Grace") in the vein of punkified folk music popularized by FLOGGING MOLLY and the REAL MCKENZIES. Not quite sure what "authentic" means these days (and who cares), but the lads (and one lassie—who plays a mean fiddle, probably the highlight of the disc) do play an impressive array of instruments: electric and acoustic, Irish and bagpipes, banjo, bouzoki, tin whistle, et al. Actually, they're much better than FLOGGING MOLLY, and not as pop/punk as the REAL MCKENZIES, but pretty good once you can get past the clumsy attempts at relating to the auld country. (RK)
(self-released)

KING-SIZED KILLERS – "Funeral for a Town" CD

Hard not to find a band endearing that gives a hearty fuck you to Evan, Billy, Nick and "rascists" everywhere in their liner notes. And this is just one of many grammatical gaffes on the sleeve. Musically, however, they do turn up the goods, with some throaty, driving metallic punk that isn't a million miles away from the DEAD BOYS, early ENGLISH DOGS or a less rockified STRAW DOGS. "Wolves at the Door" is a bonafide anthem that either of the aforementioned would have been proud to pen. One really can't go wrong with twin guitar solos... (RK)
(Mystery School)

KNIGHTS OF THE NEW CRUSADE – "Knight Vision" LP

Garage/surf-inspired songs about the Lord! Is it straight-up or parody? I don't know—while all the songs are about the Lord, they don't "thank the Lord." I do know that this band's helmeted singer likes his ale and performs with a broadsword. The guy also sort of sounds like one Mike Lucas, but I have never seen him at one of their shows. Is this good? I have a general rule of thumb: never pick a fight with a guy with a broadsword. So let's say it is good for a listen or two, but beyond that... (JF)
(Alternative Tentacles)

KOLLWITZ – "Like Iron I Rust" CD

Slow without good dredge, with crusty vocals skirting screamo, this Norwegian metallic rock band borders on modern hardcore mixed with new metal. Sorry, but I don't hear any punk in this. It's like commercial crust, if that's even possible. The music is metal without the bite or technicality, stoner rock without the weed. It's far too clean and contrived (I don't mean composed, either) for me. Not digging it. The packaging is stunning though—woodcut-style prints on a well-constructed cardstock with bronze detailing. If you are a fan of Bridge Nine releases, this is your jam. (MB)
(Fysisk Format)

THE LADIES – "Six More Reasons to Hate the Ladies" EP

The newest release from Richmond, Virginia's Tony Bitch and crew. Unlike the recent hardcore bands from this scene, the LADIES play snotty, offensive punk more in line with GG AND THE JABBERS than SSD or UPRIGHT CITIZENS. This is good, though the spectacle of Tony Bitch live in action is undoubtedly the superior experience. (JH)
(Grave Mistake)

LEPTOSPIROSE – "Mula-Poney" CD

I'm glad the songs on this are really short. This is just too party-infused for me. It's like ANNIHILATION TIME meets CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER meets the JONESES meets VICTIMS FAMILY. Just too goofed out. The feel of this CD is cool if only because it seems like they're having a good time. It definitely has a skate punk vibe, and I like how many different influences they draw from. I just don't think I'd ever actually listen to it. It's too all over the place. All the players are good—the vocals, guitars, drums and especially the bass are all totally present and full of attack. Good performance, but the psychedelic skate rock party vibe is just a little much for me. Guess I'm just kind square these days. This is Brazilian psychedelic skate rock! I like it! Good, eclectic stuff! (DB)
(Caveira Da Forca)

LIBYANS – "A Common Place" LP

This is so good! Easily my record of the month. LIBYANS play tightly wound yet flailing punk that brings to mind the AVENGERS in the best way. Liz Panella has one of the raddest, snottiest vocal styles; yeah, there's some Penelope, but also a touch of the YAH MOS and Summer from FISTICUFFS BLUFF!! The perfect eloquent snottiness! These songs sound like something that would have emerged from the Mabuhay circa '79—creative, danceable stop 'n' start bursts of total energy that make you feel part of something cool. But it's happening right now! In basements and all-ages spaces across America! The world!!! You know, total window-smashing punk rock that is refreshingly free of cheese, rife with intelligent lyrics, and still makes one feel triumphant and alive in the way that the best punk records should. I love it when bands somehow capture a straight-ahead classic punk sound and make it their own, without sounding like a reenactment troupe of a bygone era. The sound of now! Get it or regret it... (LG)
(Sorry State)

THE LOVE BELOW – "Reproductive Rights" EP

These five dudes fuse chaotic '90s emo-core (à la HEROIN or ANGEL HAIR), EYEHATEGOD stoner-y *crap*, and meat-and-potatoes hardcore. The vibe of the whole thing definitely leans toward the former with a screamy, emotive vocal style driving the whole experience. The record is pink and full of cursive liner notes, which reminds me of Urban Outfitter's appropriation of a DIY aesthetic. That said, I think the artwork is pretty cool in its evocation of disgust. This record strikes me as a sarcastic desecration of femininity, with vaginas all over the sleeve and song lyrics like "Reproductive Rights." I like the lyrics but there's an unwitting conflation between the woman and "garbage for DNA." The attempt to blaspheme the human race ends up a juvenile trope of misogyny. While this attempt at misanthropy and

espousal of sickness is wonderful and totally my thing, I'd like to see these dudes desecrate their fathers' hairy rectum. 'Til then, they are what they hate. Provocative, pretty solid record full of anger and disgust. (DB)
(A389 Recordings)

LOVE POTION – "Intimacy" EP

Three short, fast, dirty Danish hardcore tracks with a slight early-'90s hardcore sound. There is definitely a metal influence as the guitars are always flying with solos everywhere but this is hardcore. I dug the gruff vocals you can kind of understand, the guitar and the music in general, but I have no idea what they are singing about with a song called "Ejaculate With Hate," a song that seems to have issues with trannies, ("Ladyboy Love Triangle"), and a track about being drenched in blood after a killing spree. The lyrics are included but I couldn't figure out what the band meant. Music good, lyrics questionable. (MH)
(Hate Ape)

LUDDS / NO BRAINERS – split EP

Keeping the garage torch alight in the Midlands, these UK no-marks deliver the goods on this split. The BILLY CHILDISH influence is evident on the NO BRAINERS' side as much in the vocals as the trashed-out guitar sounds. What make this band shine are the female backups that sound raw as fuck. If they were from the USA they would be playing Budget Rock. The LUDDS go for super raw, Hammond-driven garage with a ton of echo, again with some CHILDISH sounds but also sounding like the PIRHANAS from the Midwest. Both bands bring it, though the NO BRAINERS are my tip. Only 216 copies so act fast. Boss sounds. (TB)
(Hodad)

MAINE COONS – "H.LI.I.I.G.T.F.Y.F.G" EP

The resurgence of flexi discs is making a stir, but I still think they are a shitty format... whatevs. This looks like a flexi, but I guess it's an acetate... The disc is part of a singles series where they press 50-100 acetates of a band from a recording made at the label's studio. Cool idea, outrageous insta-collectable or insta-forgettable—your choice. I dig the fuck outta this. It sounds a lot like TY SEGALL or even CHEAP TIME. Hyper catchy dream-pop punk. It's all distorted and raw, yet kinda has a BEACH BOYS vibe. I'll look for the full length; this is ill. (TB)
(Gebos! Brand Circular Plastics)

MEAN JEANS / WHITE WIRES – split EP

By the looks of the bands on the cover of this split EP, I thought I would dig the WHITE WIRES more, but the MEAN JEANS stole the show!! Their song "R U Mental?" is friggin' awesome! It's totally fast and full of hooks, including "whoa-oh"s in the chorus that aren't even annoying. As for the WHITE WIRES, "Please Write" is also a great pop-laden song, but much more mid-paced and more stripped-down sounding and "garage-y" in style... (ML)
(Dirtnap)

MENTHOLS – "Michigan Works" LP

A tribal thump carried by caveman grunts washed away in a sea of repetitive, spaced-out sonic grooves; only 400 pressed. I eat this sound up—it's HAWKWIND done by the children's children of the great lords of acid rock. Nothing pretty, it's rudimentary to the core, like the ugly half-human brother of SPACEMAN 3 who's been locked in the attic and feed a steady diet of sloppy fish-heads. Too heavy to rock the ganj, to fucked up to drop acid, so I guess it's copious amounts of painkillers and beer. For lovers of CLONE DEFECTS, HUMAN EYE, JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD and SNAKE FLOWER 2. I will be rocking this rare slice of precious vinyl for years. (SD)
(UFO Dictator)

MINDLESS – "Human Conditioning" EP

MINDLESS features former HATRED SURGE singer Faiza. They share stylistic similarities with that band, especially (and obviously) in the vocal department. Pretty crushing, old-school-sounding powerviolence (à la early Slap-A-Ham) that is raw, with awesomely fuzzy guitars, kind of bringing UNSEEN TERROR to mind (as I remember them). The songs here are primitive and brutal with lyrics to match. The artwork/layout is punk as fuck and smart at the same time. This is powerviolence of the highest order—dark, bonehead-ish and full of attitude. Good shit. (DB)
(RSR)

MONTFAUCON – "Chronicle" CD

MONTFAUCON comes to us all the way from the dark lands of the Russia sub-continent—Moscow, as far as I ascertain, but the Cyrillic is very hard to decipher. They play a pleasing blend of dark and melodic hardcore, never quite get heavy enough to cross into metal, thought I can see how there would be some crossover appeal. They've got some breakneck-speed songs, but more often than not, you'll find yourself doing the "slow headbang" to this record. If you are a lover of both VENOM and NINE SHOCKS TERROR and you enjoy crushing melodic hardcore, check this out! (FS)
(OSK)

MUKEKA DI RATO – "Vika Velka 95-96" CD

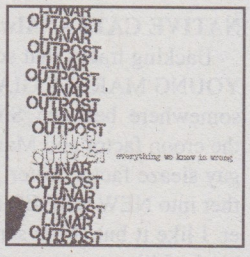
I'm guessing this is old stuff from this Brazilian band. Fans of foreign hardcore, LOS CRUDOS and early Dischord will like this. Not normally my cup of tea, this is fast, furious and raw. Sung in native tongue, this disc features 15 ragers. (RL)
(MCR Company)

MURDER SUICIDE PACT – "Do It or Don't" EP

Not sure if this is the first release after the reformation, but longtime Florida band returns with five sharp jabs to the chest. Taking up where they left off with blasts of Rollins-era BLACK FLAG, this shit is tough as nails. Like OUT COLD, these old timers stick to what they no best—no-frills hardcore. I loved them back in the day and I love 'em now. Boss. (TB)
(Give Praise)

MURDER-SUICIDE PACT – "Full Time" EP

One of two new EPs from the newly reformed MURDER-SUICIDE PACT—their first releases in over a decade. While they've yet to achieve the levels of tightness and intensity demonstrated on their LP or *Lobotomy*



Kit EP, these Florida vets deliver six tracks of hateful, misanthropic, mid-tempo HC. Mid-period FLAG is the obvious touchstone here, but rather than approaching it from the Ginn-as-guitar-god angle like a lot of the young'uns these days, Suren and co. just strip it down to its simplest, ugliest essence and run with it. You will probably feel a little dirty after listening to this, and you might like it. (CS)
(Bacon Towne)

MUZZARELAS – "We Rock You Suck!" CD

It's the late '80s/early '90s, crossover has already happened and there are a bunch of punk, hardcore, crossover and metal bands who like to joke, drink beer, be silly and have fun. Enter Brazilian band MUZZARELAS around 1991, playing anthem-lead punk with a metal influence and a sense of humor. Now, nearly 20 years later the band is still at it and have this new CD full of songs that are fun to sing along with, including choruses like "TV ate my, TV ate my, TV ate my brain," "I'm the idiot I believe in Santa Claus / It's so nice to be stupid," plus a song about farting and a handful about beer. They aren't afraid of guitar solos and metal but mostly stick to some catchy pop-punk. I enjoyed this disc even if I am likely to wake up a couple days from now having forgotten it. (MH)
(Karasu Killer)

NATIVE CATS – "Always On" LP

Backing tracks that sound like a gothed-out YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS fronted by a guy somewhere between Simon Le Bon without the croon factor and Marc Almond without the gay sleaze factor. Later, the record moves further into NEW ORDER territory but way darker. I like it but at the same time it also sounds kind of like some arrogant lounge lizard that won't stop talking to me at the bar. I guess what I mean is an LP is *way* too long for these kids. (MM)
(Ride the Snake)

NATURE BOYS – LP

The first few songs on this record are all over the place; it opens with a sludgy lament of a dead dog ("Dead Dog") before jumping to an unexpected HC track that might be tongue-in-cheek ("You Suck"). But by the end, they settle majestically into a slow-paced, yet very high energy rock'n'roll that is heartbroken and pissed off at how boring being heartbroken is. I guess that means it's a little bit country, too. The bass and guitar share the dramatic leads equally—I am utterly compelled. I encourage you to think of X, GUN CLUB, and dare I say it, NIRVANA (the quality of the recording is akin to "Gallons of Alcohol Flow through the Strip" and the entirety of *Bleach*). This is an excellent LP and you should fucking buy it, listen to it, and go to their show. (HD)
(San Huevos, no contact info)

NAZI DEATH CAMP – "Inside the Mind of a Mongoloid" EP

Posthumous release from these Finns. Blown-out KBD thug-punk, like the mutated cousin of no-marks like COLD COCK, DETENTION or the SHITDOGS. Total dirtbag music. They even butcher a KAAOS song. Dope. (TB)
(Airiston Punk-Levyt)

NEON BASTARD – "Meikhaus" CD

This is the ugliest, shittiest CD cover I've ever seen. On the inside there are no lyrics, information or even song titles, just weird artwork. Too bad, 'cuz this is on the short list of CDs I've gotten to review that are worth keeping. Kiwi fuckers (by which I mean, New Zealand residents) NEON BASTARD have the heaviness of KUNG FU RICK and the craziness of GRIDE. On some parts I swear they're channeling ARTIMUS PYLE, other times go for brief stoner rock style. It's eleven songs in 21 minutes, but it seems longer (in a good way) as each track is its own bunch of wildness. The terrible packaging makes this a dollar-bin gem waiting to be excavated. (JM)
(Robotic Empire)

NIHILIST CUNT – "You're Next" EP

Raw, fukkd female-fronted hardcore—total meat and 'taters shits here for true punk fukks. Everything pegged in the red, snotty vocals, and only slowing down for the occasional drunken mosh, NIHILIST CUNT is pure and simple hardcore punk. (WN)
(Suburban White Trash)

NO BABIES – "Squirrels" EP

Screeching, skronky noise that makes me think of the Spock Morgue scene that was on the way out when I first moved here. They sound like a way wilder, less together/tight K.I.T., with ranting lady vocals over scrunched-up guitars and muffled drums plus some saxophone intonations… Sounds like it was recorded in a cardboard box, which is a good thing. The way the guitar patterns and vocals collide really remind me of K.I.T., but this is the dark side of that coin for sure. Total flailing antagonism, stop 'n' start action, somewhere between Gravity Records and something outta the Chicago no wave scene of thee olde '90s. Do you want no wave or do you want the truth? Or neither? This band has been generating a lot of talk around these parts, and while *Squirrels* is a pretty rad record, I can't imagine listening to it that much, though I will for sure go see them play… (LG)
(Arkham)

NOBUNNY – "Brace Face" EP

How the hell have I not gotten into this band yet? They're from right here in SF and I think they even practice in the space next to mine. So note to self: Go see NOBUNNY next time they play here! As for the music, it is fucking awesome—super catchy and simple with amazing pop hooks. I had always thought that NOBUNNY was more of a "garage" band, but this is straight up power-pop punk rock! There is even a cover of "It Tastes Just Like a Milkshake" by M.O.T.O., so if you know that song, you know what to expect. All three songs on this record are cheeky with sexually suggestive lyrics, which makes for a fun EP. Get it!! (ML)
(Douchemaster)

NOBUNNY – "First Blood" CD

The Tucson, AZ to Bay Area transplant provides yet more fun-time tunes. This release is lot cleaner and less rough around the garagey edges than any of the 'BUNNY's former releases. Displaying a progression into smarter, yet still goofy and goodtime songwriting, this is a total pop party. Heavy nods to the ROLLING STONES and as per usual the RONETTES and the stripped-down punk of RAMONES (I'm only gonna name bands that begin with "R" for audio references in this review) will never grow old to these ears. Not gonna win any awards for originality, but NOBUNNY does what he/they/it does well. I dig! (GG)
(Goner)

NO ESCAPE – "Generation Trap" EP

Spain's NO ESCAPE kicks this platter off with an amazing track that was reminiscent of *Living in Darkness*-era AGENT ORANGE. It immediately grabbed my attention and is definitely the winner on this release. A mid-paced punk record with dark and memorable guitar playing is what we have here. The singer's vocals give off an eerie, atmospheric feel to an overall cool sounding release. Really good shit. (MS)
(Trabuc)

NOFX – "The Longest EP" 2xLP

I have to admit that this is a band that I've never paid much attention to. They always reminded me of the DESCENDENTS/ALL, but not necessarily in a good way. Maybe the fact that they experienced some commercial success bothered me. This double-LP features EP tracks from '87 to '09 and includes some unreleased outtakes. It won't change my mind about them. It's good, solid, somewhat generic California hardcore. If you are a fan of theirs, and I know there are many, you'll probably want to look for this one. (KK)
(Fat Wreck)

NOFX – "The Longest EP" CD

A reissue of NOFX's *Longest Line* EP with

tons of other EP tracks and rarities. 30 career-spanning songs in all. Although I like the *Longest Line* tracks (including the reggae classic "Kill All the White Man") the best, this is certainly practical for the casual non-collecting NOFX fan. I guess between this and the *45 or 46 Songs* release, you are in pretty good shape for non-LP stuff on the digital front. (RL)
(Fat Wreck)

NUCLEAR FAMILY – LP

So I got one of their demos for review about a year ago and was super impressed. Then I got their 7" and was also into it, though I wished that some of the demo's songs had made it on there. Then I got to see them live three times in August and each time I was totally captivated and danced my ass off. And *then* I got this record, knowing it would be good but not necessarily topping my expectations—but it did, and has cemented my belief that this is one of the best punk bands in the US right now. They play passionate, determined, melodic punk that invokes the same transcendent feelings as bands like the AVENGERS and the OBSERVERS, with the same kinds of songs that will help you get through dehumanizing days and nights in a dehumanizing world. While their sound is simpler and not as anthemic as the aforementioned bands, they know how to write good songs with Jen's amazing voice/wide range emphasizing everything. Most of these songs appeared on their demos and were good the first time around, but I couldn't believe how much better they sound re-recorded by the faster and tighter band. It's good to see them all in one place now, and I seriously think this record is destined to become a classic. (DG)
(Loud Punk)

OUTER MINDS – "Bloodshot Eyes" EP

OUTER MINDS has a sort of B-movie soundtrack feel, like you can visualize some '60s youthsploitation flick as you listen. They have that "Let's Talk About Girls" abandoned raucousness, like total miscreants in a Midwestern hovel with some BYRDS records who make a sound that totally strips off that clean dreaminess of the Sunset Strip ideal, taking it *Back From the Grave*... The way the male and female vocals work together is really cool, with a full-on MAMAS AND THE PAPAS feel, but more low-rent; reminded me of the DELMONAS, too. The hit is the B-side—it's so good, total mix-tape material, the vocals sound insane and the way the organ and guitar all collide with each other... (LG)
(HoZac)

PASSIVE AGGRESSOR / PRSMS – split 45

PASSIVE AGRESSOR is nicely sludge-y in the '90s Chicago noise-rock vein à la JESUS LIZARD or LAUGHING HYENAS. It's got a weird chorus of male voices going on at parts, which brings to mind the weirdest punkest drunken bar sing-along ever. PRSMS fully sounds like a way aggressive, sludged-out version of DIE MONITR BATSS, which is way fucking cool. This is on the edge of the breed of spazzy noise dude rock I dislike but this is dark enough and fully lacking the noodle factor that I really despise. Oh! And featuring alumnus of BATTLESHIP and RICE. Pretty fucking cool. (MM)
(Teenage Death Girls)

OS PEDRERO – "Sou Feio Mas Tenho Banda!" CD

Holy. Shit. It's as if I am hanging out at my childhood laundromat with the teenage burnouts, smoking cigs and drinking OE. This is straight-up '80s hair metal, down to the vocal style and guitar solos à la POISON. But wait! It then shifts to '90s-Epitaph-type stuff, posi-sounding like FACE TO FACE and I am back in high school beating up the pop-punk kids (I was a dick...). The band switches back and fourth from these two styles on a dime. What the fuck? Don't get it. (MB)
(Läjä / Pisces / Ideal / MCR Company)

PERIPHERIQUE EST – "Demos Vol. 2" EP

These Belgium-based Francophones made a stir at the *MRR* pad about five years ago when their self-released vinyl "demo" LP arrived in our PO Box; now, we are blessed again with four more tracks courtesy of one label wise enough to sign the promising free agents. If hi-energy, tuneful '70s punk yanks your crank, you better snag this platter if you know what's good for you. These guys are so fucking tight, it's unreal. They could spend a little more time on the artwork though—shit looks like a mediocre post-punk snoozer. (CS)
(Rob's House)

PERSONKRETS 3:1 – "Blodigt Krig 2003-2007" CD

By their own admission, PERSONKRETS 3:1 started as a TRAGEDY/FROM ASHES RISE epi-crust band, but this collection of all their releases, from the demo to the very last tracks, demonstrates their transformation into a group that totally stood on its own. First of all, while the early stuff may be a bit derivative, it's still really fucking good. I might even prefer this to most of the FROM ASHES RISE material (sorry, I never really got into that band). The later tracks get progressively more frantic and pick up some of that Swedish metal swarm-of-bees guitar sound along the way. It would've been nice to get some lyrics in the book, but a short band history and discography will have to do. I suppose punk economics are what they are. (AU)
(Halvfabrikat)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "The Insides and Outsides of Plastic Surgery" CD

A collection of five 7" EPs from 2004 through 2008 (one from each year) from DEREK LYN PLASTIC. Twenty-four tracks in all, including one unreleased song. I find it interesting that the songs are not in the order of how they appear on the EPs or even how they were released. Someone decided to mix them all up so instead of getting a look at the band's progression from guitar-led punk into synth-led punk, you get a mishmash of these styles which simply shows that no matter what the instrumentation, DEREK LYN PLASTIC's songs sound the same. They are fast, unrelenting, spazzy and bratty. The synth-y ones are catchier; the guitar ones show more desperation. (CK)
(NMG)

DEREK LYN PLASTIC – "The Smell of My Room Volume 2: Serious Injures" CD

Garage rock meets the PIXIES, but not really that good. Oops. (SD)
(NMG)

DEREK LYNN PLASTIC – "The Smell of My Room Volume 3: Wicked Bad" CD

Woah, this is an epic amount of rottenness. 30 tracks! Holy shit. Reminds me of terrible '90s Fonzie garage with more emphasis on the RAMONES influence than the rocka-rolla one. I like garage rock that sounds desperate, raw and unhinged, but if you prefer overproduced RAMONES bro-core, this will be your jam. (LG)
(NMG)

PLUTOCRACY – "Off the Pigs" 12"

West Bay Coalition is back, motherfuckers, and I assure you that PLUTOCRACY has never sounded this good. The things that Kindred and Thomas do to guitars are illegal in some states, and this time around, Billy Anderson at the helm has created a dank grind masterpiece. FALL OF THE BASTARDS drummer Eli is behind the throne on *Off the Pigs*, and the result is more straight grind/metal that the earlier records, but it's a natural progression and their hatred for pigs has only intensified. It's a short platter, but these six songs will leave your head spinning: grind, weed, 40s, hip hop samples and "fuck you" to The Man in all of his trifling manifestations. Grindcore and weed have never gone together so well; this fukkn rules so hard. "Let's off some pigs / We'll split their wigs / Let's smoke some twigs / And take some swigs" ... Fukk yes we will. (WN)
(West Bay Coalition)

PLUTON – LP

This French trio dabbles in organ-tainted garage damage, with repetitive bass-lines and barked, staccato vocals. Think THEE HEADCOATS fronted by Mark E. Smith from the FALL. Demented stuff, but noisy and fun. (AM)
(Plastic Spoons)

PREGNANT – LP

I've heard this band's name around for a while, but I've never actually heard their music until now. This debut LP consists of lo-fi rock that is catchy and sloppy as fuck. "Help" is the sure-fire "hit" on this record, with a guitar hook that reels you in and makes you want to dance. The guitars and shouted vocals give the whole record a bit of a STOOGES feel that does not feel forced or retro in any way. It sounds pure and I bet they are a lot of fun live. The last song swirls into a cacophony of noise, guitars, keyboards, synth and shouting that makes for a perfect end. This is a welcome breath of fresh air amidst all the piles of bullshit, polished "garage rock" bands that are popping up around every corner. (GH)
(Burn Books, no address)

THE PROPER ORNAMENTS – "Recalling/Are You Going Blind?"

These two blokes (I can call them that because they are English) make shambling, shoegazey bedroom glam-pop in the vein of the SWELL MAPS, TELEVISION PERSONALITIES or FELT. A-side "Recalling" has a Krautrock drone that almost sounds like STEREOLAB without the French girly vox. "Are You Going Blind" calls to mind BELLE AND SEBASTIAN without the string section or testosterone. This stuff is probably a bit too wimpy for most readers of *Maximumrocknroll*, but I lap it up like a dog discovering a dropped ice-cream cone. Love it. (AM)
(Make a Mess)

PROTESTERA – "01.05.1886" CD

OK, I had to look it up. The album's title refers to the general strike in the USA in 1886 in support of the eight-hour workday that led to the Haymarket Riot in Chicago a few days later. PROTESTERA are a band of Swedish anarchist men and women who play loud, churning, "epic" crust punk. The thick booklet outlines their manifesto of equality, feminism, resistance, and class-struggle anarchism. Musically, they are fairly one-dimensional and while it's great that they are thinking about (and singing about) important political subjects, by the very choice of their style of music they are preaching to the choir. I'm afraid I've lost any hope that music and lyrics such as this will change anything, and serves as little more than self-righteous back-patting. (AM)
(Halvfabrikat)

PROTEX – "Strange Obsessions" LP

Well, this one's really kind of a big deal. Really? In some circles this unreleased 1979/80 PROTEX LP has been a long-standing Irish legend only rumored to exist. Sing Sing continues doing their due diligence to bring you da rarest of da rare punky power-pop gems, and this time around I have to admit they've struck gold. In a different world, this LP would be one of the all-time classic UK (*Irish!*) punk/power-pop full-lengths right next to the UNDERTONES or the BOYS. Instead these tapes have languished unreleased for decades, whilst PROTEX remained just another band with a couple $20 power-pop singles. Needless to say, if you like '70s pop punk from Ireland with a heavy dose of teen angst and amateurism, this release is not to be missed. It will be interesting to see how this stacks up against all the others in another decade, but I'd rate this the COLD SUN acetate of UK power-pop. Beautiful packaging with heavy cardboard cover includes printed inner littered with ancient photos and press clippings. (GB)
(Sing Sing)

PUFFY AREOLAS – "Rock'n'Roll Express" EP

I listened to the A-side at 45 and it was sounding great, like high-speed late-era Krautrock expansions, until the vocals came in and I figured out I had to slow it down to 33. From there it got kinda druggy and comparatively boring. B-side starts with a brain-damaged garage punk basher followed by a meandering two-chord sideender. Dudes need to start doing speed. (GB)
(Die Stasi)

RADAR EYES – "Shakes/Not You Again"

HoZac is one of those hit-or-miss labels, but on this 45 they've hit the bull's eye with all three darts. An aggressive shoegazer with the dreamy flow of GALAXY 500 roughed up with those feedback moments of RIDE. Side B kicks in with its work boots on, still holding preciously on to shoegazing ethos, sounding like the BLACK ANGELS hyped up on steroids jamming it out with A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS featuring a guest appearance from the HEX DISPENSERS. Best record I've heard on HoZac. Now please release a full-length—my arm is getting sore playing this 45 over and over and over again. Brilliant. (SD)
(HoZac)

RATIONS – "For Victory" LP

These Long Island punks hit the emo-pop-punk nail on the head. Everything about this album and its packaging seems very thoughtful and intentional. It's literally one of the coolest lyric inserts I've seen this year. In the age of records thrown together last-minute or apathetically, one like this is a breath of fresh air. Musically, these folks aren't reinventing the wheel, but they play the Gainesville brand of punk very well. It's fast, sloppy and melodic with gruff vocals that are sung from the gut. And it's all done with a seemingly seriously attitude—no inside jokes or puns that I can surmise. It's the brand of pop-punk that's meant to evoke an emotional response from the listener. Suggested for fans of HOT WATER MUSIC. (FS)
(86'd)

RED MASS – LP

This record is really something else. Unashamedly all over the place with so many different sounds and styles only lightly threaded together by the pleasant crudeness of it all. That makes total sense seeing as how the group, whose core is ex-CPC GANGBANGS, seems to be in constant flux and revolves members, becoming more of a project than a band per se. From lo-fi weird punk to surf pop to FLYING LIZARDS worship to poor man's doo-wop. Despite the mangled cacophonies of different styles and sounds it actually comes across as a very well cared for and coddled, interesting project. (AL)
(Florida's Dying)

SAVANT – "La Mancha" 12"

A very limited edition one-sided LP with a hand-screened cover and B-side from this Atlanta-based quartet. The recording is very much on the lo-fi side of things. Sounds like they just put a mic in the middle of the room. Chaotic and noisy in a '90s hardcore style, but with vocals that are almost spoken, as opposed to the screamo variety—maybe something along the lines of GREAT UNRAVELING. They even do little spoken parts before some songs, which is just so…well, '90s. Apparently the band is going on temporary hiatus for the good of higher education, but hopefully they will keep at it with more good things to come. (MD)
(Bonfire Club / Green Line)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "Castle Talk" LP

When I first heard SCREAMING FEMALES, I was really impressed. Over time, I felt like they were just rehashing a formula: quiet part, screaming part, mind-blowing guitar solo by Marissa. It seemed like whenever someone heard them, they would usually say something like "Shit, that woman can really play guitar!" She really *can* play guitar…really well. Technical proficiency has never been something that draws me to a band though. I always wish that the band would use their skills to just write amazing songs rather than use their songs as a vehicle to show off a JOE SATRIANI-like solo. On this album, it feels like SCREAMING FEMALES is using their talents to work together as a band and write better songs with less flashy guitar parts. It's a solid album from start to finish, but some of the tracks remind me of SMASHING PUMPKINS, which is not a welcome feeling to someone who actually lived through the '90s. (GH)
(Don Giovanni)

SECRET WARS – "It's in Your Blood" CD

I guess this is reviewable, but it's not very listenable. Melodic vocals à la AT THE DRIVE IN soar atop sped-up stoner rock riffs, making the overall effect something like the MTV INCUBUS covering BL'AST—something super booty that shouldn't ever happen. Occasionally, I have to stop this CD to breathe. I suppose if you're into overproduced, saccharine indie-core you might dig this. But personally I'm not getting it. Sorry. (DB)
(self-released)

SEX CHURCH – "209/Paralyze" EP

New weird punk moves from your manufactured collectable specialists of today, HoZac Hookup Klub. OK, I prolly wouldn't use "punk" to describe this; I'm guessing Canadia's SEX CHURCH prolly wouldn't either. A-side's got jangly chill-out Detroit Rawk moves—2010 does early ALICE COOPER or those James-Williamson-era STOOGES tracks you just kinda sit through while you're waiting for the hits. B-side manages to chill out and slow it down even more in fully nugged shitgaze fashion. You'll prolly need drugs to make it through both sides—these songs are maybe three-and-a-half minutes each, but it sure feels like seven. 500 pressed, act fast. (GB)
(HoZac)

SFN – "Itching" EP

Finally, the interminable wait has ended and a new SFN recording has been unleashed! Their demo destroyed everything in its path, but there has been silence from their camp for far too long. Along with the IN DISGUST/PLF split LP and the WEEKEND NACHOS 12" on Relapse, this is the most crushing hardcore record of the year. A lot of bands have jumped on the powerviolence bandwagon lately, but very few of them can harness the sheer ferocity of NEANDERTHAL, NO COMMENT or CROSSED OUT. SFN are one of a mere handful that manages to tap that same vein. This is pure spite put to music, and it will rip your fucking face off. Only a moron wouldn't buy this. (VX)
(625 / Drugged Conscience)

SISTE DAGERS HELVETE – "Hele Helvete" CD

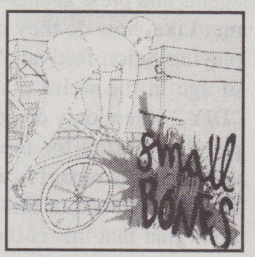
Worthy CD issue of this Norwegian classic band. They released an LP back in the mists of time (mid '80s) that is seen as somewhat of a classic even though the mix was fucked. Here, we have a remastered version of that LP along with some comp and obligatory live tracks. The LP tracks are incendiary—blasting hardcore with a singer who sounds Finnish! This band could easily have been up there with KAAOS and BASTARDS had they not come from the arse-end of nowhere and hadn't been burned by Rock-O-Rama. Thankfully the remastered versions sound better than the originals. A mix of classic Scandi-core and some more melodic UK bands like GBH. Pretty mandatory for fans of the genre… (TB)
(Fysisk Farmat)

SIVLE SI DOG – "Drain-O" 10"

EP from way back in 1994. Their name is pronounced "Civil Sea Dog" or it's "Elvis Is God" backwards. From Boone, NC and they've shared the stage with the mighty ANTISEEN. How do I know this? From the handy letter sent with the record, of course. First song is awesome and got me goin' in a good ANTISEEN hate groove, then the other two on that side got way boring. Side B is better. Reminds me of a lot of bands seen at the Kennel Club, I-Beam and Chameleon in the late '80s and early '90s like PLAINFIELD, GROTUS, SURGERY, etc. A little dated but worth a listen. Have to dig around for their two full-lengths. File under Drug Rock. (RO)
(Girth, no info)

SLOBAX – "Samhället Har Rasat Sönder" EP

This gem is hands-down the surprise favorite of the month for me. Absolutely fantastic and perfectly done melodic punk that sounds like a cross between something from the *Bloodstains Across Sweden* canon and early-'80s California style. I initially saw that this was recorded around 1995, which isn't necessarily a time period to get excited about, so I had mild expectations when I threw it on. But holy shit does this record freakin' smoke! 1995? I had to double-check this several times to make sure there wasn't some mistake with the date. I've seen this band lumped in with all the crappy pop-punk bands of the mid '90s (they appeared together on a few comps back then), but these Swedes were far superior to all that nonsense. I was digging this so much that I emailed the label to give them a hard time about pressing so fucking few of these



(only 110 copies) that it's already sold out! Try to find this if you can. (BG)
(Promenade)

SMALL BONES – CD

SMALL BONES, from New Orleans, does not sound like other bands that I have heard from there. A lot of the music there is made by oogles playing old-time tunes in front of the St. Roch Tavern or by ex-noise musicians playing moody, depressing, trumpet-driven dirges. SMALL BONES is an upbeat punk band that plays fast and loud. To call them "pop-punk" sells them a little short. They are chaotic, fun, fast and have a singer with a cracking, screaming voice that gets under your skin (in a good way). These days, the future of punk looks bright in New Orleans. (GH)
(Plan-It-X)

THE SPLINTERS – "Blood on My Hands/ Hot Hands"

Cool, minimal, airy garage pop reminiscent of the first OH-OK 7"—it totally has that innocent knowingness and sense of possibility. I guess there's a sort of riot grrl feel too, like a way less bratty/toothless BRATMOBILE. Maybe it's the surfy feel to their sound that makes me think of that? This is much more gentle and playful than anything any '91-era grrl did though—they are obviously more influenced by, say, one of Kim Deal's projects, the AMPS or the BREEDERS, than the savage sounds of grrl-dom. Apparently this is their third record, but it's the first that I've heard of them. Sort of surprising to me that a band that sounds like this, who hails from Oakland, would fly under my radar, but after a bit of internet search engine work, it's sort of obvious why. They exist in a post-VIVIAN GIRLS, PR-agent world; not mine obviously. The strange existence of bands that play backyard and basement shows, yet have booking agents and press agents—it's totally bizarre to me. Like, how do they pay for all of that? By playing Scion festivals?? The kids that came of age in the weird planet of post-NO AGE "DIY," where only crust bands don't have PR people working for them. Who knows... At any rate, this record is awesome, all the YouTubes I watched of this band were great, and I am glad that this is the sound the youth are making. The fact that they need a PR agent to get that sound across seems...depressing. (LG)
(Southpaw)

SPOOK LIGHTS – "Teenage Maniac/Night of the Queerwolf"

'50s B-movie exploits set to a soundtrack of CRAMPS-worshipping trash fiends. Primitive beats punctuated by primitive howls, all done with a slight wink and a nod to a forgotten genre. (SD)
(self-released)

SQUASH BOWELS – "Grindvirus" LP

Polish old-school grindcore with a heavy dose of death metal. This album was released last year on CD by Willowtip but now can be heard on vinyl. SQUASH BOWELS has been around for about 15 years and has always had somewhat of a revolving door when it comes to the band members. I count at least ten former members, but this threesome has been together for a while and I think this helps the songwriting. Brutal sounding grind/death metal with no frills. Never very tech-y, never blistering fast or slow but always heavy. At times they remind me of REGURGITATE, EXHUMED and a little bit of old CARCASS. I think the band name gives you a good idea of the lyrical content but I wouldn't lump these guys in with gore-grind bands.
(Apathetic View)

STONED AT HEART – "Party Tracks Vol. 1" LP

A fantastic album, start to finish—totally killer. This is the newest project in a parade spawned from the brain of Todd Recess (FYP, TOYS THAT KILL, UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND). It's unfair to constantly compare someone to their past bands, but with Todd it's unavoidable. Any group he touches reeks of his influence. He's like Midas from Greek mythology, but in his case, everything he touches turns into the same type of quirky, bouncy pop song. And more often than not, it's really good. This record is no different. STONED AT HEART is definitely its own kind of monster, a unique blend of heartfelt indie tunes and catchy pop. In the end, it turns into a weird blend of UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDYLAND and NEUTRAL MILK HOTEL. By the way, the album title is slightly misleading—this is far from a party soundtrack. The songs are somewhat sedate, emotional and introspective. It's more like *Sitting in Your Room on a Rainy Day Tracks Vol. 1*. But, like I said, this album is great, totally worth checking out. (FS)
(Recess)

SUNSHINE SS – "Throw My Brain Against the Wall" EP

North Carolina punk band with tons of attitoooooood!!!!! This is what a touch of nihilism and "I don't give a fuck" approach sounds like. Nasty yet great sounding shit worth your attention. "Got to get out of the USA today" is sung on one of the tracks and I can only imagine what life is like in that part of the States, especially in this fucked up conservative climate we are living in. The cover has some kid with a crucifix tattoo shooting up into his dick—yikes! I hope he does not plan on using his tool in the future cuz it won't work. Only 300 made so grab this as fast as you can. (MS)
(Death Agonies and Screams)

THE TIFFS – "Background Music" EP

It's that Japanese version of the New York punk version of rock'n'roll riffing (CHUCK BERRY, et al.) and a singer whose accent while singing in English is cleverly disguised by a Darby-Crash-style delivery. Enjoyable. (DD)
(Dirty Snuggles)

TOTAL CONTROL – "Paranoid Video/ Real Estate"

Ex-members of blah blah blah (substitute a who's who of some of the best punk, hardcore and garage bands to come out of Australia or anywhere in the last five years) with some detached, blank-wave synth punk that's reminiscent of the smartest of the genre (CABARET VOLTAIRE, the NORMAL) while still sounding new and dynamic. This isn't a collective of Brooklyn/Mission *Vice* "Don'ts" poking away at expensive laptops; TOTAL CONTROL is punks with synthesizers, using them properly: to create bleak, hard music with more energy, drive and intelligence than a hundred DIS-clones. (AM)
(SmartGuy)

TOZIBABE – "Dezuje" EP

Three-piece, all-women Slovenian punk outfit's EP, recorded in 1986. This record is dark with one appearance of an organ and rain. These tracks lean toward the PARALISIS PERMANENTE type of sinister, gothic punk, particularly in the guitar sound, rather than the metal "exploration" some bands fell into. No metal here, but definitely hardcore with driving drums. The vocals are so amazing—shrill yet not annoying, angry and threatening with a distinctly woman's voice. There are talking/yelling part mixed with singing and screams; perfect for hardcore. This is a rad record and an essential for anyone, like myself, that likes their punk dark and aggressive, particularly if sung and played by women. Get it. (MB)
(MB)
(bootleg)

UNDERTOW – CD

When I saw UNDERTOW under my name for the reviews, I got really excited. What could it be? A long-lost demo? A live recording? But alas, this is not the Seattle hardcore band, but a three-piece from Brazil. I found the track "Vicio" pretty catchy, but in general this is driving, late-'90s-style alternative rock that wouldn't be out of place on the second stage of the Warped tour. All lyrics in Portuguese in case you want to read along. Six tracks. (MD)
(Läjä)

UNSILENT – CD

Melodic, emotional and metallic hardcore from Belarus. This is really not my thing, but it's well played and the recording captures their sounds well. (JH)
(OSK / Unsilent)

THE UNWED TEENAGE MOTHERS – "Blonde Girls" 12"

I hate to point out the obvious, but these guys sound an awful lot like the BLACK LIPS. That's probably just fine with most, but I was hoping for something more exciting from a band with a good name like the UNWED TEENAGE MOTHERS. I want ugly and messy, but instead I get jangley and agreeable. Alas. But as far as this kind of stuff goes, it is nice and more enjoyable than most. However, having the same nine songs on both sides of a LP is kind of lame. (CK)
(Play Pinball!)

UV RACE – "I Hate You" EP

Bopping and plodding their way through four new songs, the Australian six-piece band of obvious troublemakers, UV RACE, has a knack for showcasing legitimate musical confusion and frustration. It's a fucking cool record that gets repeated plays because it's just so charming. The four tracks here range from fun, upbeat tunes to slower grumbling numbers. With lyrics full of spite and distaste, this fits in nicely with KBD oddities. (AL)
(Fashionable Idiots)

UX VILEHEADS – "Catch 22" EP

If it ain't broke…don't fix it. There's been plenty of skepticism about bands revisiting old sounds rather than treading new ground. Fuck that. If it works, go with it. These old-timer Swedes (ex-members of REGULATIONS, DS-13, TRISTESS, etc.) have made something new out of something old. Taking cues from old US bands like the FU'S and DYS then adding some old UK flavor (ABRASIVE WHEELS?) as well as some old LA snarl. It's fast as shit, but each song stands alone and sticks to the sides… all killer, no filler. Like VIOLENT ARREST these guys have used history and experience to create something special. *Ripppppping*. (TB)
(Sorry State)

VILE INTENT – "Shadow of the Skull" EP

Montreal powerviolence. Extended noise feeding back and morphing into cro-magnon slow-motion stomps before exploding into a blur of blasts that make guitarists' hands disappear; then it all fades into a wash of guitar noises. VILE INTENT follows a tried-and-true formula, but when performed with this much unbridled hatred, the result is exactly as the creators intended: beautiful. (WN)
(Choking Hazard)

VOICE OF PUPPETS – "I Don't Wanna Know/ You're All I Wanted (And a Car)"

Listening to this quality reissue is yet another reminder of why the late '70s was undisputedly the golden age of punk. Emerging out of Newcastle, VOICE OF PUPPETS existed during that mythical era and only released one obscure single in 1980 (though recorded in 1979) and then disappeared off the face of the globe. At least they left the punk world an artifact before their demise. These two tracks have that perfect amalgamation of new wave melancholy, mid-tempo punk despair and traditional rock'n'roll reminiscent of the ONLY ONES or PROTEX or the BUZZCOCKS. This is so good that it hurts. And the label that put this out fucking rules. (BG)
(Sing Sing)

THE WALNUT KIDS – "Can't Stand 'Em" EP

The title track reminds me very much of an old '77 punk/power-pop number, but I can't put my finger exactly on it. It's the sort of thing that has the potential to drive me crazy all day long. It's right there. If it comes to me, I'll let you know. Anyway, all three tracks here are real rockers. In general, I would say the sound reminds me of the early Chiswick label stuff, like the AMAZORBLADES or RADIATORS (FROM SPACE). This is rock'n'roll first, and power-pop/punk second, which is the way it should be. Limited to 300 copies. Excellent. (KK)
(Going Gaga)

WE ARE ALL SAVAGES – "Jersey Stranger" EP

If you were trying to record something that was as far from my tastes as possible while still remaining loosely associated with the realm of hardcore/punk, you'd be hard-pressed to come up with something better than this 7". Musically, it's a nebulous mix of pseudo-post-hardcore, modern "emo," mallcore and… hell, I don't really know what to call it. Fortunately Dan Butler just walked by and nailed it on the head: "Urban Outfitters emo-core." Someone out there must like this, right? (VX)
(self-released)

WHATEVER BRAINS – "Rapper's Delight II" EP

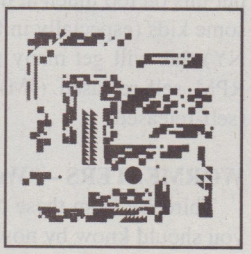
This starts off with slow, lolling melody and slightly off-key vocals. This song is in no way near a follow-up to the SUGARHILL GANG's classic. It builds up to a sort of grunge squeal. Then the next two songs incorporate that grunge sound aesthetic (soft-loud-soft, etc.). The vocals attempt to be more forceful as the record goes on, but they maintain that indie rock off-kilter lilt. (CK)
(Sorry State)

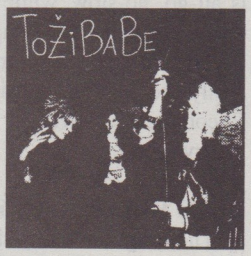
WHITE NOISE SOUND – CD

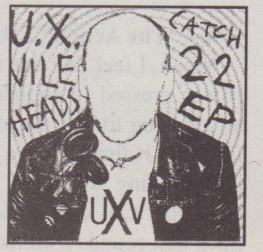
I love this sound. New band demonstrates a punk heritage journeying back to the VELVET UNDERGOUND and CAN whilst taking an '80s detour through the lush sonic deliciousness of SPACEMEN 3, LOOP, MY BLOODY VALENTINE and the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. This is a big record, encompassing many sonic soundscapes whilst keeping the driving riff rocking. Maybe too loud to be a proper shoegazer contender, but who cares, I'm already halfway into space. It's like SPIRITULIZED stripped of its gospel groove, laid bare, exposing its raw chops and sci-fi jams. Move over Clint Boom, the young contenders have stolen your throne. I'll be digging this one all the way to Mars—now, who wants a ride on me spaceship? Love it. (SD)
(Alive)

WHITE WHALE – "We're Dead" EP

Give these folks credit for crafting a distinctive sound. The guitar here reminds me of RITES OF SPRING. The







songs are mostly up-tempo and a bit catchy, sometimes going for a heartfelt style like would go over in Gainesville. They utilize actual singing and rock out like this ain't their first band. The downside (for me) is the touch of maturity that creeps in, like they're making a pained, important statement. Hopefully somebody will play "Sunburn" on the radio, 'cuz it captures their wildest rock'n'roll and has a brief but sick instrumental bridge. I wouldn't put this on too much at my own house, but for some kids (especially in their town of Buffalo, NY) this will get many spins. Four songs, 45 RPM, self-released. (JM)
(self-released)

WORMEATERS – "Wardeath" EP

Third EP from these New Jersey punks. As you should know by now, Sorry State puts out high quality, uncompromising hardcore, and these six songs are no exception. The A side is all-go, no-slow, while the flipside (which I prefer) changes the tempo a bit, particularly on the crushing final song, "Scabs," which is easily the best and most memorable on here. Recommended. (JH)
(Sorry State)

ZERO HEROES – "'96 Sable" EP

The songs are really simple, repetitive punk songs about cars, atomic bombs and ruling the scene (I think). The lo-fi quality of this recording is inappropriate for the style of music that ZERO HEROES are playing. Imagine the RAMONES or the DONNAS recording an album in the style of BRILLIANT COLORS or PINK REASON. It makes no sense and makes the vocals sound really boring. I never thought I'd say anything like this, but if this 7" were a lot less fuzzed-out, it would sound great. The general attitude is sassy and you can definitely dance to it, so let's wait and see what their next release is like. (HD)
(Arkam)

ZERO PROGRESS – "Derailed" EP

Saw these young Central Valley punks a few months ago at a house show in Oakland and I wasn't blown away, but this is a pretty darn good release. Simple hardcore punk with catchy songs, cool choruses, killer drumming and the right mix of fast and mid-paced dance parts. Way to go. (JH)
(Piledriver)

V/A – "The Action" EP

Woah, I feel like this came out *forever* ago. It was pressed to support what was I'm sure an amazing tour of Japan by these bands, but I'm glad it finally made it over to *MRR*! This is a fucking awesome four-band, four-song comp that's all killer. REJECT starts out with a track that sounds a bit like if DSB had more of a '77 influence. SKIZOPHRENIA follows with their BGK-meets-TYPHUS craziness. I don't ever want to hear this band with a good recording; they're masters of emulating the classic no-budget, no-worries sound of '80s European hardcore punk. Everything they release is amazing. FOLKEIIS starts the B-side with their brand of apocalyptic, Finnish-influenced crusty D-beat. Blown-out and reverbed all to hell and totally as good as anything on their magnificent EP. This shit needs to be listened to *loud*! The breakdown at the end of their song is totally epic. Finally, INTRUDERS finish up the record with their brand of total UK82 worship. This could be a lost outtake from one of the *Punk and Disorderly* compilations. Catchy, fun and totally fucking punk. Needless to say, this is an essential compilation (how often to does one that that in this day and age?!). Plus, the sleeve folds out into a totally rad collage poster! The tour may be over, but try like hell to snag one of these while they're around. (AU)
(Ningen-Do)

V/A – "Boss Tuneage Instant Singles Collection, Volume 3" CD

Five bands here from the UK and one from Cleveland, doing a single's worth of songs each. Since it is on Boss Tuneage, I am not surprised that almost all the bands have a variation of that UK pop-punk sound à la TRAVIS CUT, CHOPPER or SNUFF. The standout tracks come from the criminally underrated MAGNIFICANT, who have a little bit more punch in their sound than anyone else on this CD. FORMER CELL MATES do the later-era LEATHERFACE sound well, but still seem to be missing something. TEXTBOOK, BEDFORD FALLS and DOWN AND OUTS round out the rest of the UK contingent, and RESTLESS HABS represent the USA with all similar tracks. That brings up the problem with this collection—it all runs together. Seems to me that when bands sound this similar, it might have been better to release six actual singles rather than throwing them all onto one collection. The single was created for a reason. Oh well, most people will just uploaded this into their MP3 player and then listen to the bands they like. Isn't that what CDs are good for nowadays anyway? (JF)
(Boss Tuneage)

V/A – "HoZac Hookup Klub Round One" LP

This album collects tracks from this past year's subscription-only HoZac Hookup Klub singles, and includes a couple bonus tracks. It's strange that a compilation consisting of different releases from different bands starts sounding like one globular song after awhile. It's not a bad song, it's just a really long, drawn-out, monotonous, echoed song. It's a uniform, not-too-fast, not-too-slow, dirty recording, into which the DUM DUM GIRLS fit perfectly. Even the poppy songs like those of the BOX ELDERS and the harder-hitting ones like those by MOTHER OF TEARS have the signature HoZac something, all just a bit off in the slightest possible way. This is not a complaint. I like to know what I'm getting, which is usually the problem with subscription series to begin with, right? If you didn't subscribe to the series it's totally worth checking out what you missed! (AL)
(HoZac)

V/A – "Nagoya City Hardcore" LP

This record was originally released as a CD by MCR Company and is now made available on vinyl thanks to Prank and Agipunk records. Total leather, bristles, studs and Japanese hardcore punk going on here. Our ears are graced with CLOWN, REALITY CRISIS, ZILEMMA, D-CLONE and DEMOLITION. This is a nice sampler containing the sounds coming out of this Japanese city, and if you are not familiar you get anything from the anthemic punk'n'roll of CLOWN to the more aggressive, chaotic, noisy, fuzz-induced hardcore from D-CLONE and those are the two extremes. In between you will hear awesome shit from the others—REALITY CRISIS has nailed down a sound that teeters between hardcore and street-punk, while ZILEMMA do rock-influenced tunes as well as sing-along hardcore punk that definitely get the toes tapping. Lastly we get DEMOLITION who has a heavy dose of metal thrown into their hardcore sound with a vocalist that is sure to remind you of GISM. A great comp—fifteen songs in all and well worth your dough. (MS)
(Prank)

V/A – "Noise Circus from Japan" EP

A limited-to-500 7" compilation of tracks from Japan's noisiest and noisier, with distortion pedals stomped to the extreme by TANTRUM, STAGNATION, AOSTRAPOS and EXITHOPPERS (a side project of EXIT HIPPIES incorporating more dance/house music influences). The impact of this style rests on its total abandonment to the "noise not music" school of thinking, so it's free to wallow or meander in the chaos of swirling feedback, heart-palpitation-inducing low-end drudge, raw chaotic drumming and screamed vocals. CONFUSE and their ilk just serve as a gateway as this runs deeper into the forest, riveting hardcore that collapses under the weight of pure, near psychedelic, noise-drenched madness. (KS)
(Bong)

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Läjä: www.laja.com.br

La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com/

Loony Tunes: 69 Wykeham Street, Scarborough, North Yorkshire Y012 7SA, ENGLAND, www.loonytunes.co.uk

Loud Punk: PO Box 3067, Albany, NY 12203, www.loudpunk.com

Lukket Avdeling: www.myspace.com/lukketavdelingrecords

Make A Mess: www.makeamessrecords.com

MCR Company: www.dance.ne.jp/~mcr/englishsite.html

More Than a Witness: 3 Webster Pl, Newtown, CT 06470, morethanawitnessarchive.blogspot.com

Mystery School: kingsizedkillers@gmail.com

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NMG: www.twitter.com/dereklynplastic

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Top Shelf: www.topshelf-records.com

Tortilla Chip: www.goodmendielikedogs.com

Trabuc: www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords/catalog/

Trang I Hjelmen: some shit on Facebook; google it

UFO Dictator: PO Box 19083, Kalamazoo, MI 49019, www.ufodictator.com

Unsilent Music: unsilentmusic@gmail.com

Ute av Balanse Plater: emil1332@hotmail.com

Walkalone: www.walkalone-records.com

We Are All Savages: www.weareallsavages.com

West Bay Coalition: various street corners and driveways in the Redwood City area, probably drinking malt liquor in their front yard

White Whale: www.thepalewhale.com

World Won't Listen: myspace.com/wwlisten

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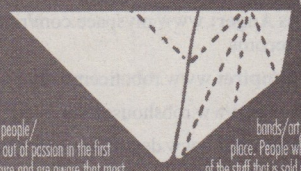

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Robert Collins, Ben Fordree, Dan Goetz, Brad Lambert and xYosefx

ACEPHALIX – With STORMCROW no more, ACEPHALIX are the best band in the Bay Area today, hands down. Live, they put on one of the most intense and crushing performances you'll ever witness. But while I liked their 7" and LP, I felt a bit let down; they just didn't capture the heaviness or sheer intensity of the band in the live setting. Since they recorded the LP, they've also lost a guitarist, slimming down to a four-piece, while simultaneously beefing up their sound and going even more metal than before. This tape captures that sound perfectly: a devastating, raw mix of crust and early '90s death metal, an disgusting admixture of AMEBIX and ASPHYX, DEVIATED INSTINCT and DEMILICH. This tape has barely left my stereo since it came out last month. Buy or die. (xYosefx) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, acephalix@yahoo.com)

ALIVE IN THE MOMENT – Mainstream punk, not very well done. It's like PROPAGANDHI mixed with EVERY TIME I DIE, but many, many rungs below on the ladder of talent. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, Overdose On Records, PO Box 525, Fleetwood, PA 19522, www.overdoseonrecords.com)

THE ALLPHONES – The Bad: Don't put a cassette on the cover of your CD demo, it's like false advertising. The Good: This is like awkward '80s European (sounds French, but it's German) punk with a singer struggling to sing in English. The Bad: Don't cover Bowie's "Heroes." Seriously, it's a terrible idea. Minus the Bowie tune, this is really good. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/theallphones)

BARTHOLIN – In the span of three short songs these dudes cover a lot of ground. The music sounds mostly like low-fi black metal, but there are some noise and drone parts in there too. The sparse vocals are delivered in almost an HC style and there is some melodic synth work thrown in. Kind of weird, but I really liked it. I don't know where they are from since they didn't leave contact info, but a Google search revealed that they don't have a web page and a Bartholin gland is the part of the vagina that secretes lubrication, which probably means that these dudes are trying to be funny or maybe they are just big fans of said piece of anatomy. Not much information is forthcoming from the liner notes either, a guy named Micah does "stuff" and a guy named Mike does "things" but they included two phone numbers you can call to find out more or get the demo. I already have the demo so I'll probably just prank call them. (Brad) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, 561.281.5725, 561.523.4397)

BLOODY HAMMER – Top quality street punk from Australia; catchy leads, simple riffs... you know the drill. But the vocals are super breathy and weird sounding, and if you don't look out they'll suck you in completely. Oi! sensibilities combined with '80s John Hughes movies (the scene where the female lead walk into the dark and edgy punk club? this is the band playing). This might not be as instantly addictive as when you put on CRIMINAL DAMAGE for the first time, but it's fukkn' close. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, dbeat_holocaust@yahoo.com)

BRIGHT EFFS – This is a hard one to digest... indie rock song structures with insane, manic drums (including liberal blasting on a few tunes), a distinct AmRep feel, and vocals that are a dead ringer for Tyson Meade from CHAINSAW KITTENS / DEFENESTRATION—that reference might be lost on most folks, but they sound exactly the same, so I couldn't avoid it. Ultra chaotic, but still totally palatable. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 35 Brown Ave., Athens, OH 45701, andruokon@hotmail.com)

COKE BUST / DEVOUR / SIC SENSATION / STRIPMINES – This is a pretty great idea, all four band's sets from one show recorded and put out as a live tape, but it's looooong—throw it on, and you're basically sitting through the entire show, at home. I'm a fan of both COKE BUST and DEVOUR, so getting this was mandatory, but I'd never heard of the two other bands. Since this is a live gig, the sound isn't always the best, so don't take my descriptions of the bands' styles as gospel. The tape opens with SIC SENSATION, and this was apparently their first show. Good fast hardcore, pretty much what I would have expected from the opening band at a COKE BUST gig. STRIPMINES play next, fast hardcore with crusty vocals and some fancy guitar work. I'm definitely curious to hear what they sound like on a studio recording, since I'm completely unfamiliar with their material. DEVOUR's set starts off side two of the tape, and if this set is any indicator, their next recorded material should blow their (quite good) 7" out of the water. This shit is just mean and nasty, some seriously fucked up antisocial hardcore. COKE BUST was the headliner at the gig, and they close the tape off with an excellent set of their furious mosh-friendly straight edge fastcore. I've seen these guys live a handful of times and they've always fucking killed. The night this tape was recorded was definitely no exception. All in all this is a pretty killer tape, although I have to say that I would recommend this sort of live material only to the true diehards of these bands—if you don't already know the material, I'd suggest checking out their studio recordings first. Anyway, this is hand-numbered out of 400 and co-released by the bands and To Live a Lie, so if the label runs out and you need a copy, I'm sure you can dig up contact info for the bands online. (xYosefx) (?-song cassette, no lyrics or setlists included, To Live a Lie, 2825 Van Dyke Avenue, Raleigh, NC 27607-7021, tolivealie.com)

CRIMEWAVE – This band is two parts fuzzy guitars, one part melodic vocals, one part reverb, and three parts dirty rock 'n' roll. Like what happens when punks turn 22, listen to a little HOT WATER MUSIC and realize they could probably get laid a lot more if they slowed down and wrote songs with less chaotic structure and didn't scream into the mic all the time. Suggested for dudes with beards. (Brad) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, $1.50 US, $3 world ppd, 7614 Streamside Dr., Houston, TX 77088)

CRISIS POINT / THE KILZ – CRISIS POINT apparently doesn't play shows anymore but they were a competent bunch of musicians playing energetic and pissed off punk rock. The KILZ songs are their first batch with their original lineup and are more stripped down and straightforward than their later jams. More of an in your face style vocally and not as fast on the guitars, but you can see the direction they are headed toward with their later demo. (Brad) (18-song CD-R, no lyrics, $2 ppd to Damien Robertson, PO Box 952, Grover Beach, CA 93483)

DANGER FRIENDS U.S.A – This band would be catchy as hell with just the way the vocal style plays off the music, but they went and threw in a bunch of electro-punk, synth-pop weirdness and the result is a very danceable bunch of tunes to throw on at the next house party. I feel a modern hardcore vibe in there just from the yelled vocals and the song structure

so it's kind of like if the REFUSED moved to Portland ten years ago and just recorded *The Shape of Punk to Come 4*. (Brad) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/dangerfriendsusa, dangerfriendsusa@gmail.com)

DESKONOCIDOS – So glad that someone made this shit available all in the same place. Austin's DESKONOCIDOS play amazing raw catchy Spanish styled punk *en Español*, with just a hint of goth punk shits—totally infectious shit from start to finish. Personnel from SACRED SHOCK, VAASKA, CRIATURAS and others, this tape compiles their EPs on Todo Destruido, 540 and Lengua Armada, all of which are likely out of print. Awesome shit, catch them in Europe this fall. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, waldocide@gmail.com)

EIGHTYFIVE – I don't know if this is a joke or what, but either way it's great. Killer '80s-style hardcore with musical nods to MINOR THREAT and early youth crew, as well as a bit of rock 'n' roll, coupled with lyrics about smoking weed and dealing drugs. Totally stupid, totally great. Get into it. (xYosefx) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, trashkingproductions.bigcartel.com)

THE ETHER – I've heard of lo-fi, but these three dudes push boundaries between psych punk/art/industrial noise/garage punk and the longer I listen the more I like. Quebec City weirdness with clarinets (its works, I swear). (Robert) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, www.myspace.com/etherthruvishuddha)

FLOWERDAY – Harsh and violent noise. Not punk at all, but fucking great. (Robert) (1-song cassette, no lyrics, www.catharticprocess.com)

THE FUCKING COPS – Absolutely awesome basement pop punk that's happy, sad, bitter, and cynical at different points, and catchy always. There are people at *MRR* that are more qualified to review pop punk than myself, but I'd say that I hear LATTERMAN and early GREEN DAY the most, though there's a little bit of everything here. The vocals run the gamut from high-octave harmonies to talking parts, and no info is provided, but I'd guess that each member of this band shares in vocal duties and contributes something of their own. The songs are all a little bit different from each other, but are all played tightly, and with a recording that's not too lo-fi and not too polished. I'm gonna keep my eye out for whatever this band does next. (Dan) (7-song cassette, lyrics not included, bigpurplerecords.com)

THE INSULT – Raw street punk from Brazil for the kids with lots of metal in their denim vests. The songs are fast and the guitar work interesting enough that although the musical style is not my favorite, the riffs kept me listening. I like the raspy growl/shout female vocals, which I thought were in Portuguese at first, but after reading the lyric sheet I realized that it was a somewhat broken English delivered really fast. And in the age of jaded and sarcastic punks, it's cool to hear a band non-ironically sing about mohawks and spikes and being proud to be punx with an x. (Brad) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, PO Box 8141, 72460-970, Gama-DF, myspace.com/theinsultrawpunx)

JOHN WALSH – With naming themselves after a public figure and twenty songs in eight minutes, I was expecting mediocre to decent powerviolence, but this is what GOOD CLEAN FUN would sound like if they denounced their political views for a "don't worry, be happy" mentality and were musically wowed by REACH THE SKY enough to want to sound like them. If this is parody by chance, then it's pretty good, but I'm guessing not, given that they included a sticker and two buttons with this demo. (Dan) (20-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/americasmostpositive)

JUNKER – Not that far removed from AVAIL, but with those modern mainstream punk leads that scream "trying to make it" whether they actually are or not. This is very good...I don't particularly like it, but it is very good. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, myspace.com/bandjunker)

THE KILZ – I don't know how old the vocalist but I can't imagine someone sounding this snotty is out of their teens. The band plays fast old school hardcore that sounds like it came from Southern California with a whining smartass screeching above it all. They probably write songs after listening to bands like the CIRCLE JERKS and THE GERMS with songs about drugs, being pissed, and jacking off. Also included is a homage to GG ALLIN with "Drink, Fight, and Fuck." (Brad) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, $5 ppd to Damien Robertson, PO Box 952, Grover Beach, CA 93483)

MARGARET THRASHER – Blistering fastcore from Russia with the same kind of melodic sensibilities that made early RAZOR'S EDGE records so damned good. Lyrics in both Russian and English, but it's pretty clear that these dudes like to have fun. They are tight as hell, fast as shit, and the catchy bits nod to early '90s pop punk before they blast off at 1,000 MPH. Killer shit. (Robert) (19-song cassette, lyrics included, cheem.by.ru)

MASSACRE – Earnest old school punk from Finland that hearkens back to a simpler, better day in punk rock. Reminds me of old first wave punk bands from SoCal before LA sucked. Modern bands trying for this kind of sound often suffer from the influence of pop punk, but this has a dirty rock 'n' roll flavor stripped down and pissed off. (Brad) (18-song CD-R, no lyrics, myspace.com/massacrepunkrock)

MASS STERILIZATION – I picked this one up out of the demo review bin purely based on the fact that it's titled *Punk Sounds* and the cover parodies the classic BEACH BOYS *Pet Sounds* LP. Going by the cover this could sound like pretty much anything. Once I threw the tape in, I was treated to some very original noise-drenched, disjointed hardcore/punk. Words like "experimental" and "challenging" would be good descriptors if they didn't sound like synonyms for "pretentious". This is definitely some pretty far out shit, at times veering into psych or noise rock territory, but structurally it remains strongly indebted to hardcore, at times reminding me strongly of FUCKED UP when they still played hardcore. Good listening. This is limited to 100 copies, so if you want it you should pick one up sooner rather than later. (xYosefx) (9-song cassette, no lyrics included, killsyourecords.bigcartel.com)

MEAT CURTAINS – ANTI SCRUNTI FACTION and HUGGY BEAR kicking a bunch of pretty hair having band dudes right in the dicks. Good, raw, girl punk...that's a compliment. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, campaignforinfinity.blogspot.com)

METH MOUNTAIN – This is a tape discography compiling this band's demo, CD, 7", and an unreleased recording. I'd consider this band to be experimental modern hardcore that's maybe influenced by post-youth crew stuff or what got labeled "alternative rock" in the early '90s, that is more soul-searching than aggro. They don't specify which songs are on which releases, or whether it's in chronological or reverse chronological order, but I'm guessing it's the latter. It's good for what it is, but I don't know if I need an entire discography all at once. (Dan) (18-song cassette, no lyrics included, myspace.com/methmountain)

NEGATIVE LIFESTYLE / SCHOOL JERKS – Three songs from each band. This is definitely my favorite SCHOOL JERKS stuff, with what sounds like a crisper recording and snottier vocals than usual, which makes for a more piercing attack. I hear a bit of LA'S WASTED YOUTH or maybe CIRCLE JERKS in the songwriting, which I don't really hear in their other stuff, that makes these songs more distinct. NEGATIVE LIFESTYLE isn't from the right time or place to have made it on the *Nardcore* comp, but they'd have fit right in if they had been. (Dan) (6-song cassette, no lyrics included, hrsrecords.blogspot.com)

PRIPYAT – These fourteen songs represent the complete output of this now-deceased Czech hardcore band. Only six of these songs were previously released, on a compilation LP, with the other eight having sat dormant and waiting until now. This shit just plains rages, fast fucking real hardcore with a strong influence from Japanese bands like EXCLAIM as well as the usual cast of Swedes and Brits. This is exactly the sort of simple-yet-effective hardcore that so many bands try and fail to pull off. Both vocalists sound like they were gargling with glass shards prior to recording; you can't feign the genuine anger in their voices. The lyrics are in Czech, but English translations are included. "The morality of this world is collapsing / On

the stupidity of your degenerate spoilt children." (xYosefx) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, IFB Records, 4447 St. Clair Ave., Ft. Myers, FL 33903, ifbrecords.com, architeuthis@comcast.net)

RECKLESS AGGRESSION – This is some intense, violent oi/hardcore from Australia, with the most lo-fi recording imaginable—perfect for the music, it just adds to the threatening atmosphere. These guys include a 4 SKINS cover on here, but other influences (to my ears) would include early Boston and Detroit hardcore like NEAGTIVE FX, SSD, NEGATIVE APPROACH, all that good shit. The lyrics deal with fighting in the streets, boredom with this dead-end world, fighting out of boredom, a generally knee-jerk nihilistic and misanthropic outlook on life and the world, and of course fighting for the hell of it. Also, they have a song called "Crusties Fear" about bashing crusties, which includes the line "Political slave, the cowards' flag / Piss all over their commie rag," so if you're looking for progressive left wing politics you're probably better off looking elsewhere. This is the best skinhead hardcore I've heard since the SEARCH AND DESTROY *English Terror Boys* 7" a few years back. (xYosefx) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 CAD ppd in Canada, $6 USD ppd US, $8 USD ppd rest of world from Combat Action Tapes c/o Michael Huntington, 122 Argyle St., Toronto, Ontario, M6J 1N9, Canada, or paypal case_in_point@hotmail.com)

RIPPED TO SHREDS – Epic powerviolence from the asshole of England. Annoyingly, the inlay doesn't fit inside the case. Beyond this, it's sick. Definitely not lo-fi and noisy; a really well recorded tape that takes this band from good to awesome. Think about when MIND ERASER re-recorded *finished* and made the fast bits twice as fast and the slow bits twice as slow. That is basically this tape in a nutshell. (Ben) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, myspace.com/rippedtoshredshc)

THE RIPPERS – Rock club spiky punks from Oklahoma. This shit is grown from the seeds that bands like CASUALTIES and the UNSEEN spread across the country by touring relentlessly, and seems more geared for mall punk than it does for DIY shows. That said, the RIPPERS are solid, meaty punk (though the love/lust song "Tonight" is complete shit and turns me off for the rest of the disc), and I like punk, so I won't complain. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, no contact information)

SEA OF SHIT / SOCIALLY RETARDED – Chicago's SEA OF SHIT released a motherfucker of a demo not too long ago, so you can be damn sure I snatched up this tape as soon as I saw it at the *MRR* house. The three songs on their side (recorded in January, so maybe this has been out for a while?) is exactly what I was expecting, powerviolence on the heavier tip with plenty of sludgier slow parts to complement the grinding. I imagine they crush live. On the flipside are fellow Chicagoans SOCIALLY RETARDED. These guys also play hardcore that's best described as powerviolence, with a more claustrophobic and tense feeling (which the noise interludes contribute a lot to) as compared to SEA OF SHIT's more pummeling approach. Great bands, excellent split. Get into it. (xYosefx) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, killsyourecords.bigcartel.com, seaofshit@yahoo.com, sociallyretardedpv@gmail.com)

SUBMARINE SPACESHIP – Discordant walls of '90s indie guitars blasted over chaotic drums and vocals with a slightly off key and awkward lilt. WEAKERTHANS meets MOHINDER. Chew on that for a while. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, c/o 35 Brown Ave., Athens, OH 45701, andruokon@hotmail.com)

VAPID, JIMMY – The opening cover of CHUCK BERRY's "Beautiful Delilah" was surprisingly good, and led into 30 songs of adrenalin (and beer) fueled punk rock. This is a solo project of home recordings (except for the guest vocals on the even more shockingly good MORRISSEY cover), and embodies top notch, beer drinkin' punk rock. If this is a sample of what JOHNNY VAPID is capable of, then I wouldn't be surprised to hear him mentioned along artists like JAY REATARD in the future. (Robert) (30-song CD-R, no lyrics, $5ppd, jimmyvapid@hotmail.com)

VILE BODIES – This totally blew me away. With the odd collaged image on the cover I was pretty much expecting some raging hardcore in the vein on CULT RITUAL or other current Youth Attack-style bands. I was wrong. While this is definitely some raging shit, it falls somewhere on the spectrum between hardcore and post-hardcore—if that's still a term. I hear influences from FUGAZI in parts, BURN and other early '90s post-youth-crew Revelation bands in others, and even some MINUTEMEN (or am I just imagining that?), but the songwriting tend to be more straightforward and, well, *hardcore* than that of the aforementioned bands. Even with these influences (if those are their influences), VILE BODIES maintain their own identity, and all the songs presented here are well crafted and powerful. I've listened to this five times now and it just gets better. This is one of the best demos I've heard this year. For those who care, it features members and ex-members of some good bands that you like or maybe don't. Whatever, just do yourself a favor and order a copy of this tape. (xYosefx) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, $5 ppd from 6 Wadleigh Place, Boston, MA 02127, razorsandmedicine.com, vilebodieshc.blogspot.com)

WOMB RAIDER – Female fronted fastcore from Montreal. Gratuitous breakdowns and blasting madness will ensue the moment you press play. Raw as shit, but the songs are great, and I hope this isn't the last WOMB RAIDER recording that passes through my hands. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, wombraider.likeweeds.org)

V/A – "Killed By Modern Problems Volume 1" – This comp has fully earned its right to steal part of the *Killed By Death* logo for its cover, as every one of these songs is fully in the spirit of the best KBD stuff, and with 27 yeas of hindsight, many of them are even snottier, catchier, and harder hitting than a lot of the classics. Fuck, I had to force myself to stop listening to the first side over and over again just so I could get to the second side in order to review the whole thing. This tape's highlights are the songs from STEAKNIVES, SCHOOL JERKS, SOCIAL CIRCKLE's LEFT cover, BRAINDAMAGE's instrumental weirdo synth tune, and the ROBOCOCK song that uses laser sounds, but there's not a single clunker on here, which can't be said about the majority of comps. It's gonna be a crime if KBMP Volumes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 666 never see the light of day. (Dan) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, hrsrecords.blogspot.com)

V/A – "Walk The Plank" – Seventeen beer soaked punk and hardcore bands from the east coast. FAT STUPIDS, TALK SICK, ENVISION, and LAST LAUGH are the winners, but overall this is a shockingly great disc of mostly raging unknown hardcore. Great shit and I recommend. (Robert) (17-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.rippingheadachesrecords.com)

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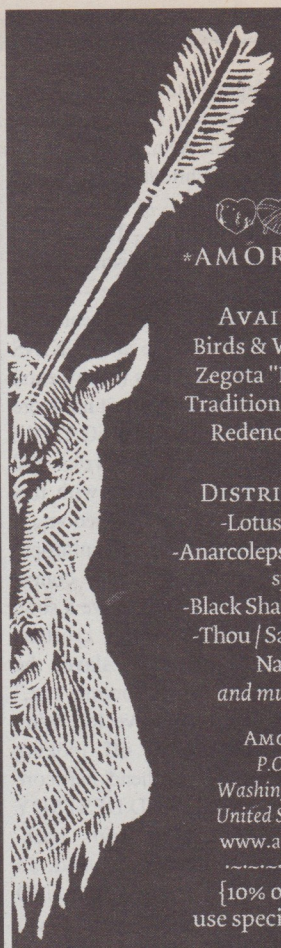

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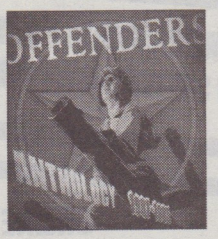

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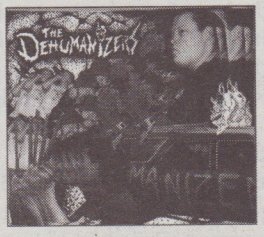

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ZINES

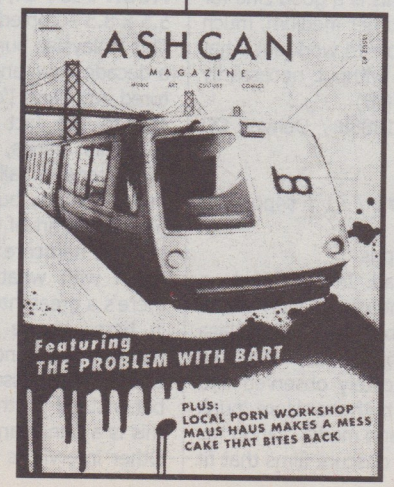
Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:

(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(BB) Bryony Beynon
(TB) Tim Brooks
(EC) E.Conner
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(JM) Jeff Mason
(CR) Casey Ress
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(DS) Dionne Stevens
(VX) XYosefX

ABSENT-CAUSE #4 "Survival" / $3 or trade (trade preferred)
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 84 pgs
Ostensibly I would be a good candidate for a zine like this, but it feels like a big mess to me. I think the idea is a great one—tons of contributors writing on the subject of Survival—in this case a mish mash of poetry, drawings, personal essays, rants, and fiction. There is a huge variety, especially in the range of people writing, they come from all walks and levels of experience as writers. It feels...too unedited and too all over the place. Like I am reading a chapbook from a Women's Studies class for college freshmen and everybody turned their piece in at the last minute without re-reading it. Subjects range from identity, abuse, internalized racism and sexism, rape revenge, growing up poor, finding love as a survivor, and more. Some of the writing is interesting, some of it really painful and triggering, and I would say most of it is more useful to the writer than to me as a reader. But I am just one person. Check it out if you think it is up your alley. (JB)
PO Box 1568 / New York, NY 10276
redguard@gmail.com

ACCEPT THE DARKNESS #3 / $2 ppd US, $4 ppd international, trades preferred
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This is exactly what a punk zine should be: cut-and-paste and handwritten layout, stark images, intelligent questions put to interesting bands... this is the real shit. Probably the best piece to be found in here is a first-ever English translation of a 1984 interview with Spanish punk legends MG15, which is paired with a reprint of a very short interview with them from *MRR* #15. Very fucking cool. There are also interviews with LA raw ponx Tuberculosis, NYC's Crazy Spirit, Luc of *Kangnave* zine and Gasmask Terror, and the always-excellent *Warning* zine. There are also some long-form comp tape reviews, which is great to see—they often gets short shrift, but as far as I'm concerned there's nothing more punk than a cassette compilation. The zine ends with a few pages of vinyl, cassette, & zine reviews. Too bad Shiva doesn't live in the Bay Area, because we could use some reviewers of his caliber here at *MRR* so that hacks like myself wouldn't be taking up so much space. This is the best punk zine I've read in months. Definitely recommended. (VX)
Shiva/A.TD. zine / 61 The Terrace / Katonah, NY 10536
eggmangel@gmail.com



ALL THINGS ORDINARY #3 / $3
5.5 x 4 – copied – 24 pgs
Created as part of the Second Annual Portland 24 Zine Challenge, *All Things Ordinary* certainly has the urgency and organization of a zine put together in 24 hours. Derek has chosen to detail some of the hardcore shows he's seen and the experiences he's had on both sides of the microphone. He includes lists of non-US bands he's seen, choice quotes from band members shouted to the audiences, violence both from the bands and the audiences and details about a Gorilla Biscuit's reunion show. Fairly enjoyable to me, and probably much more so if you're interested in reading about hardcore shows. (CR)
6435 B NE Going St. / Portland, OR 97218
allthingsordinary.wordpress.com

ASHCAN #3 / $2 USA, $3 World / 8x10 / printed / 48 pages
Local art and culture mag that has an Indie/Punk bent. The articles on Bart and local zine shops are well informed and interesting but are SF centric, so would be of limited interest outside the Bay. That said the article of DIY porn was cool and the band interviews though brief were fun. There are interviews with HONEYCOMB and MAUS HAUS who I have never heard of... and I'm not sure that I want to, a bunch of indie centric reviews and some comics make for a decent read especially if you are in the Bay. (TB)
www.ashcanmagazine.com

DEADRAMONES #4 / free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 52 pgs
Definitely of the better music/personal zines I've read in a while. It starts out with a recap of his bus trip from Cincinnati to Baltimore for Whartscape that makes the fest sound like the best thing ever, and made me envious of a few bands he saw and downright nostalgic for my time in Baltimore and going to Wham City (the noise collective that puts on Whartscape) and Nerve Center shows. His other travel stories in here include a trip to Pittsburgh to protest the G20 summit, and going on tour with his band You'll Get Yours, and there are also fairly in-depth and intelligent interviews with Kill and Eat, Struck by Lightning, and Realicide, who I've never heard but now want to check out immediately. There are also some skating and dumpster diving stories, a timely piece from a female contributor who critiques the "woman that enjoys sex=slut" standard in the punk and metal scenes, and the zine ends with some funny top and bottom fives. Kevin is a great writer that, especially in his travel stories, includes all the details that make you empathize with things like subsisting off bagels and exhilaration in spite of exhaustion that comes with thirteen hour bus rides to fests. (DG)
deadramoneszine@gmail.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Volume 10 # 02 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
One thing about *Equalizing X Distort*: you pretty much always know what to expect. As per usual, this zine (which is a byproduct of the weekly Toronto radio show of the same name) features a few long-ish interviews (Calgary punk band Motherfuckers and '80s Toronto hardcore ragers Sudden Impact) followed by a couple pages of reviews. I couldn't care less about Motherfuckers, but the Sudden Impact interview was definitely cool, and illustrated with some rad old flyers to boot. A good bathroom read. (VX)
21 Foundry Avenue, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Volume 10 #03 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 28 pgs
And another issue already. They changed it up a bit this time: from the front cover to the back, this contains nothing but one monster of an interview with Toronto '77 punk pioneers The Ugly. This is very in-depth, very engaging, and very fucking cool. If you have even a passing interest in the history of Canadian punk then this issue is a fucking must-have. (VX)
21 Foundry Avenue, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

FUTURE NATURE / £1.50 in UK, write for intl. rates
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
This zine is really rad. Essays on anti-assimilation and anti-breeding, a bit of erotic fiction and mind-blowingly amazing visuals. The anti-breeding essay wanders into "a child has no consent to being born" territory which I found bizarre but other than that both essays are well written with thought provoking points and an un-preachy tone. But, the best part are the illustrations, from the bear on the front to a naked Grace Jones on the back to *a fucking two page spread of a half bear/half octopus* (you realize when I say bear I mean the man kind and not the animal kind). Martin took one look and exclaimed "My dream man!" (MM)
Andrew@andrewmilk.com

GRITA #3 / 3 Euro Europe, $4.50 world, trades possible
5.75 x 8.25 – copied – 52 pgs
This is a fine looking piece of work. I'm bummed that I can understand only the tiniest bit of French. The cover is illustrated and great, totally punk. Interviewed inside are the French band Abject Object, the (mostly) Basque-language Karkaba, Spain's Anti-Playax, Brazils' B.U.S.H., and from Algeria (!) Demokhratia. The interviews tend to be long-ish and are broken up by cool photos. The reviews are done regionally, including the zines of Southwestern France; as well as stuff from the US and the Iberian peninsula. My ignorant opinion is that this zine rules. (JM)
Ibarrart Bruno / Les Hauts de Kalitxo B10 / 15 rue Itsas Ondo / 62 122 Urrugne / France
gritando.a.la.pared@lavache.com

HEY RONNIE #7 / $2 / write for Int'l rates
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
This is a really fun copy and paste music fanzine. Made by a younger kid obviously excited about modern hardcore. There is a lot of pent up, landlocked in St. Louis, aggression let out in this zine. You know the kid who throws a garbage can into the crowd during a show? That's the writer. And he does a very interesting interview with both DURESS and SCHOOL JERKS, and reviews the Malcolm X Autobiography. Not to mention the "Rant Zone" which is a stream of conciseness approach at record/show reviewing. Cool zine. (FS)
Martin Meyer / 11142 Illini Dr. O / Fallon, IL 62269
martinpoop@msn.com

HIGH & OUTSIDE #1 / $4
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Since the disappearance of *Chinmusic*, I've been left to keep my zine world and my baseball world separate, but no longer. The appearance of *High & Outside* has brought new joy to my life, even if the author has the unfortunate luck of being a Dodgers fan. Adam artfully recounts his experiences collecting baseball cards and creating elaborate games to play with them, the rise and fall of Bo Jackson, screwballs and more baseball card stories. I love the collection of photos and baseball cards that made up the background as well as some baseball related art. My only fear is that this might be a one-off, so Adam, if you're reading this, get to work on another issue! (CR)
raulfromwyoming@hotmail.com

I REMEMBER YOU / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
I kept having to remind myself that this person is probably barely twenty and that is most-likely where the naive boasting tone comes from. But sadly I can relate too because I was a young-drugging wild ass myself. Many of us led reckless lives right? And it's truly sad when pals die from it. Writing a zine detailing fond memories is one way to cope with those losses. Not everyone likes to read such personal accounts, as they can be a bit boring if taken out of perspective. (DS)
thinkcreep@yahoo.com

KING-CAT #71 / $3 or $14 for a four issue US subscription
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 32 pgs
This is a Comic zine that covers John Porcellino, the author and artists, various experiences living in Florida and Denver. This is an "alternative comic" that is a term that makes me cringe just like "per-zine" but they are similar in content. There are stories about all sorts of personal, real life experiences. The artwork is simple black and white line drawing and varies from lots of texts telling a story to none at all. While I love comics and can appreciate this zine, I feel as if there is a struggle between entertainment value and the quest to convey some real life insights in this. Both sort of fall flat for me. The insights that are made are valid, but are a little too general and, frankly, late for me, but there are some genuinely funny moments. While I may not be that into the content and it's relationship to my own life, which per-zines and alterna-comics seem to shoot for, I would say that this is a good zine for younger punks. It shows another medium, much like music, where you are able to work out what the hell you are thinking, without necessarily knowing what your aim is. (MB)
Spit and a Half / PO Boc 18888 / Denver, CO 80218 / www.king-cat.net

LIMITED READERSHIP #1 / £1 / $4ppd will trade
8.27 x 11.69 – printed – 28pgs
This fanzine is a joy to read. In addition to a bunch of sharp and witty interviews with Waste Management, Vee Dee, Mob Rules, and Nasa Space Universe (phew!) this Leeds, UK-based zine includes a series of acutely observed and well-elucidated pieces on both hardcore punk and related outsider music and media "canon" as it were, including pieces on obscure films that fit totally with the spirit of the zine and really round it out well. The article on Really Red taught me a lot, and the reviews are really in-depth — comparing Obliteration's sound to that of a "hostile aggressor state" is just one of many metaphorical masterstrokes herein. The obsessive tendencies shared by many record collectors are present in his writing, but with none of the "got got need" smugness that can be such a turn off. Throughout the zine, Rob's passion and knowledge for hardcore really comes across and as a result comes across ultimately very likeable. A real treat. (BP)
limitedreadership@hotmail.co.uk

MEDIA JUNKY #13 / $1 (or stamps)
8.5 x 11 – copied – er...2 pgs?
This is more of a double-sided sheet of paper packed full of reviews than a proper zine, but it's still got the goods. Most of the coverage focuses on other underground publications, but a couple of music reviews are tossed in as well. The best part of this was the hilarious drawing and "letter" making fun of a friend that accompanied *Media Junky* in the envelope. I think some more writing and er...artwork (crude drawing of two dudes jerking off in the woods) like this should be added to the...uh...zine (it's one page fer chris-sake) to make it a more worthwhile effort. The reviews are appreciated of course, but give the people their dollar's worth! To be fair, the editor also suggests that a "nice request" will get you a copy of this, but you should at least send a stamp or two. (BG)
Media Junky / Jason Rogers / PO Box 8512 / Albany, NY 12208

MONGREL ZINE #8/ $5
8.5x7 – printed – 96 pgs
Canadian music! I'm amazed at how separate our neighbor country is sometimes. The only band name I recognized on the cover was Subhumans only to find out it's a DIFFERENT Subhumans. FROM CANADA!!! Who knew? This is a garage rock-y music magazine full of interview with bands and artists of this particular genre and don't forget the record reviews! As a extra special indoctrination to this seedy underground of striped shirts and sunglasses every issue comes with a 24 track CD compilation. (EC)
mongrelzine@gmail.com
www.mongrelzine.ca

MOSH #13 / $4, trades preferred
5.5 x 8.5 – copied w/ printed cover – 42 pgs
This Malaysian punk zine has been going for over a decade now, and until this issue it hadn't featured any band I'd ever heard of. Part of that is due to the fact that he interviews a lot of Malaysian bands, and I'm not really too up on that scene at all. Malaysian death and black metal I know, but not really Malaysia punk or hardcore. Part of it also is probably because my taste in hardcore and punk doesn't overlap too much with what the zine editor likes. Well, there's a great interview with LA's Broken Needle in here, so we have something in common, because that band kicks ass. I was excited when I saw that this issue featured an AK-47 interview, but instead of the classic Mexican grind outfit this is a Canadian hardcore/punk band. Oh well. Other interviews include Malaysian surf rockers

Lorsa, Filipino punks Bad Omen, and Malaysian powerpop outfit Sally Faerie. There's also a Nervhous Records tour journal, a bunch of reviews, and other miscellaneous writings. (VX)
Nizamuddin / 49 Jin Rahim Kajai / Tun Dr. Ismail / 60000 Kuala Lumpur / Malaysia
nizangmosh@gmail.com

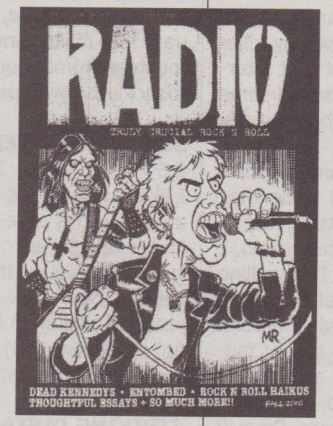
MUTANT MONSTER MAGAZINE #3 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 26 pgs
This is a horror punk magazine featuring pixilated comics, boring interviews and gratuitous use of phrases such as "those guys are fags" and "banging chicks". Basically 26 pages of macho bullshit posturing and misfits dick-licking. Fucking gross. (MM)
Jolie Toxie / 1505 Calle Miradero / San Dimas, CA 91773

THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUES #4 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
If you love zines with like twelve pictures of the editor, well this is your jam right here. Also if you think poorly scanned photos and ugly color copying is the rad aesthetic, get in touch with this old-ass punk rocker. Interviewed inside is the tour-bus riding Buzzcocks (it's a rather nice bus, he reports), Northern Norway's Bombs Away Records, and a local (Seattle) tattoo artist. There some columns, including trashy sex advice (the lady suggests "get a dog, they like to lick") and the editor's report of reuniting with the daughter he's never met, which proves really great, then really hard. I liked the talk with the small label and some of the stories about the editor's life, but overall this installment did not excite me for future issues. (JM)
Jason Essig / 14419 Greenwood Ave North / Suite A #108 / Seattle, WA 98133 /
www.myspace.com/thenightmarecontinueszine

NOISE REDUCTION #3 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 36 pgs
This is the literary wing of the Give Praise musical empire, and it focuses on writers and musicians who are steeped in fast core, grind and many other forms of HC shreddage. The set up is classic music zine style, with interviews with In Defence, Nashgul, George Harrison and Spoonful of Vicodin that follow a columns and reviews section... There's a cool Southern Cali scene report that rounds this out, definitely worth checking out if any of the above sounds up your street. (LG)
PO Box 494 / Barnstable, MA 02630-0494
paulxbitterend@gmail.com

NO QUARTER #5 / no price listed
7 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
The cover features old, rad woodcut graphics, with devils on the front and pirates getting drunk on the back. The piracy theme continues inside with an in-depth report on piracy in Somalia, a shorter piece reprinted from the *Fifth Estate* by Peter L. Wilson on the same subject, and an interview with Gabriel Kuhn, whose book *Life Under the Jolly Roger* was recently published by PM Press. Another reprint looks at Russian anarchist counterfeiters and bankrobbers in the US and British Columbia in the early 1900s. There are a ton of book reviews, mostly of stuff you'd find in a college library, and an extensive reading list. I get the impression an academic put this thing together, but thankfully it's relevant to readers of *MRR*. All told this is pretty great and recommended. (JM)
www.anarchistpirates.blogspot.com

NO THANKS FUCK EVERYTHING #4 / $2 US or $3 world
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
I've been a fan of this zine from the first issue, and this one keeps up the excellent work. Most of this issue consists of excellent interviews with Raw/Nerve and Daylight Robbery, and a piece that breaks down the brilliance of Nas' *Illmatic* and why it's one of his favorite hip hop records, and I wish articles that articulated the greatness of classic or underrated records were more common in music zines. There are also the usual quality photospreads and killer layouts, and he talks a bit more about his experiences working in education that he touched on in earlier issues, this time talking about some of the inner-workings and power dynamics among both faculty and students that might not be apparent to those outside these circles. (DG)



c/o Friedberg, 6016 N. Kimball #1, Chicago, IL 60625
twomonstrousnuclearsteinbecks@gmail.com

NOT YOUR MOTHERS MEATLOAF: A SEX EDUCATION COMIC BOOK #1 #2 #3/$3
8.5x11 – copied – 44 pgs
N.Y.M.M. is a contribution based sex education comic zine. I found it wonderfully diverse with perspectives on such sensitive issues as: menstruation, packing a dick, STI's and the ever lovin' topic of gender roles. With around fifteen contributors per issue, it's hard to get bored with one drawing/writing style and remains true to it's slogan emblazed on the back of ever issue "EXPERIENCES NOT ANSWERS." The second and third issues are themed "Firsts" and "Bodies" respectively while the introductory issue remains free of such content bondage. (EC)
notyourmothersmeatloaf@gmail.com
sexedcomicproject.blogspot.com

ONT ROAD #14 / $?
6 x 9 – printed – 40 pgs
This is an English dude's travel journal of his west coast trip. There are a few people that can make travel writing seem compelling, make you wish you were there, (or not there) on the power of their ability to create a sense of place/ alienation/ adventure... There are other people who make you feel like you are stuck watching grandma's never ending slide show of her trip to the Poconos. This falls somewhere between the two. Not *that* compelling, but not boring either. I imagine it would be more entertaining if you were friends with the dude, or if you just love traveler dude zines. Maybe you would like this more than I did if you do not live in California and are intrigued by the allure of the endless mystical coast and have the obligatory Kerouac aspirations? Not that this guy has any aspirations of those sort, this is pretty dry, straight ahead "what I did on my school holiday" writing, but how many travel journals can you take? (To the tune of *How Much Art Can You Take*). I remember when this guy came to the *MRR* house, we were totally nice to him, let him and his friends hang out and check out the record collection. Sort of weird that after that he would call me a douchebag, but hey, I guess if you are a hardlivin' travellin' punk, calling girls shitty names who are nice to you while you are doin' all your hardlivin' and travellin' is just part of life on the road maaaaaan. I guess I'm not a true road dawwwwwwwg. (LG)
ska1ska@yahoo.com

RADIO #1 $3
5.5 x 7 – printed – 24 pgs
This zine is a virtual trip down memory lane for its two contributing writers. One of which is a staunch metal fan, and the other is a die-hard punker. Both take turns writing coming-of-age essays on how they came to love their chosen extreme music sub-genre. Delightful tales, but kind of a snoozer for those of us not personally familiar with the authors. There are also columns revisiting Entombed's *Left Hand Path* LP and Dead Kennedys' *In God We Trust, INC* EP. This zine would be slightly tougher to get through had it not been for some truly spectacular comics drawn by the authors. Highlights include full page portraits of Lux Interior and Ronnie James Dio. (FS)
(radiorocknroll@gmail.com)

SCAM #7 / $?
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 64 pgs
If you haven't read SCAM before, now is a great time to start. It seems to have gotten a little classier since Erick moved to New York—maybe it is the letter pressed covers making me think that, but in fact overall the attitude, content, and fantastic writing remains the same quality, which is of the highest caliber. This issue is all about Miami: Art Basel, FTAA protest retrospective, and a squatter movement taking back the condos. A lot of the writing first appeared in the *SF Bay Guardian* but included here are tidbits originally edited out. My favorite part is the interview with Shephard Fairey about art, Obama, and the incidence of graffiti that raises property values. It exposes his tool-ness without Erick even having to do anything but ask "so why did you have a 24 hour guard in front of your mural at Art Basel?" Of course the tone throughout is one of humorous dissent, sometimes we're laughing but he's not joking. I have always been impressed with *SCAM*'s journalistic flair and this is no exception. Also, *Scam: the First Four Issues* has just been released in book form by Microcosm Publishing. So now you *can* have it all. (JB)
Erick Lyle / 1011 Bedford Ave. #3 / Brooklyn, NY 11205
www.onthelowerfrequencies.com

SCRATCH AND SNIFF #1/ $3ppd or $2 in store
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
Here we have the Termbo affiliated, official zine/propaganda of Spiral Scratch record store, hailing from Buffalo, NY which sadly had a crippling store fire. But do not despair; the store is up and running again (see address below). So before I continue with this review: I am super stoked for you and am glad I got a chance to buy a stack of recs from the old place. In this first issue we have an obituary/tribute to Sky Saxon from the Seeds explaining his/their relevance to punk. The effect of Lux Interior on columnist Rich is moving, funny and brings up similar memories and feelings of getting my mind blown by killer music. They also have the same Rot Shit interview that appeared in *MRR*, which caused some controversy in our letters section, heheh... My favorite interview is with Brain Car from Rochester who seemingly think no one is listening to enough "real" Hardcore, and while they aren't explicit in their "anti-PC" attitude, the "I don't give no fuck" ironic thing is pretty tired. I am not a fan of folk punk either, but I am willing to bet that Brain Car's mean-streets-of-Rochester attitude would whither when throwing around the word "faggot" around some real tough "faggots," haha! I *will* slap a 17 year old, ass, face or both, you choose, boys. There is a rad article about Lincoln Street Exit's 1970 release *Drive It* LP. Some printed Terminal Boredom posts regarding a show, which included some pretty damn funny shit about Brown Sugar. A countdown of thirteen important records including an awesome mix of music spanning from the '60s and '00s. A weird lil art page. The record reviews are definitely more "Rock Critic" style than punk zine reviews, but alas, this section is called "Record Response," so fuck me. They are entertaining to say the least. If ya like the Terminal Boredom message board, don't be a Philistine and get your hands on a real zine. Good simple layout and some awesome photos. (MB)
Spiral Scratch Record Store / 291 Bryant St. / Buffalo, NY / brandon_gaffney@yahoo.com

SCRATCH AND SNIFF #2/ $3ppd or $2 in store
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
This is the second installment of this Termbo sympathizing, Spiral Scratch Record store fanzine. This issues highlights are a great interview with John Sharkey III by Chuck Barrels who we share a bed with over here at MRR (slut), in which Sharkey gives some interesting insight (and mad shit talking) into Aussie life. A nice lil spread of flyers, which I love. Interviews with Rochester loverboys Rational Animals, Tim from Hollywood, and Brimstone Howl discussing, among other things, the politics of "selling-out." There is another great installment revisiting a great forgotten band and record, this time *Bohemian Vendetta* from 1968. There's another cute lil weird art page and more from the "Record Response" section. Funny shit, a good read and while I don't agree with all the sentiments of the bands interviewed, or some of the opinions of the contributors, I would definitely recommend reading this, if anything, to get a whiff of some sometimes delicious and sometimes shitty stuff. Good shit. Keep 'em coming. Good photos and simple/sweet layout. (MB)
brandon_gaffney@yahoo.com

SHUT UP AND LOVE THE RAIN / $?
5.5 x 7 - printed - 64 pgs
I am in to masturbation; so is the person responsible for writing and illustrating this small book, which I have enjoyed reading today. The comics actually could be used in schools as educational tools; although most people are born with the tools on hand. Sex with the self is the subject of these lessons cos Robnoxious is not shy about the subject of sex. She interviews the woman that was his biological father and here is where the pronounery gets too tricky to go on any further. Spoiler alert, this is aggressively honest writing so much so, that at times it seems made up if that makes any sense at all. (DS)
robotearl@gmail.com
robnoxious@wordpress.com

SLICE HARVESTER #2 / $3
8.5 x 6 – copied – 36 pgs
I like it when folks stick to a subject they know about. In this case Colin's zine is all about New York pizza. I mean *all* about New York Pizza. He writes reviews of the pie shops he hits up. If I lived in New York this would be an invaluable resource. Being on the Left Coast this works as a fun little read. (TB)
www.sliceharvester.com

STRIKING DISTANCE #1 / $2 ppd
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 30 pgs
A somewhat bleak perzine coming out of Toronto by the dude who brought you the punk fanzine *Kissoff*. This collection of short writings details a few experiences over the summer like starting bands, recording, and breaking up all in a single morning or trying to meet new people at Critical Mass. The writer could have been having fun at all those shows or hangouts but seems to have been in a funk and focuses on his own negative feelings. Also a story about getting into a head-on collision with a car while not wearing a helmet. Sounds like a bad summer. (BL)
Chris Landry / 1729 Dufferin St. Apt. 2 / Toronto, ON M6E 3N9 / CANADA

TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #227 – $?
5.8 x 8.3 – printed – 32 pgs
Someone here must think I read Finnish, because this must be the sixth time I'm reviewing this in 2010. Well, as it turns out I don't read Finnish, but if you do then by all means pick this up. In many ways, *Toinen Vaihtoehto* is the Finnish *MRR*. It features a similar mix of interviews, reviews, photos, and regular columnists, with some punk advertising throughout to cover costs. If *MRR* was much smaller and in Finnish, this is pretty much what it would look like. This issue eschews the inter views for a change, instead featuring tour diaries/reports, with Yleislakko Venajalla in Russia, Riistetyt in the US (east coast only, the bastards!), and five days of the Punk Illegal tour in Finland. There's also a long report on festivals, and a very haggard-looking Jello Biafra on the cover. (VX)
Toinen Vaihtoehto / PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland
tv@punkinfinland.net

UPHEAVAL #13 / $4, $5 Mex/Can, $6 World
8.5 x 11 – copied – 34 pgs
Upheaval was a small international DIY punk-focused zine that came out in the late '90s and now makes its return after a long hiatus. The editor writes humbly about his years-long battle with mental illness and some medical issues that kept him out of commission for a while. Well, it's great to see him back on his feet and rolling with the zine again! The layout is the standard band interview and record review format with a cut-and-paste aesthetic, but a couple of things make this quite exceptional. One of those factors is the international focus on the featured bands. Among the interviews here are Hellowar from Indonesia, Malazlar from Turkey, and Agitator from Serbia. There's also an interview with old school Boston punk Opie, who has played in a few bands like Nothing But Enemies and the Fistfucks. The other thing that makes Upheaval a bit distinctive from other punk zines is that the reviews (and there are a ton of 'em) all contain the bands' logos and graphics. What a good concept! There is also a mention here about *MRR* being a sizable influence for the editor first discovering the culture of punk back in the '80s, and that's something I think many of us can relate to. Hopefully zines like *Upheaval* or *MRR* or any other can still make that impression on people in today's shitty digital fixation. Glad to see cool zines like *Upheaval* making the effort. (BG)
Craig / upheaval.fanzine@gmail.com

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #27/$3
8.5 x 5.5 – printed – 67 pgs
I opened this magazine to have not only one but two press releases regarding zines published by the "DIY" power house Microcosm Publishing float serenely to the ground. I for one would like to still believe in a mythical zine underground that is void of this kind of bullshit. *Xerography Debt* is a zine review zine and I'm reviewing it. Are you confused yet? It's set up into columns by "zine writers" who just happen to be writing in a zine about other zines and other zine writers. There are scads of reviews but also a good number of interviews with other zine writers / publishers past and present. I would be more interested in reading this if it were a little less trade magazine and a little more scandal based tabloid. Like did you hear about how Big Daddy Joe Biel was called out for being a manipulative abusive partner? And did he really blame his behavior on his corn allergy? Instead, we just get to hear about how he "buckled" and got and iPhone. (EC)
Davida Gypsy Breier/PO Box 11064/Baltimore, MD 21212
davida@leekingine.com

ZINE WORLD #29 / $4 US, $5 Canada
8.5 x 11 – printed – 34 pgs
A handy resource for zine people who are wondering what is going on in zine culture at large. Most of the book is reviews and classifieds but there is a solid story on zine fests that schools newcomers as to what they can expect at events and gives a list of word-nerd get-togethers in coming months. I particularly liked the essay ranting against the term "zinester" that not-so-subtly accuses DIY punk rock zines of lowering the bar for independent publications. This is not a zine for punks, but punks who do zines might want to pick it up. (BL)
PO Box 330156, Murfreesboro, TN 37133
www.undergroundpress.org

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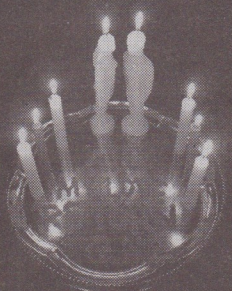

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sun 14.11 SLO - Ljubljana @ Channel Zero
mon 15.11 HUN - Budapest @ Zappa Cafe
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wed 17.11 GER - Leipzig @ Zoro
thu 18.11 GER - Giessen @ AK 44
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tue 23.11 CZ - Brno @ Yacht Club
wed 24.11 CZ - Prague @ Klub 007
thu 25.11 GER - Potsdam @ Black Fleck
fri 26.11 DK - Copenhagen @ Ladies Kaelder
sat 27.11 DK - Aalborg @ 1000 Fryd
sun 28.11 GER - Hamburg @ Hafenklang
mon 29.11 GER - AVAIL (mike.persibooking@gmail.com)
tue 30.11 FRA - Caen @ El Camino
wed 01.12 UK - Canterbury @ The Chantry Club
thu 02.12 UK - Hull @ 41 Club
fri 03.12 UK - Manchester @ Retro Bar
sat 04.12 UK - Bradford @ 1 in 12 Club
sun 05.12 UK - Durham @ The Arlington House
mon 06.12 UK - Nottingham @ tba
tue 07.12 UK - Bristol @ The Croft
wed 08.12 BEL - Kortrijk @ The Pits
thu 09.12 BEL - Antwerpen @ Kavka
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sat 11.12 GER - Berlin @ Shokoladen
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fri 17.12 NL - Tilburg @ Little Devil
sat 18.12 NL - Horst @ Cafe Babouche
sun 19.12 NL - Amsterdam @ Winston
mon 20.12 FRA - Paris @ tba
tue 21.12 FRA - Trier @ Ex Haus
wed 22.12 GER - Fulda @ Cafe Panama

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CÜLO 7" - military trend

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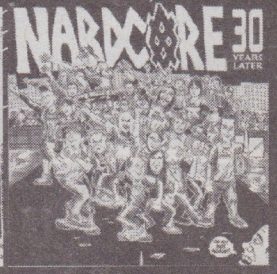

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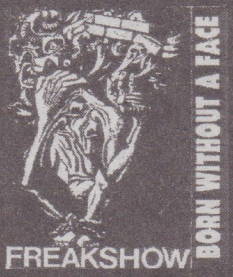

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